

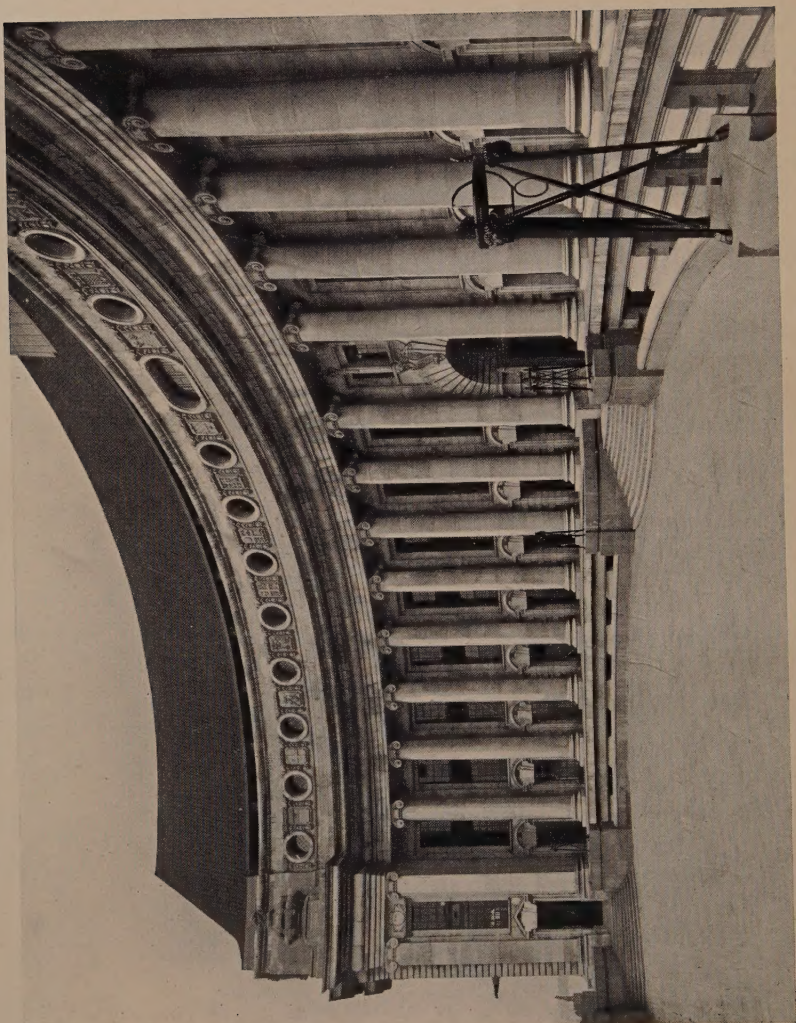
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THE COUNTY HALL, LONDON.
COLONNADE AND MEMBERS' TERRACE.

LONDON

THE ROMANCE OF ITS DEVELOPMENT

BY

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*O London thou art great in glory, and
envied for thy greatness: thy Towers, thy
Temples and thy Pinnacles stand upon thy
head like borders of fine gold, thy waters
like fringes of silver hang at the hems of
thy garments. Thou hast all things in
thee that make thee fairest. Thou art
attired like a bride, drawing all that look
upon thee to be in love with thee.*

THOMAS DEKKER.

PREFACE.

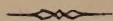
THE purpose of this book is to gather into one volume a history of the whole of the London area and its people, its literary and its historical associations.

It traces the growth of the London of to-day from the ancient settlements about Ludgate Hill and Thorney, showing how they developed civic institutions, and, reaching out to the villages around, joined them to make the great City of our own day.

The story gathers up the romance of the City, the struggle for civic freedom, the influence of the Church, the Inns of Court, and the City Fathers. It deals not only with these, but with the daily life of the people, their work and their play, the great names, and the stories of the humble men who also played their part in the making of the City—everything which went to make up the noble heritage of the London of to-day. It tells, too, of the Londoners of literature, none the less real because they live only in books.

Its scope is wider than this, however, just as London itself is wider, for it takes in the whole area of the modern County of London and tells something of the past of the districts, now the Metropolitan Boroughs, which almost within living memory were pleasant little country villages separated from the centre by country lanes and green fields. In some, much of that country aspect remains ; in most there is yet the old church, some trace of the village green, some group of elms or a few old houses ; in all are stories of the past.

ILLUSTRATIONS.



	PAGE
London County Council, County Hall	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Palæolithic Flint Implement, Drury Lane Guildhall Museum.	3
Bronze Pin, found in London - British Museum.	4
London Stone, Cannon Street -	5
Roman Brooch -	8
Urn of Cologne Ware - Guildhall Museum.	9
Inscription from Tile - Guildhall Museum.	11
Map of Roman London - Roman Walls and conjectural road plan over the modern main roads; by the Author.	12
A Roman Hanging Lamp of Bronze -	14
Viking Ships -	15
Saxon Sword, from the Thames London Museum.	17
Saxon Bronze Buckle -	19
Saxon Bronze Brooch, London British Museum.	20
The Tower, St. John's Chapel - Norman Vaulting.	24
Gateway leading under Bloody Tower - Tower of London.	30
Arms of Weavers' Company -	33
Thames Sports—The Water Quintain - Sketch by the Author from an old drawing.	38

	PAGE
Medieval Tinsmith's Shop - - -	39
Sketch by the Author from an old drawing.	
The Punishment of Whipping - - -	43
From an old drawing.	
The Tabard, Southwark, c. 1780 - - -	53
From an old print.	
Lambeth Palace—the Lollards' Prison - - -	57
Sketch by the Author.	
The Pyx Chapel, Westminster - - -	61
Sketch by the Author.	
Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey - - -	64
Trade Sign of Wynkyn de Worde - - -	71
Incorporating Caxton's Sign.	
The Tower—the Traitor's Gate - - -	72
Sketch by the Author.	
St. James's Palace—the Gatehouse - - -	80
From an old print.	
Old Houses of Parliament - - -	85
St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell - - -	88
After Hollar.	
The Globe Theatre, Bankside - - -	94
After Hollar.	
Watchmen <i>temp.</i> Elizabeth - - -	97
Drawn by the Author from an old print.	
Wren's Plan for Rebuilding London - - -	112
A Watchman, 18th Century - - -	135
Old Houses, Corner of Chancery Lane - - -	150
From an old engraving.	
Westminster Hall in 1830 - - -	153
The Steelyard in 1614 - - -	158
From Hollar.	
Arms of the South Sea Company - - -	165
Old Temple Bar - - -	169

	PAGE
The Ancient Strand, <i>temp.</i> Elizabeth - - -	170
The viewpoint is near the Savoy and shows the Strand looking towards London, with St. Paul's, London Bridge and Southwark in the distance.	
Fleet Bridge in the 17th Century - - -	172
From a print. This spot is now Ludgate Circus.	
Old London Bridge about 1620 - - -	195
After Hollar.	
The Fortune Theatre, Golden Lane, Barbican - -	200
House formerly in Long Lane, Smithfield - -	210
From an early 19th cent. print.	
St. Bride, Fleet Street, about 1800 - - -	213
From Leigh's Guide to London, 1810.	
Houses in Pelham Street, Spitalfields, 1820 - -	235
Showing weavers' windows. Drawn by the Author from a contemporary print.	
The Blue Boar, Holborn, in 1825 - - -	244
From a contemporary print.	
The Old British Museum - - -	246
From Leigh's Guide.	
St. Paul's School in 18th Century - - -	264
From Leigh's Guide.	
The Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Bridge Road (now The Ring) - - -	276
From Leigh's Guide.	
The Gatehouse of Bermondsey Abbey in 1926 - -	286
Drawn by the Author.	
Greenwich Palace—Placentia—in Tudor Times -	307
From a contemporary print.	
St. Margaret's, Lee, in the 18th Century - -	316
From a print.	
Southwark Cathedral, South Transept - - -	329
White Hart, Knightsbridge - - -	332

CHAPTER I.

BRITISH AND ROMAN LONDON.

ALTHOUGH London is not the oldest city in the world, few possess so rich a store of historical and literary associations, so complete a series of records, or have played such an important part in the world's history.

To-day it is without question the largest city in the world, but its greatness is evident in other directions than mere size. It is in fact more varied in its many-sided appeal than any other city. Not only is it the political and legal capital of the British Empire, but it is the financial and commercial capital of the world ; its literary and artistic interests are as important as its commerce, and in historic associations it is second to none, for not only has it a long and interesting history of its own, but it is in a very real sense the founder of English liberties.

When England was just emerging from the chaos of foreign conquest the City was so powerful that the strongest kings found it advisable to conciliate its citizens. The Great Charter was probably drawn up in its Cathedral, modelled on its chartered and traditional liberties, and secured by the money and armed force of the City which was placed at the disposal of the Barons. Parliament as constituted by Simon de Montfort and Edward I. was modelled on the popular assemblies of the citizens ; it was the money, the men, and the ships of the Londoners which enabled the Plantagenets to continue the French War ; the Reformation in England was made at Paul's Cross ; the colonisation of New England was carried through by the genius of London business men, financed by London money, supplied largely by London men, and the constitutions of the nations of the British Commonwealth are based upon that first charter granted to the Merchant Adventurers, a charter which was modelled on the constitution of the City. It played a most important part in the foundation of the British Empire in the East, was the backbone of the resistance to Napoleon, and no one of our day will forget the work of London in the War.

There is not a page of its records but teems with matter of historical or literary interest ; not a street in its ancient cities but is full of anecdotes, legends, and traditions of the past ; not one of its boroughs—which only yesterday were pleasant country villages—but has its stories to tell.

London's origin is shrouded in the mists of tradition, but through the mists can be seen dimly the story of the city's beginnings.

Brutus, son of Æneas of Troy—says tradition—sailing away from his homeland, came at length to the white cliffs of Albion ; sailing up the Thames, landed at the site of London, and after a fierce battle with the gigantic natives drove them off and founded a city. The leaders of the natives, the giants Gog and Magog, were driven to the West and finally killed. The City was fortified by Lud, son of Brutus.

Another version of the story says that the leader of the natives was the giant Gogmagog, who was driven westward and finally defeated and killed by Corineus, son of Brutus, himself a giant.

Should any reader doubt the story let him go into Guildhall. There he will see, high above the western gallery, the effigies of the giants. Each is 14ft. 6in. in height—Gog, on the left, carrying a spiked ball on a chain, a ' Morning Star,' and having a bow and arrows on his back, while his brother Magog is dressed in the conventional costume of a Roman soldier.

The present giants, which are of wood, were constructed in 1708 to replace an earlier pair of wickerwork, and are the work of Richard Saunders, a Train-band Captain and eminent carver of King Street, who received £70 for the work.

The earlier giants figured annually in the Lord Mayor's procession, but the present members of the family have had that honour but once—in 1762—and then they were apparently in an unfinished state.

What gave rise to this tradition one cannot tell—it is as old as ' Geoffrey of Monmouth '—but the name of the place and its situation undoubtedly give a clue to its origin, and although not mentioned by Cæsar, London was probably of some importance when he invaded the country in 54 B.C. To get a true picture of the town we must think, not of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Troynovant*, with its high walls, its magnificent

public buildings and its teeming population, but of a native village of log-huts on one of its hills, possibly where St. Paul's now stands; and a settlement of foreign merchants down the river on Cornhill opposite the anchorage—in fact just such a combination as one may find to-day in W. Africa or at the mouth of any tropical river where Europeans trade with the natives and the condition of the river-bed affords anchorage.

Opposite the anchorage are the stores, warehouses and houses of the traders; behind, in the jungle, conveniently near yet at a safe distance, are the huts of the natives. The few facts we know about British London confirm this idea.

The nature of the ground bordering the Thames points to its having been a great marsh covered by the water at high tide and with a considerable area always under water. This marsh extended from the hills about Camberwell and New Cross to those on the northern side extending eastwards from Highgate, and at most states of the tide must have presented the appearance of an estuary. Dion Cassius indeed, in his history of Rome, speaking of the Thames where it discharges into the sea, says that the river by its own overflow spreads itself out into marshes which the natives, familiar with the places that were firm and fordable, were easily able to cross.

Much of the area of the riverside boroughs was marshland until quite recently, and is below the tide level even now, the water being kept out only by embankments.

Rising above the waters were the three low hills upon which the City stands, and opposite them the gravel causeway leading down from the highland about Camberwell through present-day Walworth, Newington and Southwark to a ford a little above the site of London Bridge.

Up to this ford would come the ships from the Continent, and to it would be gathered the native produce—timber, skins and metals, for which the island was already famous.

It was the lowest point on the river where a town could be put which would communicate with the opposite bank, and, surrounded by its marshes, it afforded an easily defended site.

To the peculiarities of its site the name London is probably



FLINT,
DRURY
LANE.

due. There seems little doubt that the word is British, but as to its exact meaning there is much speculation.

The -don is simple—it is the word for stronghold and occurs in many place-names as -don or -den. It is the first syllable which causes the trouble; is it 'Lhwn' a wood, 'Lon' a marshy lake, or 'Llhong' a ship-town? Either would be appropriate, for the woods came down to the edge of the marsh, and the native settlement surrounded by its marshes must have resembled a New Guinea lake village, while there were certainly the ships whose presence raised the place from being a mere native village to a world port.



BRONZE PIN.

Camden says it is called 'Llong-porth' by an ancient Welsh bard. One thing seems fairly certain. London began its life as a native village, but the unique advantages of the site made it a resort of Continental merchants in whose hands it became a world port. Throughout its history it has kept this dual nature—a British town owing its importance to its Continental trade; as a port a European rather than a British centre; its alien element always large and important. In the great commercial buildings centred around Cornhill we can perhaps see the modern development of that ancient trading settlement of Continental merchants who laid the foundations of its business importance.

The first authentic mention of the city is by Tacitus writing in A.D. 62, more than a century after the expedition of Cæsar, but only some ten years after the beginning of the permanent conquest of the island. London, he says, is a place of considerable importance, "not yet indeed dignified by the name of a colony, but yet of the highest importance for the very great number of merchants and the greatness of its trade with other places."

The next mention is in 297 when it was plundered by a body of Franks, who were driven off by the opportune arrival of the Emperor Constantius with a fleet, but it was sacked and burned by Boadicea, who was defeated at Battle Bridge, where St. Pancras Station now stands, in A.D. 62.

It is indeed not until the time of the Emperor Theodosius, who when general for Valentinian had saved the town from a great host of Picts and Scots allied to Saxons and Franks from overseas, that we find London having any official status. It is then styled Augusta, a dignity given to capital cities, and in the itinerary of Antoninus it is the starting point of seven of the great roads.

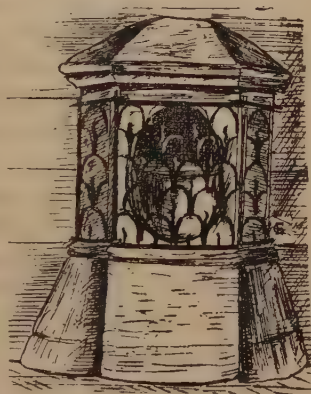
Behind a grating in the wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, is a small piece of an ancient stone, 'London Stone,' which is said by tradition to have been the central milestone from which distances were measured along the Roman Roads, but whether this was so cannot be ascertained for certain.

Originally it stood on the opposite side of the road at a point where the chief Roman roads crossed, and Stow says that it stood "on the south side of the high street, near unto the channel, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron and otherwise so strongly set that if carts do run against it through negligence, the wheels be broken and the stone itself unshaken. The cause why this stone was set there, the time when, or other memory is none." From the extensive remains in its neighbourhood Wren judged it to be the Roman miliarium, and Stow found it mentioned so early as 925 in a list of rents belonging to Christ Church, Canterbury.

That it was of some significance in the history of the City is seen in the use Shakespeare makes of it in his 'King Henry IV.'

The dramatist, following Holinshed, makes Cade take possession of the City by striking his staff on the stone and crying "Now is Mortimer lord of this city."

In 1742 the stone was removed to the kerb in front of St. Swithin's, but even there it impeded traffic and was saved from demolition by a London printer, Mr. Thomas Maiden of



LONDON STONE TO-DAY.

Sherborne Lane, who in 1798 persuaded the parish officers to place it in its present position.

The earliest Roman London to be enclosed by a wall was quite a small place, extending from a point near the Tower along the river bank for about three-quarters of a mile to the neighbourhood of Queenhithe, from which point a wall ran north for about half a mile to where Aldersgate afterwards stood, from whence it ran east along the present London Wall to Bishopsgate, where it turned, running down the line of Houndsditch and the Minories to the Tower.

Ludgate Hill thus stood outside the original city and was probably the British town. This afterwards became a Roman cemetery, and is thus marked as being outside the City. The first evidence we have of the size of a Roman city is afforded by the position of the cemeteries, which were always outside the walls and frequently bordered both sides of the roads leading from the principal gates. This was so in London, where cemeteries have been found outside Aldgate, in Whitechapel, in Spitalfields, on Ludgate Hill and in many other places. Stow tells us of the first discovery of these cemeteries, one found in 1576 in Spitalfields, on the east side of the churchyard of St. Mary Spital.

Many earthen urns were dug up full of calcined human bones, and also some pots with long necks and handles.

"There were found," adds Stow, "divers vials and other fashioned glasses, some most cunningly wrought, such as I have not seen the like, and some of crystal, all which had water in them nothing differing in clearness, taste, or savour from common spring water whatsoever it was at first. Some of these glasses had oil in them very thick and earthy in savour."

The later Roman city was, however, extended to include Ludgate Hill, so that what was afterwards the precinct of St. Paul's was within the walls.

The line of these walls is known pretty accurately, as the medieval walls were carried on the Roman foundations, and these have been frequently exposed in the course of excavating for the substructure of modern buildings.

Commencing on the river bank at the Tower, the wall ran parallel to the Minories and Houndsditch to Bishopsgate, with a gate at Aldgate where the great eastern road left the city. From Bishopsgate the wall ran along London Wall to a corner

bastion in Cripplegate churchyard. Here it turned southward down the line of Aldersgate Street, skirted the fields upon which were afterwards built the Hospital and Priory of St. Bartholomew, ran westwards to Newgate, and then down the line of the Old Bailey and Water Lane to a point on the river bank where Barnard's Castle stood in medieval days and St. Paul's railway station is now.

Portions of these walls still exist above ground—notably the corner bastion in Cripplegate churchyard, a considerable stretch of the medieval curtain wall in the churchyard of St. Alphege, London Wall, and another piece further along at the west end of All Hallows-on-the-Wall (the vestry of which is said to be on one of the bastions), a little piece in America Square, Minories, and a small portion within the Tower of London. Other portions are known to exist underground in various parts of the route.

This line of wall gives a circuit of some $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles and would need some 25,000 men to man it. Certain of these would, of course, be soldiers of the garrison, but the bulk would be furnished by the civilian inhabitants, so at a moderate estimate the population must have been a hundred thousand.

In Thames Street the wall was an embankment and was built on oaken piles overlaid with a course of chalk and stones rammed hard. On this was a course of hard sandstone cemented with lime. Elsewhere the foundation consisted of a sandstone bed on which was built a double wall of ragstone and flint cemented with lime and powdered tile, bonded with courses of tiles, and with the space between the walls filled in with rubble rammed hard. During Plantagenet times a battlemented curtain wall was raised on the outer edge of the old wall and the breaches in the latter were repaired.

Considerable stretches of this wall survived until the early part of last century.

Roman London, however, was a much larger place than the area within the walls. That was the nucleus, but outside this and surrounding it was the "territorium," a district under the authority of the city Prefect, and in later years dotted with the villas of the officials and wealthy citizens.

How far this area extended we cannot say for certain, but it can be guessed at and in some places defined. From the

position of Roman remains, traces of camps, the position of other towns such as Rochester and St. Albans and the known boundary stones at the mouth of the Darent and at Staines, we can conjecture that it included the river valley between those points stretching back on the south to the line of the Downs, and on the north and west including the whole of Middlesex and Essex west of the Roding. The whole of this area would be visible from the battlements and forms even to-day the natural area for any real County of London.

The Roman city was evidently a trading centre, the chief port of Britain, and in its later years the administrative centre of the province as its title *Augusta* implies. Its inhabitants then, as since, probably consisted of a large native population



BROOCH.

with a smaller but wealthy merchant class largely of foreign origin, whose ancestors had settled there for trade and who formed the influential section of the community. Besides these were the government officials and military officers who, like our own officials in India, returned home on the completion of their duties.

Within the walls were the warehouses of the merchants and the huts of the riverside workers crowded together along the narrow lanes running down to the waterside, while in the more open area to the north of the road running through the town and afterwards forming Chepe stood the villas of the wealthy merchants. In the open country around were the country villas of merchants and officials—strung out along the great roads leading down to the coast.

The remains of Roman London are far more numerous than is generally supposed, and are to be seen in the Guildhall Museum, the British Museum, and the London Museum at Lancaster House.

There are no actual Roman structures remaining above ground, so that if the Romans built amphitheatres, temples, basilicas and other public buildings as they did in their cities on the Continent, these have all disappeared either through natural decay or actual destruction.

The material would be either brick or timber, as stone had to be brought from a distance and would not be in general use except for the city walls—for foundations and such like.

Medieval London we know was a timber-built town, only the churches and monastic halls being of stone, but our Medieval ancestors had lost the art of brickmaking. The Romans had the art and brick-earth is the most characteristic feature of London's soil, so that Roman London may have been a brickbuilt town. On the other hand, timber was both abundant and of a suitable kind, elm or oak, so that it may have been the material used. In any case the nature of the climate would make the people modify the usual type of Roman villa, and as the city was a commercial centre more than anything else, its people probably paid less attention to elaborate public buildings than was the case in Continental cities.

We must remember, too, that the bulk of the permanent inhabitants would be Britons whose houses—probably of wood like those of the working classes of all ages—would be of the simplest nature, and any finer structures would disappear during the period between the departure of the Romans and the return of the Continental merchants with more settled conditions in the seventh and eighth centuries.

The Roman stratum is in general fourteen to eighteen feet below the present surface and indicates a rise of something like a foot a century by the accumulated rubbish, for little deliberate raising of levels was done until the nineteenth century.

The most solid of the Roman remains are of course the foundations of the walls and the embankment along the river which still forms the foundations of Thames Street. The other remains consist mostly of pavements and portions of foundations, numerous coins, domestic utensils, Samian and other pottery and glass, sepulchral urns and remains of burials, some statuettes and a Roman boat.

The earliest finds on a considerable scale were made during Wren's survey of St. Paul's and other sites preparatory to rebuilding after the Great Fire. Unfortunately the science of



ROMAN URN.

archæology was then in its infancy, and no proper record was made of the finds.

On Ludgate Hill large numbers of ox bones were found, together with a small altar to Diana and the usual collection of objects from Roman cemeteries. Amongst these were a small sepulchral monument containing an almost illegible inscription, which appears to commence with the usual D.M. (Diis Manibus), and the remains of a sculptured figure in relief, erected to the memory of Vivius Marcianus, a soldier of the Second Legion, by his wife, Januaria Matrina.

It has been thought that the ox bones and the small altar to Diana indicated the site of a pagan temple on the site of St. Paul's, but the altar appears to have been merely a cemetery structure or altar-tomb, and the ox bones would be sufficiently accounted for by supposing the original native settlement to have been on Ludgate Hill, the Britons, as we know from Cæsar, keeping large numbers of oxen.

From the fact that several other remains of a military nature—memorial stones to soldiers and the like—have been discovered on the same spot, it seems probable that the place was used as a cemetery for the garrison of a fortress which stood on the river bank where Barnard's Castle stood in later days and the St. Paul's railway station is now.

Amongst the most interesting remains of Roman London are the various tessellated pavements which have been dug up at different times.

In December 1803 there was found a very fine specimen of such a pavement buried 9 feet below the roadway of Leadenhall Street, in front of the East India House, and in 1805 another (now in the British Museum) was found in front of the Bank of England.

Another finely designed specimen was found in 1869 in Bucklersbury near the course of the Wall-brook, and being taken up entire is now in the Guildhall Museum. It has, however, been rubbed down and oiled, so that much of its original brightness of colouring has been lost.

Many other portions of pavement have been found, together with bricks and tiles, parts of plaster wall decorations, and flue tiles used to convey the hot air from the hypocaust to the different parts of the building.

Ornaments, articles of domestic use, glass and pottery, and particularly Samian and Cologne ware, have been discovered in great quantity. One of the most interesting of these finds was made in the course of opening up the new line of street from London Bridge to Moorgate in 1834-1836.

The whole line proved extremely rich in Roman remains, but near a public-house known as the Swan's Nest in Coleman Street, the workmen came upon a pit boarded nearly all the way down and covered with thick boards. In this pit were found a large number of earthen pots holding from a quart upwards, their presence eloquent of domestic tragedies in Roman London.

At the bottom was a boat-hook, a bucket-handle and a coin of Alectus, a usurper who set himself up as Emperor and was defeated and killed by the Prefect Asclepiodotus in 297.

The statuary found in London is also worthy of notice. A large bronze head of Hadrian dredged up from the Thames near London Bridge is in the British Museum; in the Guildhall are several fine statuettes in silver, bronze, clay and wood.

Near London Bridge have also been found exquisitely worked statuettes of Apollino and Mercury, and in 1842 was found a bronze stooping figure of an archer of very fine workmanship.

One other find, an ordinary tile, is of great interest as showing the habits of the British workman in Roman times. While the clay was moist some one scratched on it

AVSTALIS

DIBVS XIII

VAGATVRSIB

COTIDIM

which can be translated "Austalis absented himself every day for thirteen days," perhaps a record of an early attempt at a strike.

The most considerable find of recent years was the very fine specimen of a Roman boat, disinterred on the site of the County Hall at Westminster Bridge and now preserved in the London Museum. It may have been part of the fleet of Allectus. The deeper digging for the foundations of modern buildings has brought to light many more remains, and in the autumn of

ROMAN LONDON IN RELATION TO THE MODERN MAIN ROADS.



Roman Wall. —■— Portions existing to-day. X Sites of Roman Discoveries.
 ----- Probable Roman Streets. XXX Shop Fronts 1926

1925 and January of 1926 these discoveries were held to show the site of a great Forum.

There has been so much destruction and rebuilding on the site of Roman London that it is very difficult to trace even the lines of the streets, and of the buildings there is practically nothing but foundations. That there were great buildings is evident from the remains which were built into the walls in the later Roman period, and from fragments of columns that have been found, but all that was above ground has long since gone.

The line of the walls is well known, and from the position of the main gates we gather that one main road entered by Aldgate, ran along the line of Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, Cheapside and Newgate Street to Newgate ; that another crossed it by way of Fish Street Hill and Gracechurch Street to Bishops-gate, whilst Thames Street marks the line of the river wall. There appears, also, to have been a road running along the line of Eastcheap and one along Watling Street, but so far there is not sufficient of these to enable us to trace them accurately.

Of the buildings very little has been found except on the site of Leadenhall Market, where there are traces of a large building which was perhaps the great Basilica, a building devoted to judicial purposes. Roman basilicas are usually found standing on one side of the great Forum, somewhere near the centre of the town. If this Forum could be found in London it would be of great importance and interest.

London probably had several Fora, some merely market places, but one of these would be the centre of the town's life. What have the recent finds to tell us of this ?

In September, 1925, there were found at the corner of Gracechurch Street and Lombard Street, and a little way back from the present frontage, some foundations which suggested a row of shops somewhat similar to those of to-day, and such as were common in Roman cities. In January, 1926, a portion of wall of very solid construction, four feet thick, and resting on a concrete foundation, was discovered under the foot way of Lombard Street and was acclaimed as proof that the Forum stretched away to the north. The wall disappeared into undisturbed ground at either end, and more must be excavated

before any definite opinion can be given as to its purpose, but it hardly seems to have been connected with a Forum, as these were bounded by colonnades. The district between this wall and the line of Watling Street may well have been a covered market or some large building, but it seems very unlikely that the great Forum would have been to the north of it.

The very numerous finds on this site, consisting of pavements, both mosaic and of ordinary red tesserae, and foundations indicate that it was well covered with buildings and was crossed by at least two streets. One of these ran along the line of Lombard Street and the other crossed it at right angles and forms the line of Birchin Lane, each apparently bordered by small property, whilst the ground sloped westward to the Wallbrook, then a considerable stream navigable as far as the bridge which carried the great main road to Newgate. The site was further cut up

by a smaller stream, the Langbourne, running westward into the Wallbrook. For the great Forum we must look elsewhere.



ROMAN LAMP.

Stretching east from the church of St. Michael, Cornhill, for about 400 feet are the foundations of a very large building which seems to have been basilical in form with its apse under Leadenhall Market,

and on its western portion stands the church of St. Peter, Cornhill. St. Peter's claims to be the oldest Christian church in London and to have been the seat of the Bishopric in Roman times, and if there is anything in this tradition it may be that the original building, or part of it, was not only the civil court under the Pagan Empire, but became the cathedral church after Constantine adopted Christianity as the official religion of the Empire.

If this building is the Basilica, it is more than likely that the Forum stretched away south of it as a large open space surrounded by columns, containing statues and other decorative features, bounded north and south by the great roads which have become the Aldgate-Newgate line and the Fenchurch-Lombard Street, and crossed by that other road which came up

from the Thames by Fish Street Hill, passed Billingsgate, and ran north by the present Bishopsgate. This would occupy the very centre of the Roman city and be surrounded by the narrow streets and lanes containing the shops and dwellings of the ordinary citizens.

Londinium Augusta was not perhaps one of the greatest cities of the Empire. It had no great public buildings like the cities of Italy or Greece or Southern Gaul; no Londoner rose to a position of importance in the Empire; but already it was one of the world's great ports, carrying on its trade with the Rhine and Southern Europe and giving promise of its future greatness.



VIKING SHIP.

CHAPTER II.

SAXON AND NORMAN LONDON.

With the departure of the Romans, Londinium disappears from recorded history, for it is mentioned once only in the record of the Conquest, and that mention speaks only of the earliest days.

Says the *Saxon Chronicle*, speaking of A.D. 467 :—

“ This year Hengist and Eric his son fought against the Britons at Crayford, and there slew four thousand men, and the Britons then forsook Kent and fled to London.”

No mention is made of the city for nearly a century and a half, until in 604 we find it once more of considerable importance. Between the two events is silence. Other Roman cities, smaller and of less importance, were sacked and burned ; of London nothing is said.

There is no record of an attack ; there is no tradition of a massacre, and so far nothing has been discovered to indicate that anything of this nature ever took place.

What happened to Roman London must largely remain a matter of conjecture, but something of the story can be made out from a study of the Saxon place-names in the London area, and of the institutions of later London.

Londinium was largely a city of foreign merchants, depending for its very food supplies on outside sources, but secure from attack by its high walls and wide marshes. With the conquest of the Kent and Essex coasts the trade went and the foreign merchants fled, leaving the City to the native Britons. These at first were augmented by fugitives, as actually happened after the great battle of Crayford.

The Saxons probably followed these fugitives along the great roads across the marsh, but were stopped by the river, then unbridged, and the frowning battlements beyond. Even had they crossed the river the town could only be approached along the roads, for elsewhere the marsh came right

up to the ditch, while the Saxons had no means of breaking down the walls and gates.

They therefore left the town alone, merely cutting its communications with the country beyond. So we find on each of the great roads leading out from London a Saxon -ton, a settlement which appears to have served the purpose of a temporary fortified camp, a centre from which the neighbouring country was colonised.

Charlton, Kennington, Brixton, Kensington, Islington, and other similar names give us the sites of these camps; and it is significant that they command the great main roads into the city. Scattered about amongst these are the farm settlements, which afterwards gave their names to the medieval manors and their more modern successors the parishes and registration districts of our own day.

Right up to the marsh this Saxon organisation extends, but not into it, and the City itself is free from it.

When a new organisation in the City does grow up in later Saxon times, the ground-work is derived from the Roman municipal organisation rather than the Saxon farm settlement; and although the superior officers become the port-reeve, and the alderman and the citizens have their folkmoot, the town is far from English.



SAXON SWORD.

With the Roman officials and soldiers there went the merchants of Augusta and the town was left to the Britons—workers and slaves for the most part.

For a time its population was increased by fugitives from the surrounding country, who crowded in and camped in the deserted villas. But as the country around became more completely occupied by the Saxons and the supplies of food diminished, the numbers decreased until only a few fisher folk were left to keep alive the traditions of the great city. The once busy streets and quays were deserted, grass grew in the squares and courts, while the houses and villas crumbled and fell into ruins.

Then, after half a century or more of desolation, little bands of East Saxons drifted into the half-empty town, and their wattle-and-daub huts began to spring up amidst the ruins. Gradually the accumulated débris covered up the pavements and ruins of the Roman city until only the ruinous walls and the lines of the great roads were left to mark the site, and the Roman remains disappeared until men began to find them in Stow's time.

Meantime the early history of the City was repeated. To the native settlement of Saxons and Britons came traders from Gaul in search of the furs, the hides, the timber and the metals of the island, and with more settled conditions the port again became busy. Contact was established with the Continent, now recovering from the downfall of the Empire, and the marriage of Ethelbert of Kent with a French princess gave that opportunity which Gregory of Rome was so quick to take.

Augustine and his monks landed in Kent, the second Roman conquest had begun; and by 610 A.D. Mellitus was preaching in London and organising a Christian Church with himself as its first Bishop.

This, of course, is of the new foundation, for a Christian Church had been planted in Britain at a very early date, according to Wren by St. Paul himself. It flourished in 209 A.D., even in parts untouched by the Roman arms, and so early as 326 A.D. amongst the Bishops present at the Council of Arles was one Restitutius, Bishop of London.

On the death of Sebert, the founder of Westminster Abbey, London again became pagan, to be reconverted by a British bishop, brother of St. Chad of Lichfield. It is not until Erkenwald, brother of Offa, king of Mercia, that the continuous history of the great church begins. This famous man worked a series of miracles for the church and city which were to place them right in advance of the foundations at Westminster and Southwark.

He was in the habit of making missionary journeys into the neighbouring woods, being driven in a cart. On one of these journeys the cart stuck in the mud and one wheel was torn off. This would have upset most travellers, but not so Erkenwald. He just ordered the cart to proceed, which it did, balanced perfectly on one wheel.

After his death an even more striking miracle was worked. He died at his sister's abbey of Barking, and immediately the clergy of St. Paul's and the monks of Chertsey raced thither for the body. St. Paul's won and bore off the dead saint, closely pursued by the monks and nuns.

Approaching the river Lea these prayed the river to stop the fugitives, which it immediately did by rising in flood. Not to be outdone, the clergy of the Cathedral began to intone the Litany, when the river subsided, leaving dry ground over which the body was borne. Arrived at St. Paul's the saint was buried in a magnificent shrine, and the wondrous miracles becoming known brought much wealth to the Cathedral and business to the City.

Until the ninth century, however, London was still an unimportant place, held alternately as an outpost of Wessex or of the Danes, and it was not before Alfred refortified it in 884 A.D. that it began to grow into a place of importance, becoming during the tenth century the largest town in the country.

The Saxon town was completely destroyed in the great fire of 1135, but we can easily picture it as it must have stood. Along Thames Street ran the old Roman river wall still more or less intact, and tied up to this were the clumsy ships of the Frankish, Flemish and German



SAXON BUCKLE PLATE.

merchants who formed the important element in London's population and whose houses stretched along the river, house and warehouse being one.

Away back on the slopes stood the semi-fortified dwellings of Saxon nobles and the many monastic establishments, these latter stretching in an almost unbroken ring round the walls from St. Paul's by Ludgate to the priory of Aldgate; not the magnificent buildings of later times, but a straggling mass of low wattle-and-daub huts surrounding a squat wooden church and hall, and looking exactly like the mansions of the Saxon nobles.

Each, whether noble mansion or monastic convent, was

enclosed by its stockaded fence, replaced later on by a stone wall, but as yet the only stone structure was the City wall. Then, in the mass of narrow lanes which even to-day connect Cheapside, Cornhill and Leadenhall with the river, were the low one-roomed huts of the ordinary citizens—East Saxons for the most part, engaged in wood-cutting or pig-keeping in the great Essex forest which came almost up to the wall, or in carting bales from the ships up to the market of Chepe, then a broad open space where traders set up temporary wooden stalls, the street market even now beloved of Londoners.

A rough rude city full of sturdy independent folk, owning no overlord and paying only such allegiance to a king as it chose, was Saxon London—the foundation of the London of to-day.

It was entirely a self-governing city. In its folkmoot held at Paul's Cross the citizens discussed, approved or rejected the laws proposed by the aldermen. Such order as was kept within the City was the work of the citizens banded together in their frith guild, an association whose members had taken oath to obey the rules made by the guild and to preserve law and order, while the social importance of the citizens is sufficiently attested by Athelstane's ordinance raising to the rank of thane any merchant who undertook three voyages at his own expense.

The City was constantly liable to attack by the Danes. In 994 Olaf the Dane and Sweyn, father of Cnut, sailed up the



SAXON BROOCH.

Thames and plundered Staines, but were heavily defeated by the Londoners under the walls of the city. Again and again Sweyn attacked the city, always unsuccessfully, and it was not until 1014 that he entered the town, and not then as a conqueror. Disgusted at the 'redelessness' of Ethelred the Londoners invited Sweyn to their city, and Ethelred was forced to flee to Normandy.

Upon Sweyn's death the Danish crews elected Cnut to be king, but the Londoners refused submission, and Ethelred and Edmund his son were invited to return.

This they did, accompanied by Olaf the Norseman, but the Danes held Southwark, part of London, and the rickety bridge which spanned the river between St. Botolph Wharf and the Southwark shore. This bridge had only just been built (it certainly was not there in 994) under somewhat peculiar circumstances. A certain John Overy or Audrey had a ferry plying between London and Southwark, and found the business a lucrative one. He became rich and somewhat miserly. Thinking his servants would fast, he feigned death and was arranged for burial. Instead of fasting as he expected, the servants held a great feast to celebrate his death. The sight of his good wines pouring down his servants' throats so angered the old man that he rose up from his bier, whereupon one of the men felled him with an oar and killed him. The body was refused burial by the Church—he had left it no money, but after a time the monks of Bermondsey were persuaded to give it burial in a corner of their grounds. Their prior, who was absent, discovered this on his return, and ordering the body to be disinterred, placed it upon an ass and turned the animal loose. The sagacious beast took its burden to a desolate marsh bordering the Kent Road where the South Metropolitan Gas Works now stands, and there shot the body into a pond.

This old ferryman left his wealth to his pretty daughter Mary, who, being crossed in love, founded a nunnery in Southwark, the church of which, dedicated to St. Saviour, is now Southwark Cathedral, and here the visitor may see a stone effigy representing a skeleton which he will be told is a portrait of the old ferryman, presumably representing the condition to which his nearness in the matter of food had reduced him.

Sweet Mary Overy became first prioress of her foundation, and endowed it with the profits of her ferry.

Later the nunnery was changed to a monastery, and the priests built the first wooden bridge.

It was this bridge which the Danes were holding when Edmund Ironsides and his ally, Olaf the Norseman, came to attack London. Landing at Rotherhithe they marched against the Bridge-foot in Southwark, but were repulsed. Olaf then resorted to a stratagem. Retreating down river with his ships, he had wicker sides and tops made which he covered with hides to foil those who would throw lighted torches from the bridge.

Then while Edmund again attacked Southwark, the Norsemen rowed up to the bridge on the flood tide. The Danes crowded the bridge and brought up great masses of stones, to throw down on to the ships, but these, casting ropes round the piers and supports of the bridge, rowed quickly away. Aided by the ebbing tide and the great weight on the bridge they were able to pull it down, thus destroying the Danes and regaining London for the Saxon king.

The incident is celebrated in a Norse Saga and in the familiar singing game of the London children, "London Bridge is broken down."

The bridge was quickly rebuilt, for when Cnut invaded the country in 1016 he found he was unable to pass up the Thames, and was compelled to find a way for his ships through the marshes of Bermondsey and Lambeth. Traces of a cutting have been found, and it is thought that this is part of the trench cut through from Rotherhithe to Battersea so that Cnut's ships might pass Southwark.

This old wooden bridge stood until 1136, when it was burned, and the stone bridge, afterwards famous as Old London Bridge, was built slightly higher up the river by Peter of Colechurch in 1176. Olaf has never lost his connection with the bridge, for he, being admitted to sainthood as St. Olave, was set to guard the Southwark end of the bridge, his son Magnus guarding the London side; while the bridge itself was placed under the care of that great Londoner, St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose chapel stood over the central pier and to whom were dedicated the broad lands which provided the revenue for the upkeep of the bridge.

From Saxon to Norman London is but a step, indeed in late Saxon times the town must have been largely Norman. Already the men of Caen were prominent amongst its citizens, and when William the Norman became William the King and granted a charter it is to French and English citizens it is addressed, and William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreeve have French names.

"William, King," says this document, "greet's William, Bishop, and Godfrey, Portreeve, and all the citizens in London, French and English, friendly. And I give you to know that I will that ye be all law worthy as ye were in King Edward's

day. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's day, and I will not suffer that any man do you any wrong. God keep you."

One or two features of this charter are worthy of note.

In the first place it grants nothing; it merely confirms the City in the position it already held. Then the Bishop is the supreme official within the City, showing how important the Church had already become in the City, while the French element is strong and was to become even stronger as merchants of Rouen and Caen, finding the City more suited to their trade, passed thither and became citizens, their descendants to become famous Londoners and Englishmen; indeed that most famous and most typically English of all the great men of the time, Thomas of Canterbury—St. Thomas à Becket—the patron saint of Englishmen in a far more real sense than St. George, was a Londoner of foreign origin, his father Gilbert the Portreeve being descended from a merchant of Bec in Normandy.

The Saxon town was reduced to ashes by a great fire in 1087, so that nothing of it remains, the earliest actual structures which have survived being Norman.

These are very few, as the houses were mostly of plaster on timber frames, and were destroyed by that great enemy of old London—fire.

Only the fortresses—the Tower and Barnard's Castle or Montfichet's Tower by Blackfriars—the churches and the refectories and churches of the monasteries appear to have been of stone, and these were largely pulled down and rebuilt in the days of the Plantagenets.

Fortunately we have something to show what manner of building these Normans made.

First there is the early Norman work in and around the Dark Cloisters at Westminster Abbey and spared when the choir and transepts were rebuilt by Henry III.

Then more important is the great fortress, the White Tower, built by William both to guard and to overawe the powerful and rather turbulent city.

Externally this is Norman only in its rugged squareness, as it had no windows, only arrow-slits when built, and was not surrounded by the double row of turreted walls. Internally too it has undergone much alteration, but enough is left in

the Chapel of St. John with its crypt and sub-crypt to show what this early Norman work was like.

Then there is the quaint little church of St. Ethelburga in Bishopsgate to show what a Norman parish church looked like, and the wonderfully beautiful choir of the great conventual church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, as an example of the latest Norman work.

All the rest has gone—swept away to make room for new work (Londoners have always been rebuilding with scant respect for old work) or destroyed in one of the many great fires which swept over early London.



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL,
THE TOWER.

Fortunately Fitz Stephen, a secretary in the service of Thomas à Becket, prefixed a brief account of the City to his life of the saint. From this we learn practically all we know of Norman London.

London then, of course, meant the City—the part within the walls and just those scattered houses and buildings immediately outside. The great boroughs of London to-day were then mere country hamlets, and the small but populous city growing up round the great Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter in West-

minster was still practically only the Royal Palace of St. Stephen, while a suburb of country residences surrounded by spacious gardens was springing up around Chancery Lane and Holborn. On other sides the City was surrounded by water meadows and a great forest full of game, where the hunting rights belonged to the citizens.

Immediately outside the walls a ring of great monasteries was growing up; a feature of this early City as of its later medieval successor was the number and size of the monastic churches.

There were, says Fitz Stephen, a great Cathedral, thirteen

conventual churches and no fewer than 127 parish churches, all within the area of the modern City of London.

True, Fitz Stephen says the City could muster 80,000 men-at-arms, which would mean at least 300,000 people, but even so, this number of churches is greatly in excess of modern requirements. Probably the population was only some 50,000, as the poll tax returns of Richard II. give it as 40,000 just at the close of a war, and we must allow something for evasions when basing an estimate on tax returns.

The parish churches were obviously quite tiny, but then they were not built to seat a congregation, but rather to accommodate a priest and his attendants with a few people at prayers.

The cathedral and conventual churches on the other hand were very large, as they were built to allow room for a long procession to pass round.

There was little or no preaching in these churches until the coming of the Friars in the thirteenth century, and with these there sprang up a number of large bare churches all nave and no chancel, built to accommodate a preacher and a big congregation.

Indeed the Church was the central fact in the lives of these people. In sickness and in health, waking and sleeping, at work or at play, it was always with them; without its sanction nothing could be done.

The artist, the doctor, the lawyer, the schoolmaster were all in Orders. The Church was a more potent influence in getting the law obeyed than the most powerful police force could have been, and it was largely owing to its influence that the liberties of the common man were preserved.

It was in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey that the infant House of Commons grew up, its freedom of speech coming largely because nothing said in that place might be repeated outside; and it was under the protection of St. Paul's that the citizens of Norman London met in folkmoot to hammer out that free constitution which was to mean so much to Medieval England; while it was in St. Paul's Cathedral that the magnates of the land worked out the Great Charter, one of the custodians of the liberties recorded in that document being the holder of the new office of Mayor, whilst another was the Castellan, a military officer appointed by the citizens.

When the Mayor replaced the Portreeve of earlier days we do not know, but the first we hear of him is in the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus*, a chronicle which is said to have been compiled by Arnald Fitz Thedmar, an Alderman. This chronicle states that "in the first year of the reign of King Richard, Henry Fitz Alwin, of Londenstane, was made mayor of London, who was the first mayor of the city and continued to be such mayor until the end of his life, that is to say for nearly five and twenty years."

The title does not occur in any royal charter until 1202, and a few years later John granted the citizens the right to elect a mayor annually.

This Norman city indeed took a prominent part in the political revolution which was proceeding about this time, and is evidently a place of wealth and importance.

When Richard was a prisoner and his ransom was being collected, treasurers were appointed, amongst them Richard, Bishop of London, and Hamelin de Warenne the mayor. It was under the leadership of Robert Fitz Walter, castellan of London and commander of its trained bands, that the Barons took the field against John, and it was the defection of Henry de Cornhill which largely contributed to the king's defeat. These prominent citizens, nearly all of foreign origin, lived in their halls north of Chepe, the many narrow lanes which open out of Cheapside and Cornhill on that side being in all probability the lanes which ran between their gardens. They were still in all likelihood wooden buildings made up of a great hall, a chapel and a number of outbuildings grouped about a courtyard somewhat after the fashion of the buildings in Staple Inn.

In Chepe itself and in the neighbouring streets were the craftsmen, the middle-class citizens of those days. Each was his own master working at his craft in the open shop on the street front, living either behind or above and selling his wares in the market at his doors.

In the shop slept the prentice lads, in the attic the maids and children, while for playground they had the street and the churches. Down by Thames lived the great merchants and importers, while in low single-roomed wattle huts, huddled together in the narrow lanes running up from Thames, were congregated the unskilled workers—the porters, the draymen,

and those who followed the rough or dirty trades, a turbulent mob, hard workers, hard fighters and hard drinkers, men whose backs were always bent to their burdens and whose spare time was spent in the alehouse. Working hours were long—from sunrise to sunset in winter, from prime to vespers in summer, but holidays were frequent. Sundays, Saints' days and days of rejoicing being general holidays, pageants were becoming frequent, and already on the slightest excuse the prentice and serving man would down tools to rush out to see the sights. Of schooling there was but little. Fitz Stephen says there were only three schools in the whole City, but this is certainly an understatement or he is thinking of schools not attached directly to some church or monastery.

St. Paul's we know had its school, as also had each of the greater monasteries even in the twelfth century, but probably all the boys trained in these entered the Church in due course. Yet the lads who were to become merchants must have had some instruction in reading, writing and simple arithmetic, so there must have been schools of some sort.

Of course every boy who was to become a merchant or a craftsman had to be apprenticed, and during his apprenticeship he learned much more than his craft.

In attendance on his master at ward mote, at folkmoot, at guild meeting and at the meeting of court and inquest; listening to the discussions of his elders round the fireside or the tavern door and to the street-corner speeches of the demagogue who existed even in those days; taking a keen interest in the City's affairs because he knew he would later be called on to help order those affairs; even as a prentice lad taking his place on Sundays and holidays in the ranks of the City's armed forces: the lad attended a finer school of citizenship than anything we have to-day, and it was to the training received and the ideals set up by the men of Saxon and Norman London that the later City owed its freedom, its strength and its magnificence.

CHAPTER III.

MEDIEVAL LONDON.

By the time of Edward I. London had become the largest town of the country with a highly organised civic government which was to endure until the close of the medieval period.

Then, as now, it was a business city, one of the chief ports of Europe and rapidly rising to the first place. To it came the merchants of the Flemish cities for raw wool and hides, to give in exchange their fine cloth and their beautiful leather and iron work. To it came the Venetians with their glass ware and the spicery of the East in return for salt, dried fish, timber and hemp, resins, the produce of the Baltic lands and for the Flemish cloths. Their name is still commemorated in the Galley wall—where their great, many-oared galleys tied up—and in Lombard Street, where their confrères the Florentine moneylenders began that banking business which was to make London the financial centre of the world.

Then, too, there were the Hansards—the Emperor's men they are called, with their town within a town at the Steel-yard.

They came to London in the days of the Saxon king Ethelred and were granted many privileges by Henry III., whose brother Richard, Duke of Cornwall, was King of the Romans—a title which was supposed to lead to the election of its holder to the Imperial dignity.

They were also granted many privileges by the Civic authorities, but had the duty of keeping Bishopsgate in repair and of furnishing ships and men for the defence of the City.

Their settlement was a small town within which they were subject to their own laws and outside of which they were in constant danger; for foreigners, and especially Germans, were not over-popular with the men of Medieval London.

They flourished until Tudor times, when the growth of purely English overseas trade, and especially the jealousy of the Merchant Adventurers, proved too much for them, their

privileges were taken away by Edward VI. and they were expelled by Elizabeth.

Their Hall stood on what is now Irongate Wharf and contained two pictures by Holbein which have disappeared. Copies by Zuccherro were made in 1574 and engravings of these were found in England by Vertue, a sketch for one by Holbein himself being in the British Museum. One of these paintings represented Poverty and the other the Triumph of Riches.

The Hansa merchants had a monopoly of the Baltic trade, importing wheat, rye, cables, rope, hemp, masts and other timber, linen cloth, wainscots and iron goods, and taking out wool, cloth and the various products brought to London by the Italian merchants.

The name of the place, Steelyard, is due to the fact that the King's beam to weigh all goods imported into London was originally located there.

This is itself an eloquent testimony to the importance of their trade. As London's own trade grew this beam was removed first to Corn Hill and then to Weigh House Yard, East Cheap, and placed in the joint custody of the Grocers Company and the Mayor.

This Company was originally called the Pepperers from pepper being its chief article of trade, and appears at first to have been composed of Italian merchants of Genoa, Venice and Florence engaged in the spice trade. Later Englishmen became members and themselves engaged in the Mediterranean trade, as the story of Whittington reminds us. The company rapidly became famous and in 1347 Nicholas Chaucer, a relative of Geoffrey the poet, was a member.

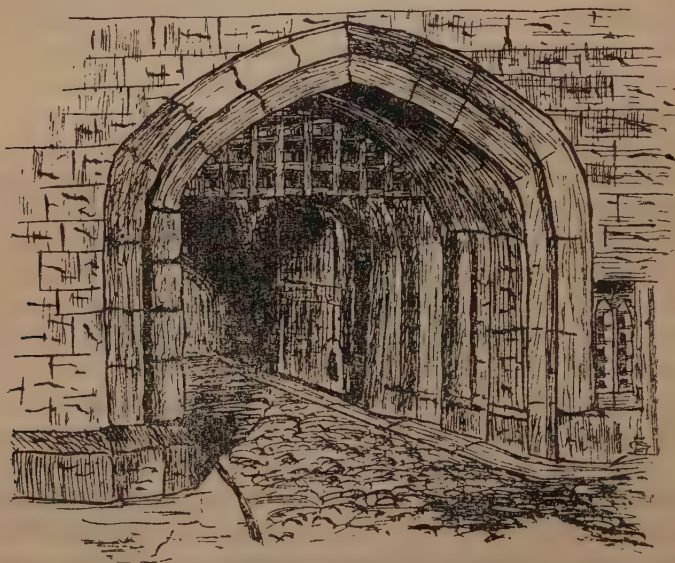
The City was now beginning to show outward signs of its wealth and importance, and as time went on its chief men became more and more English, and that movement of the younger sons of country gentlemen which was to produce the Warrens and Whittingtons of a later generation was begun.

With this there went an anti-foreign movement which is of considerable importance in the history of the City, especially as it is contemporary with the rise to civic importance of the Guilds.

In 1270 the goods of all Flemings—Hainaulters and other

subjects of the Count of Flanders—were seized to satisfy the claims of the English merchants for an indemnity on account of the arbitrary seizure by the Countess of Flanders of English wool. In 1273 all Flemings and in 1290 the Jews also were expelled.

From now to the close of the sixteenth century London became a city of palaces; the Royal Palaces within the City, the Tower, Barnard's Castle at Blackfriars, and the Tower Royal or Queen's Wardrobe in Watling Street.



GATEWAY, THE TOWER.

The Tower everyone knows. Built by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, as a fortress palace for William Rufus, it was successively enlarged until the present outer walls were built in the reign of Edward III.

Henry III. made it his royal residence, and here were kept those three leopards which were afterwards to be translated to a banner as the Royal Arms of England. During his reign the royal palace proper was built, a Gothic structure since demolished.

At the western end of the river front stood Baynard's or

Barnard's Castle, the official residence of the Fitzwalters, hereditary castellans and standard bearers of the City. Destroyed by fire in 1428 it was rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and reverting to the Crown was used as a Royal Palace until Tudor times.

But besides these Royal residences there were many great palaces belonging to the nobles of England. These great personages found residence in London City far safer than in their own castles, and on occasion their position as citizens of London was a greater security than their power as magnates of the land.

Many of these noble lords engaged in trade and attracted youths from the country who were to become prominent merchants. The noble citizens did not entirely desert the City until after the Restoration.

These great houses were dotted all over the City, being especially plentiful in the district north of Chepe and in the angle between the river, the Blackfriars and St. Paul's, where stood Barnard's Castle.

A good general idea of their appearance may be obtained from the existing arrangement of Staple Inn, Holborn. A square courtyard surrounded by buildings gave on to the street by the great gateway, over which were chambers. Around this courtyard were the quarters of the various servants and retainers and, closing it opposite the gateway, the Hall with its buttery and kitchen. Through a second gateway one came to the private apartments and garden, beyond which was often a considerable space of garden ground.

They were frequently known as 'Inns' from their being temporary town residences rather than the permanent home of the noble. A whole book would be needed to describe these houses in detail, but a few can be mentioned here.

In the reign of Richard II. the Nevilles had several houses in London. There was one Neville's Inn in Monkwell Street, and another, the 'Erber,' near Dowgate Street.

This house belonged to the great Kingmaker until his death at Barnet. At the same time the Duchess of York had a house near Paul's Wharf, while Richard of Gloucester himself occupied Crosby House.

Clustering round the Wardrobe by Barnard's Castle were

several of these palaces, notably Beaumont's Inn, Scrope's Inn, the Palace of the Bishops of London and Burleigh House. The escapades of Prince Hal and his brothers in the days of Henry IV. are quite probable.

Indeed Stow tells us that in 1410, "being in Eastchepe at supper (or rather at breakfast, for it was between two and three of the clock after midnight), the king's sons Thomas and John and their men began a great debate with others of the court, which lasted one hour until the Mayor and Sheriffs with other citizens appeased the same."

For this untimely interference the Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs were summoned to appear before the King and were advised by Chief Justice Gascoigne to throw themselves on the King's mercy.

They replied, "that they had not offended, but according to the law had done their best in stinting debate and maintaining peace."

One is glad to know that the King approved this brave answer and dismissed them.

In addition to these houses of the great nobles there were houses on a similar scale belonging to the merchant princes of the City.

One must not imagine that Medieval London, although full of palaces, presented anything like the appearance of the Italian cities. London's palaces, however grand inside, were quite ordinary-looking buildings on their street front, as the Holborn front of Staple Inn shows.

To the passer-by they presented a row of very ordinary-looking houses broken by a gateway, through which was seen a paved courtyard with its pump, its serving men and ostlers, and all the appearance of an inn yard. The private apartments, the gardens and all the state were hidden behind the hall and other cross buildings, and bounded by a high blank wall such as one may see pieces of at the back of Westminster Abbey in Great College Street.

Cheek by jowl with these houses were the homes of the craftsmen, the real citizens of London.

These, like the merchants, lived over or behind their shops and workshops, and by this time were well organised in their guilds. The origin of these guilds is doubtful, but they appear

in quite early times—the Saddlers and the Weavers being the oldest.

At a time when everything had to have the sanction of the Church it was natural that the guilds should be organised on a religious basis, so we find them adopting patron saints, keeping chaplains and either building a chapel or maintaining an altar in their parish church.

The guilds grew rapidly during Plantagenet times. Henry II. granted the first charter, that to the Weavers, and Edward II. ordered that no one should be admitted a freeman of the City unless he were already a member of a guild. It was under Edward III., however, that they received their greatest privileges. That monarch first of all incorporated them, that is,



ARMS OF THE WEAVERS' COMPANY.

gave them the right to hold lands in mortmain and so accumulate property, and then had himself enrolled in the Merchant Tailors—of course, for a consideration in hard cash.

About the same time it was ordered that all artificers and people of mysteries, *i.e.*, skilled workers, should enrol in some guild, and henceforth use no other, while the privilege of electing members to Parliament was transferred from the wards to the guilds. The City government also passed out of the hands of the freemen as such into those of the guild members of the forty-eight companies, a considerable narrowing of the franchise.

The order of precedence of the companies was a matter of some concern, as many privileges turned upon it, but it was

some time before it was finally settled that the Mercers should come first, followed by the Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Tailors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners and Clothworkers, forming together the twelve great Companies. The order was not settled without much bickering, which occasionally rose to actual fighting.

In 1327 the Saddlers quarrelled with the Bitmakers and a pitched battle was fought in Chepe which lasted the greater part of the day. Several on both sides were killed and many more injured before the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen, with the armed force of the City, were able to separate the combatants and restore order.

In 1340 the Fishmongers and Poulterers quarrelled. Starting with choice Billingsgate they soon got to pelting each other with their wares. One would think that as cold storage had not then been invented, fish and poultry would have been quite satisfactory missiles. The combatants, however, did not think so—perhaps familiarity had bred contempt, or noses were less keen than now. At any rate, these weapons proved insufficiently powerful, so stones and swords were used, and in trying to check the fray the Lord Mayor was injured.

Now a street riot in Medieval times was not considered a serious affair, and no one interfered unless there seemed danger of fire. Even if someone got killed it was merely a matter of an apology, and a payment for masses for the souls of the killed.

But to strike my Lord Mayor with the hand, much less to blacken the august eye with an ancient fowl, was much more serious. It amounted in fact to nothing short of High Treason. Therefore the leading Fishmongers and Poulterers were arrested, and fish and poultry having been thrown and his lordship indubitably injured thereby, were incontinently hanged as a warning to all.

The great day in the yearly functions of a Company was the Patronal Festival. Early in the morning the members in new gowns and hoods assembled in their hall and thence passed in procession through the streets to the church of their patron. They were accompanied by numerous acolytes carrying lighted candles, by a large band of priests in rich copes, by the master and wardens of other companies, by the Mayor

and Sheriffs, the City officials, the Aldermen in scarlet robes, and the Common Council, the wives of the members, the prentices and perhaps the trained band of their ward.

Passing to the church they file past the altar and make their offerings, then kneel while Mass is sung.

Meanwhile the hall has been prepared for the election of Master and Wardens, which being over, the company adjourn to the great event of the day—the feast.

To this have been invited the City Dignitaries with their ladies, some great noblemen, maybe the King and Queen, the Bishop and the Priors of St. Bartholomew, St. Mary Overie, and other important persons, whilst every freeman of the company with his wife and daughters, every prentice lad, hoping that one day he may sit at the head of that table wearing the Master's robes, has his place and the feast proceeds.

After feasting and due distribution of the leavings to the poor comes the play.

The tables are cleared away and the company squeeze back to the walls, leaving an open space into which step the actors—members of the Company perhaps, or the monks and singing boys from a neighbouring convent—and act the history of the craft since Creation, or some more or less appropriate Bible story.

With less ceremony the anniversary is kept up for a week, when on the octave the entire Company again walk in procession from the Hall to the Church, this time to commemorate the brethren who have departed during the year, after which the routine of daily business may go on, broken only by Saints' Days and Civic and National festivals, little matters which must have taken up a good deal of time, but all the same, added considerably to the enjoyment of life.

For the Master and Wardens the year of office meant relegating one's own concerns to the background in order to devote one's whole time to the business of the fraternity.

They had a dual office to fill, for besides being officials of their Guild, they were Civic officers charged under the control of the Mayor and Aldermen with the duty of seeing that the law was carried out.

A few examples may be of interest as showing the nature of these duties.

One Simon Potkin of the Key in Aldgate said that he had

given money to the Wardens for leave to sell where he would. For this he was brought before the Court of his Company, and being found guilty, condemned to pay 3s. 4d. for a swan to be eaten by the Masters, he being invited to the feast.

A more serious matter was that of selling goods under standard.

For selling stale fish, one member of the Fishmongers' Company, duly convicted before the Court of his Company, whither he had been summoned on the complaint of the searchers, was condemned to the pillory, "the said fish to be publicly burned under his nose."

For selling sour wine a Vintner was to drink a quart of his own wine and to have the rest poured over him; this in the Mayoralty of Sir Richard Whittington. Dick, to give him a name by which he is best known to us, must have been a veritable thorn to the licensed victuallers, for after his retirement from the Mayoral seat he laid an information against them before his successor, Chichele. In consequence of this the Master and twelve of the most worthy of the Company were summoned to Guildhall, there to make answer to the charge of selling dear ale. After much dispute Whittington declared that the brewers had made a corner in malt ('forestalling' it was called then), and being found guilty they were fined £20—a serious matter when a swan cost 3s. 4d.—the Master to be imprisoned until the fine was paid. Our ancestors liked their ale strong and its price low.

Another duty of the Wardens of the Companies was the enforcement of the sumptuary laws and of the many regulations governing prices and quality of goods. For this purpose 'Searchers' were appointed, and for convenience of oversight the trades congregated in special quarters of the town. Bread and Milk Streets give us the locale of the Bakers and Dairymen, Fish Street of the Fishmongers, the Poultry of the Poulterers, Lombard Street of the Italian bankers. The Mercers occupied that part of Chepe between Bow Church and Friday Street, the Merchant Tailors had their abode appropriately enough in Threadneedle Street, while the Drapers were on Cornhill. The Candlemakers were in Chepe itself, but tallow-boiling was too much for the noses of the thirteenth century, so in 1273 they were ordered to move. They were not evicted however until

1280, and then only after severe fighting. The Goldsmiths from Foster Lane took their place, setting up in Cheapside and Old Change.

The Companies had also to provide the quota for the Trained Bands, and the money for such assessments as were levied on the City.

In times of scarcity the City provided corn (rye) and coal to the poorer citizens, and this matter was also in the hands of the Companies, the Corporation providing granaries and bakehouses at the Bridge House in Southwark.

In the matter of the sumptuary laws the regulations were very strict, but the ladies of the City seem to have constantly evaded them.

The Ironmongers, for instance, were to dress "in such wise that it be no dishonesty to the Company, but that they be apparelled reasonable and honest; that is to say on holy days, hose, throwts, shirts, doublets, coats, gowns and cloaks, with other necessities conveniently honest and clean, and on working days such as may be honest and profitable to keep them from cold and wet, and they shall not suffer their hair to grow long."

A Merchant Taylor was committed to prison by the Court of his Company "for that he came to this house in a cloak of pepadore, a pair of hose lined with taffety, and a shirt edged with silver."

Shakespeare doubtless was thinking of these ordinances when he wrote—

"What, know you not,
Being mechanical you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?"

We have seen something of the great men of the City: the nobles, the merchants, the great tradesmen. What were the ordinary citizens at this period?

We see little of them as individuals in the old Chroniclers, something in the mass where they appear much as ourselves, workers when work was to be had, somewhat impatient of authority, fond of sport; they played Cup finals in Cheapside in those days, and challenged the men of Westminster to

wrestling matches; they ran races, practised sword-play of evenings after work was over, while the maidens danced for garlands to the sound of pipe and tabor.

But the Thames was their great playground. Dammed back by the narrow arches and wide piers of old London Bridge, it formed a broad expanse of water upon which there was always some magnificent procession: the king or his lords passing between Westminster and the Tower, Civic processions, the Archbishop going from Lambeth to Canterbury; always there was something to see, and the citizens spent much time on the water.



THAMES SPORTS. WATER QUINTAIN.

Then the young men had their water sports. The favourite seems to have been an aquatic variation of the knightly tournament.

Perched upon a wooden platform erected on a wherry stood a prentice lad armed with lance and shield, and opposed to him was another. Propelled by four sturdy rowers, the two boats dashed towards each other, and the luckless wight who missed his aim or failed to keep his feet was ignominiously fished up out of the water on the end of a boathook, amidst roars of laughter from the crowds lining the bridge and the banks.

Their work was done in the streets or in open shops on the street level, and noise enough they made about it. In spite of its traffic, London to-day would seem a quiet place to our medieval ancestors. Of wheeled traffic there was little, for ways were narrow, but long strings of pack-horses with their shouting drivers filled the main roads with noise, added to as a train of mounted men clattered by with jingle of spur and clash of armour.

Then the shouting of the prentices crying their wares was added to the noise of the cooper, the armourer, the blacksmith, the carpenter, each plying his trade in the streets and making together a roar and racket in the narrow cobbled ways which must have been deafening.

Then there was the smell of it. One can get a faint, a very faint whiff of it to-day in some of the riverside districts of Bermondsey or Deptford, or in Silvertown amongst the soap and chemicals, but it can be as nothing to the rich smel of medieval London.

With that smell of cooking and washing which greets one in any narrow court or alley there went the smell of tallow-boiling, of glue-making, of the slaughterhouse and stable, of the heaps of garbage thrown into the street, of the laystalls open to the street where the rubbish was supposed to be shot but was not, of the kennel of liquid refuse which flowed down every street raising together such a stench that one wonders, not that every year thousands died of plague, not that great pestilences like the Black Death almost depopulated the City, but that any one managed to live at all.

Within, the house was commonly of two rooms for a workman in a skilled trade, working as a journeyman or on small contract work; the wealthier craftsmen, employing many journeymen and apprentices who lived on the premises, had a larger house of several storeys; the merchant prince, like the great noble, lived in a palace.



MEDIEVAL TINSMITH'S
SHOP.

But the artizans and craftsmen lived in low two- or three-roomed houses, of which the front served as workshop and shop by day and sleeping place for the prentice lads by night. The labourers lived with the hens and pigs in one-roomed huts, with perhaps a box bed at one end.

Several documents exist from which we can reconstruct a list of the furnishings of the house of a decent artizan.

One such contained furniture valued at £12 18s. 4d., or about £300 at present values.

The house consisted of one room which opened on to the street, and a small buttery behind. Above, under the slope of the roof and reached by a ladder, was a sleeping-place. This contained a bedstead, three feather beds, two pillows, and a great coffer in which were six blankets, a coverlet with shields of silk, eight linen sheets and four tablecloths. Of clothes, they had three or four cloaks with hoods of common cloth, one or two of better quality, a scarlet robe furred (evidently the guild livery), one camise and half-a-dozen aprons. Of domestic furniture there were brass pots and basins, wooden and pewter platters, a good supply of tubs and barrels (very necessary when one's winter supplies of meat, flour and suchlike had to be bought at the Martinmas fairs), curtains to keep out the draught, and a green carpet—a house well, even comfortably furnished, showing some wealth and culture, although its accommodation is somewhat cramped.

Such is the daily life and work of Medieval London in the great days of the Plantagenets, but there is another side to the story.

It has been said that there is no street in London without its tree, and it could have been said with truth that no street in Plantagenet London was without its Church. By day and night the Church bells were heard, and at all times the clergy—monks, nuns, friars or parish priests—could be seen in the streets. Some half of the people in the City must have been officially connected with the Church, over half the area must have been ecclesiastical property, and no citizen could undertake the simplest duties without the approval of the Church.

It was not until Chaucer's time that this organisation was perfected, now it was growing and growing rapidly.

By the 14th century there were, besides the Cathedral and

the 126 parish churches within the walls, a great number of monastic institutions occupying the spaces around the walls within and without.

These had generally been founded in Norman times, but were now being pulled down and rebuilt in the beautiful Gothic styles with which we are so familiar.

Practically the whole of Westminster Abbey belongs to this time, as did the old St. Paul's, the nave of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, and all the other monastic institutions in and round London. Only the Chapel of St. John and the magnificent late Norman choir of Rahere's great church in Smithfield are left to show what the earlier work was like, but the scale of the alterations and the great beauty of the new Gothic churches show us what a wealthy city the London of the early Edwards must have been.

A mere list of their names will show something both of their importance and of the number of people who lived in them.

Within or adjoining the City walls were the great priories of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, St. John of Jerusalem in Clerkenwell, the Charterhouse, St. Mary Spital and St. Martin Le Grand, all practically touching; while continuing the line down to the river, but of later date, were the Blackfriars, occupying the corner between St. Paul's and the south-west angle of the walls, the Bridewell, the Whitefriars and the Temple outside the walls, but within the liberties.

Then on the other side were the nunnery of St. Catherine Cree by the Tower, Holy Trinity Aldgate, St. Clare in the Minories, the Austin Friars and the Black Friars, St. Helen Bishopsgate and the Crutched Friars.

Besides these were the colleges of St. Thomas of Acon (founded to commemorate Becket), The Holy Spirit in the Vintry, St. Michael, Crooked Lane, and the great Hospitals, mostly lying west of the City, with St. Mary Overies, Bermondsey Priory and St. Thomas' Hospital across the river. Further afield were Merton, Westminster, St. Albans, Barking, Stratford and Waltham, and in addition the episcopal palaces, Hereford in Fish Street, Ely in Ely Place, Holborn (the beautiful chapel of which still remains), London in Bishopsgate, Salisbury in Salisbury Square, St. David's in Bridewell, and Winchester and Rochester in Southwark.

Some idea of the size of these institutions may be obtained from Old St. Paul's.

This cathedral had first the Bishop with his train of Chaplains, Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretaries, Law Officers and servants. Then there was the Dean, the Canons or Prebendaries, the Minor Canons, the Treasurer, the Chancellor, Sacrist, Vergers, two Masters of the Schools, the Almoner, the Surveyor and his staff of master masons and carpenters, the Servitors, Readers, Bookbinders and Scribes, the Chamberlain, the Bailiff, the Singing men and boys, the Master Baker who issued 40,000 loaves a year, the Brewer who made 67,000 gallons of beer, a whole army of workmen, gardeners, porters and suchlike, besides the Chantry Priests—each and all of whom lived within the precincts.

Such was the staff of St. Paul's, and such to a greater or lesser degree the staffs of the monasteries, the hospitals and many of the parish churches.

The friaries were staffed on a smaller scale, as the friars lived more with the people in their houses and did not keep up such great establishments, but where a hospital or school formed part of the friary, the number of people connected with it must have been considerable.

And the bells! Every one of these churches and chapels had its bells, which rang almost continuously day and night. The monastic houses kept up the full round of services, beginning with Nocturnes and Matins at midnight, Lauds at 3 A.M., Prime at 6, Tierce at 9, Sexts at midday, Nones at 3 P.M., Vespers at 6 and Compline at 9, with daily Mass and High Mass on Sundays and Festivals, bells for Weddings, Christenings and Funerals, with peals for days of rejoicing. Medieval London was a veritable city of bells, with St. Paul's over all to remind men of the power of the Church as the bells reminded them of her continual watchfulness, of her deep concern for their spiritual welfare; and the organs, the incense, the glorious vista of columns in nave and chancel, the flashing of jewels and gold on altar and shrine, the gorgeous riot of colour in painted wall and stained window, in rich banner and magnificent vestment, of her great wealth, and of the glories of the Heavenly City.

There is the other side of the story too. Medieval London was innocent of all sanitation except that of the monasteries,

many of whose reputed secret passages were merely drains ; and when plague, famine or fever broke out there was the Church in the person of the humble parish priest, the friar skilled in the healing art, or the great hospital or lordly monastery to minister freely to the needs of the poor or to administer the charity of the rich ; to see indeed that no rich man died without leaving a substantial part of his wealth to her in trust for his poorer neighbours.



WHIPPING THROUGH THE CITY.

Such is Medieval London—rough if you will, full of strange noises and strange smells, with crowded, festering slums, with great poverty and great riches ; prone to sudden riot and bloodshed, but a sturdy independent city, jealous of her rights and ready to enforce them against king or noble ; protecting her citizens against oppression, both at home and abroad ; full of a rich colour and with a sense of artistic craftsmanship which she has to a great extent lost to-day.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAUCER'S LONDON.

Medieval London was at the height of its power when the first great English poet appears.

It is the time when the English first become conscious of their nationality. No longer torn by the racial jealousies of Briton, Saxon, Dane and Norman ; no longer devastated by civil war ; confident in the strength given by the training of the Welsh and Scottish Wars, and with wealth pouring into the country from the wool trade, the nation had pitted itself against the French and had won brilliant victories against tremendous odds.

The bowmen of the English country-side and the pikemen of London's streets had gone out against the chivalry of France and had won. The outburst of national pride produced by the victories of Crécy and Poitiers had made the English believe themselves invincible, and had carried them through the trying times of the Black Death and Peasants' Revolt with little real trouble and with considerable credit.

At the same time the close contact between the nobility and the peasants broke down social barriers, while the wealth which came from the ransoms of French prisoners made possible that great æsthetic revival which gave us the glorious tracery of the Perpendicular Architecture in Church and Hall and the wonderful extravagance in dress which marks the close of the fourteenth century.

The intellectual stimulant supplied by foreign travel made the Wycliffe movement, and gave to Gower, to Langland and to Chaucer the soil in which their genius could flourish.

Under the influence of this movement London was practically rebuilt.

The nave of Westminster Abbey, a host of monasteries, churches, halls and merchants' houses were put up at this time ; trade was pushed out even to the Mediterranean and contact was established with Italy, where the Renaissance was beginning in all its grandeur and beauty.

Practically the whole of the fourteenth-century city has gone, ruthlessly pulled down by Somerset and his brother reformers in the days of Edward VI. or burned down during the Great Fire.

A few bits remain from which we can judge the whole and the wealth of the citizens who erected these buildings.

First there is that gem of fifteenth-century art, St. Etheldreda's Chapel in Ely Place.

Built as the chapel attached to the London house of the Bishops of Ely, it alone remains, having happily escaped not only the Fire but the courtiers who destroyed the palace. Happily restored by the present owners, it can show us not only what the buildings of the fifteenth century churches were like, but also their services, for the original pre-Reformation service is in daily use here.

St. Sepulchre's, Smithfield, St. Dunstan-in-the-East, St. Helen, Bishopsgate, and a few other churches, having escaped the ravages of the Fire and the restorer, remain to give us some idea of the parish churches in which the Hansards, the Whittingtons, the Philpots and the Chaucers worshipped.

Of the merchants' houses not one remains, the Fire and subsequent rebuildings having destroyed them all, and the City Halls are all post-Fire buildings mostly by Wren.

We have, however, the Guildhall almost as it was when the fifteenth-century builders left it, the restoration of 1866 having really restored the building to its original form.

This Hall with its crypt was built in the years 1411-1425 to replace an earlier and smaller seat of Civic government, and the great hall with its stained-glass windows and gallery gives us an excellent example of the hall with its minstrels' gallery which was a feature of the houses of nobles and merchants during this century.

Such another hall was Crosby Place, Bishopsgate, which stood on its original site until recently, when it was threatened with destruction by the builder. Fortunately it was saved, and being carefully taken down, was re-erected on the grounds of Sir Thomas More's old house at Chelsea, where it remains to show in what state the great merchant princes of this time lived.

Under Guildhall is the fine fifteenth-century crypt with its

vaulted roof, practically the only remaining example of what was an important feature of every large building at a time when stores for a considerable period had to be laid in, and when every merchant's warehouse was under his private residence.

London too was foremost in support of the French Wars, providing considerable sums of money, many drafts of sturdy, well-armed spearmen and a large number of ships.

The war was of considerable importance to London, for the real question at issue was the wool trade with Flanders, which was one of the most important branches of the City's trade. There was also fear of incursions up the river by French and Scottish ships.

Such an invasion was threatened at Easter, 1339, and the City was placed in a posture of defence. Amongst other arms collected for this purpose are mentioned six 'gonnes' with four-and-a-half hundredweight of leaden pellets and thirty-two pounds of gunpowder, so that these guns were probably quite small hand-guns.

In the next year Edward set out for Flanders with a great fleet and army, including 283 men-at-arms from the City and several ships. These did good service, indeed the great naval victory off Sluys was mainly won by the dash of the London men, ably led by an ex-sheriff, William Hansard, who, says Froissart, "came with a ship of London and did much good."

Edward was constantly in need of money and men for these wars, and had to anticipate his revenues by loans from the City.

The magnates took care to have good security and tangible advantages in the shape of chartered privileges, and the years of peace following the Treaty of Bretigny witnessed the rise of the City Companies, many charters dating from this period. In 1376 the guilds succeeded for a time in wresting the City government out of the hands of the commonalty and vesting it in their Liverymen, the decision being conveyed to the king by two aldermen, William Walworth and Nicholas Brembre, who were to become famous during the next reign.

In the same year the guilds obtained a further charter forbidding strangers—that is, those not freemen and Guild

members—to engage in retail trade, but their victory was short-lived, for in 1384 we find the practice of ward election restored.

The secret history of this movement reveals the City divided into two factions, one following the Royal or Court Party, and the other John of Gaunt, who, now that his brother the Black Prince was dead, aspired to the Crown.

For a time the Court party was victorious, being ably led by William Walworth, Nicholas Brembre, John Philpot, Richard Whittington and others, thanks to whose efforts Richard was crowned King on the death of his grandfather.

Lancaster's party was led by John of Northampton, and amongst the few leading citizens on this side was the Comptroller of Customs for the Port of London, one Geoffrey Chaucer.

Chaucer was a typical Londoner of the period. His father Richard was a wine merchant, and the future poet was born in the Vintry in 1340.

He received some schooling in London, perhaps at a monastery, possibly at one of the secular schools which were springing up at this time, but instead of following his father's trade he was entered at the Middle Temple as a law student at 19. The Law was the only learned profession open to laymen, but Geoffrey does not seem to have paid a great deal of attention to his studies. He was living in stirring times, and the army offered a more exciting career and a quicker road to promotion. He proceeded to France in 1359, in which year the City furnished contingents for Edward's invasion of France.

Chaucer was taken prisoner by the French, so we have no knowledge of his skill as a soldier. He was released when the Treaty of Bretigny was signed in 1360, and seven years later was appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber with a life pension of 20 marks a year, equivalent to some £130 to-day, and shortly after married Philippa de Roet.

In addition to his office at Court he had married into a family which was closely related to the Royal family, his sister-in-law having married John of Gaunt, so the poet was brother-in-law to the most powerful man in the country.

In 1374 he was appointed Comptroller of Customs for the Port of London, a post of some importance and much profit,

but he was to hold an even more important post, for he was sent to France in 1377 as one of the envoys for negotiating the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales, with a French Princess. We next find him a member of Parliament for Kent, and then, in 1386, he is a prisoner in the Tower.

The Histories of England are silent on this matter, and if we would find the reason for the poet's imprisonment we must search the London records. From these we find that a civic revolution was in progress, a great controversy raging over the election of Common Councilmen.

The constituency hitherto had been the inhabitants of the wards, but with the growth of the Guilds the liverymen had endeavoured to get the right transferred to themselves. The Guild party was led by the great merchant princes, John Philpot, Nicholas Brembre, William Walworth, and was supported by the Regent Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, while the popular party, headed by John of Northampton, was supported by John of Gaunt, who counted upon its help in his own scheme for gaining the Crown for himself.

Chaucer, the Comptroller of Customs and an important person in the City, espoused the cause of Lancaster and popular election.

The popular party had received a serious set-back in the break-up of Wat Tyler's rebels, but in 1381 their leader Northampton was elected Mayor and re-elected in the following year. In 1383 his rival Brembre was chosen, Northampton's acts were annulled and he himself was committed to Tintagel Castle after being sentenced to death and then pardoned.

There had indeed been a formidable tumult in Guildhall over the election, for when the citizens chose Northampton, Gloucester introduced an armed party to compel the election of his nominee.

The result was a serious affray in which the Cordwainers and Fishmongers were well to the fore, and the aldermen quelled it only by calling out the trained bands; Northampton was arrested and Chaucer fled to Zealand.

In 1386 he returned and was elected M.P. for Kent, but the party of Gloucester was still in power, and consequently the poet was arrested, confined to the Tower and deprived of his offices and emoluments.

Three years later his patron and brother-in-law Lancaster returned to power, and Chaucer was released, appointed Clerk of the Mews at Charing and Clerk of the Works at Westminster, living in a house to the east of Westminster Abbey which was afterwards demolished to make room for Henry VII.'s Chapel.

The remainder of the poet's life was uneventful. The Lancastrian party was in the ascendant and Chaucer was secure in his offices. He received a life pension of £20 per year in 1394, and in 1399 this was doubled by Henry IV. He died in 1400 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The London of Chaucer is Medieval London at the height of its power and glory.

It was a small city with narrow tortuous lanes leading down to the river and crowded with the huts of the artizans and workmen. In Chepe were the shops of the goldsmiths, the pepperers, the drapers and other tradesmen, while to the north were the palaces of the merchants, each with its garden. What with these and the numerous gardens of the monastic houses which abounded, London was a city of gardens.

Joining the City to the King's Palace and the Law Courts at Westminster was the long straggling street of monasteries and palaces—Fleet Street and the Strand.

Beyond, to the North, were the fields and pasture lands of the country villages of Islington, Hackney and Bethnal Green, not yet part of London, while along the river eastwards was the rough straggling hamlet of Wapping, with its sailors, its taverns and its slop-shops—a place of strange smells, strange faces and rough language, to be avoided by all decent citizens.

Within the City the din of buying and selling and the roar and rattle of traffic was incessant, while above all rose the clash and clang of bells from Cathedral, Parish Church and Monastery, to be heard clearly away in Hampstead and Highgate, and telling to simple countryman as well as to runaway apprentice, the story of the boundless wealth of a city paved with gold, and of the matchless opportunities of rising to wealth and honour which it held out to all.

How rich is shown by the many loans it was called upon to make to the king, sometimes anticipating the whole national revenue by a loan in addition to paying its own quota.

In 1379 the great poll tax was levied on the whole country. London is returned as having a taxable population of 23,314, out of a total for the country of 1,376,442, but is assessed at £6,666 13s. 4d., out of a total for the country of some £20,000. It must be remembered that in addition the City had already contributed £50,000, besides men, arms and ships during the period of the war.

The assessment varied from 4d. for a peasant whose wages would average perhaps 6s. 8d. a year to £6 1s. 4d. for a duke. The Lord Mayor was assessed as an Earl at £4, and as a consequence claimed, and still holds, the precedence due to that rank, while the aldermen paid £2.

Two stories will show the magnificence of this city.

Richard II. had quarrelled with it over a refusal in 1390 to advance him £1,000, and its alleged ill-treatment of a Lombard who had been more compliant.

Richard confiscated the City's charter and imprisoned the leading citizens, but after the City had paid a fine of £10,000 a reconciliation was effected and signalised by a Royal procession through the City, of which a Carmelite, Richard of Maidstone, has left us an account.

The streets were lined with rich tapestries and decked with garlands of sweet-smelling flowers, while the whole population poured out to meet the king.

The royal guardian of the City, attended by the aldermen in scarlet and white, led the way ; followed by the trades each in its livery, and crossing the Bridge into Southwark met the King and Queen, delivered up the City's keys and sword of State, at the same time presenting valuable gifts to their Majesties.

Then the procession crossed the Bridge into the City, where the crowd was so great that a chariot full of Court ladies was upset to the great mirth of the spectators.

Reaching Chepe scenes of extraordinary magnificence met their eyes. The shops and houses were hung with carpets and tapestries, while the balconies were crowded with the richly-dressed city ladies.

The conduits ran wine, while in the middle of the street stood a lofty tower on the top of which stood a boy and a girl dressed as angels.

As the King and Queen drew up these descended in a cloud, offering a golden cup of wine and two golden crowns to the Royalties.

At the entrance to St. Paul's was another pageant, while at Ludgate was a third in which angels threw flowers on the royal party, and St. John Baptist was represented in a desert filled with wild beasts.

Richard professed himself so touched at this sight that he forgave the citizens and invited them to follow to Westminster.

Down Ludgate Hill, across Fleet Bridge and along Fleet Street and the Strand went the procession. On reaching Westminster, the King, arrayed in full robes and surrounded by his Court, took his place in the Hall and the Londoners were admitted. Then the Queen entered, and throwing herself at the King's feet interceded for the citizens. Richard granted her request, and after a long homily on the wickedness of provoking the Royal anger returned their charter.

The other story concerns Whittington. He had lent King Henry V. enormous sums of money, for which he held the royal bonds. Then to celebrate the King's victories he invited his sovereign to dinner.

We can picture that dinner in some great hall, rich with stained glass and fretted tracery; the guests apparelled in cloth of gold or silver, in blue and crimson; the strange dishes, peacocks with their tails flaunting above them, roast swans, sturgeon and many strange cates and comfits; the gold and silver and rare Venice glass on the tables; the guest the most famous warrior of his time, but with the very jewels in his crown forfeit to his host, and the host the son of a simple Gloucestershire knight who, by diligence in business, had become the richest person in the land.

After the feast guest and host retired to the solar, where there was a fire fed with rare and costly foreign woods. The host took out a roll of bills and bonds. Is he going to press for payment, to demand concessions for an extension of time? But no; calmly and deliberately he counts the parchments, runs through them to see that all is in order, then stirring the perfumed fire places them upon it, depriving himself of a princely fortune and extinguishing a nation's war debt in one magnificent gesture.

Such was the magnificence of London town in the days of her great poet.

Of her great merchant princes we can read in Froissart ; of her munificence and turbulence her own records speak ; of her ordinary citizens, the men and women of her streets and markets, her great poet must speak for himself.

Practically nothing is left of the magnificent city but portions of a few churches, a bit of a merchant's palace, and a few legends and memories ; but of the men themselves, Chaucer has given us an album of photographs taken straight from her streets.

Take the most important of them all, the prentice lads who were to carry on her fame into the next generation. Turbulent, headstrong, none too fond of work, the Cheapside prentice lives for us in the lines—

“ A prentiss dwellèd whilom in our citie,
At every bridal would he sing and hoppe,
He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe,
For when ther any riding was in Chepe
Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,
And till that he had al the sight yseen,
And danced well he wold not come agen.”

Then the knight, fresh from his buffetings in strange lands or newly arrived from the French wars, rides by on his sturdy war-horse, his leathern jerkin showing the marks of that strong serviceable armour piled up on the mule which one in his train is leading.

Although expert in all knightly lore, he was no mere carpet knight, but had borne himself well in many a battle.

He, and one may guess the reverend seniors of the City too, looked back with regret on the good old times when men wore armour for use and hard knocks were going in the French wars.

Contrast him with his son, the young squire with his fresh pink face, his gaudy silk dress, his scented and curled locks, dressed in the latest French fashion and learned in all the accomplishments which made him a favourite with the ladies—

“ Well coude he sit on hors, and faire ryde,
He coude songes make and wel endyte,
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wryte.”

New-fangled fashions these, fit only for women and priests a generation ago, but in spite of their fair faces and scented locks, their skill with pen and lute, these lads had already borne themselves well in Picardy and Artois, and in a few years time were to break the French at Agincourt and carry the banner of St. George up to the gates of Paris.

Lounging at the inn gates—an English nobleman's town house was always an inn—sitting outside the tavern, or strolling down Chepe inspecting the shops, we meet the yeomen, sturdy independent men, sons of small farmers in the shires, as proud as the nobles themselves, quick in quarrel but staunch



THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK, c. 1780.

in friendship, men to be treated with all courtesy, but men who could be trusted to see through to the end any job they undertook.

These are visitors rather than citizens, common sights enough in the City, but not of it. The remaining characters belong to the City itself.

First comes the Church, as it did in Chaucer's London. A wealthy Church as befitted a wealthy City, with no harsh rules, loving ease and luxury, enjoying the good things of life.

There is the Prioress, coy and dainty, mincing in her speech and proud of her French, not knowing it is merely that of Stratford-le-Bow and not real French at all.

Then the monk, you may see him any day riding out from St. Bartholomew's with his hounds.

"What!" he says, "stay in our cells as the rule of Augustine directs and occupy our time in prayers, fasting and good works, when the sun shines and the greenwood calls aloud. Let Austin work if he wants to, I don't care two straws for his opinion," and whistling up his dogs off he goes for a day's hunting in Epping, to come home at night to a dinner of roast swan in place of the pease and water ordered by the founder.

Next comes a friar, another jolly man, easy with his penances, and one who can quaff his jug of ale and tell his good story with anyone, a favourite with the good-wives of the district and an equal favourite with their husbands.

Come to Guildhall. The Court of Aldermen is just rising, and we meet the City fathers coming out—grave, serious men, richly dressed, stately in speech and portly in person.

Listen to their talk. It is all of the freedom of the seas, of the need for keeping a strong fleet in the Straits to sweep out French and Scottish pirates, but above all, of those knavish Germans of the Hansa league who are depreciating the mark and ruining our trade.

Turn into Chepe and there we meet the craftsmen, substantial men who could wear silver fittings and fur trimmings. Their wives are stately dames, proud as great ladies. Here comes the carpenter's wife—

"A seynt she wered, barred al of silk,
In barme cloth, eke white as mornē milk,
Upon her lendes, ful of many a gore,
White was her smock, and browded al before,
And eke behind on her coler about
Of cole black silk within and eke without."

Let us go down to the Vintry. There, close by the river, we are bound to meet the shipman.

His men have gone ashore at Wapping while the porters get the great wine-tuns ashore which he has brought round from Bordeaux. An English trade this, carried on in round tublike craft whose capacity for stowing wine-tuns has passed into a measure for cargo capacity—tuns it should be, not tons as we

usually see it, and still a measure of storage space rather than actual weight.

Leaving his unwieldy 'cog' below bridge he has ridden in to see the merchants, and Chaucer gives us a portrait of him as he rolls down Thames Street—sitting his nag awkwardly as sailors do—unused to solid earth beneath his feet.

A peaceful trader when worth his while, not above running a cargo when the customs' officials aren't looking, pirate too on occasion, with full knowledge of the plank as a step to the next world, but withal a master of his craft and bringing much wealth to the City—such a one Master Geoffrey, sometime Comptroller of Customs to this port, knows very well.

Crossing the Bridge let us look over at the crowd of craft in the Pool and see the trade of this great City. Dutch hoys, coasters, the tublike 'cogs' of the Bordeaux wine trade; ships from the Baltic laden with timber, tar and hemp, and above all tied up to the Galley wall we see—

“The grete galleys of Veness and of Florence
Be well ladene with thynges of complacence,
Of spicerye and of groceres wares,
With swete wyne, alle manere of chaffare,
With apes and japes and marmettes taylede.”

But the real centre of this great city is St. Paul's, the great cathedral set on Ludgate Hill, and surrounded by monasteries, friaries and churches, great and small. It dominates the City and draws to itself everything of worth the City holds.

Founded in very early times it contained the shrine of the holy Erkenwald and a host of tombs. We have nothing quite like it now, for Westminster Abbey was a monastic church in the Middle Ages and was not connected with the City.

Begun by Bishop Maurice towards the close of the eleventh century, and in continual process of rebuilding, it had reached the height of its magnificence in Chaucer's time.

Some seven hundred feet in length and 534 feet high to the top of the cross, it, with its outbuildings, cloisters and chapels, occupied a space of close upon four acres.

Inside it was crowded with statues, altars and chantry tombs, blazing with lights and jewels, and the voices of priests chanting the services made a continuous hum.

To it as by a magnet were drawn priests and prelates seeking the lucrative appointments it could give, for the citizens, not themselves much given to churchgoing, were lavish benefactors seeking salvation vicariously, and desirous when the end came of lying in their great Cathedral.

Crowded with tombs it is—bishop and noble, knight and citizen, nearly all England's greatest except her kings lie here.

Outside the Church is the great cloister rich in monuments, and above all the Dance of Death, that memorable painting showing the state of man and how Death comes to all. It has been copied from that at the Holy Innocents in Paris and is furnished with verses by John Lydgate, a monk of St. Edmundsbury, the whole being at the charges of one Jenkyn Carpenter, citizen of London, the same John Carpenter who founded the City of London School and was town clerk of London during the reign of Henry V.

Here also is the great bell tower from whose summit rings out the call to prayer and the call to arms, and Paul's Cross where the citizens met in folkmoot and where history was made on more than one occasion.

The great church is the centre of business London too. As yet there is no Exchange, so the nave is used as a general rendezvous. Here we meet the professional men so ably pictured by the poet.

Here is the lawyer, learned in all the statutes and the common law—a busy man, but seeming busier than he really is, one to whom briefs came freely, but whose dress showed no trace of the rich fees his clerk took for him.

Here is the Oxford scholar, a Master of Arts of his University, but a very babe in the ways of the world; the Pardoner “brimful of pardons, come from Rome all hot,” a foreign priest not popular with the Londoners; the physician learned in astrology, able to cast a horoscope, rich through the recent plague.

Come out into the narrow lanes bounding the Vintry, or the neighbourhood of Billingsgate, and we shall meet Chaucer's best loved character, the curate of St. Magnus perhaps, the poore Parsoun of a town. See him in his threadbare cassock bearing the Host to some plague-stricken hovel; no respecter

of persons, he will stand up for his people against king or lord—

“He has not run

Unto seynt Poules

To seeken him a chaunterye for soules,

Or with a bretherheed to been witholde,

But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde.

.

To drawen folk to heven by fairness,

By good ensample was his business.

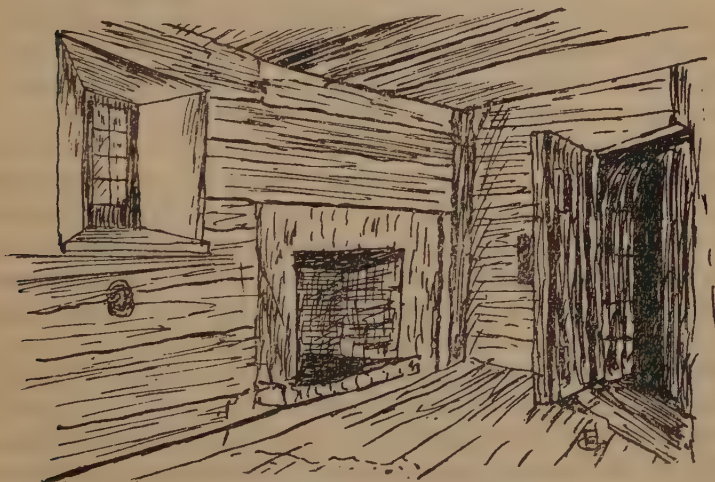
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,

Ne maked him a spyced conscience,

But Christes lore and his apostles twelve

He taughte, and first he followed it himselve.”

Such is Chaucer's London, such are its men—its Merchants and Citizens, its craftsmen and guildsmen, its workers and its idlers, drawn for us by one of themselves, who was himself an example of their fierce civic patriotism, suffering exile, imprisonment, loss of place and fortune in defence of the great city they loved.



LOLLARDS' PRISON, LAMBETH.

CHAPTER V.

WESTMINSTER—THE ABBEY.

A city without citizens. Such would be a true description of that other city—Westminster—which goes with her sister of London and her attendant villages to make Modern London. Inhabitants she has had in plenty, but no citizens, no civic life, no existence until quite recently. An inn in the earliest days of her existence she becomes the site of an Abbey and a Royal Palace, and her history is the story of the great Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter and the Royal Palace of St. Stephen, with its more modern offshoots St. James', Whitehall, and Buckingham.

Originally the district was a mere bramble-covered islet in the great marsh which bordered the Thames above London, and it looked out over the widest and wildest portion of that marsh—the modern districts of Battersea, Lambeth and Kennington.

Across this marsh on the right bank of the river (which here takes a great double bend like a letter S, flowing first E. and W., then about Vauxhall turning N.—S., and finally, opposite Charing, running back to its original direction) runs a road which has undoubtedly developed out of an ancient trackway skirting the marsh until it reached a gravel spit at Newington. Here it branched, one arm going north to the ford below Cornhill where London Bridge stood in after years, and the other continuing on to a similar ford which crossed the river, came up for a moment on to dry ground at Thorney, and then passing on partly under water, finally left the marsh where Tyburn Gallows stood once and Marble Arch stands now, and struck away across the hills to the Midlands as a bold track which later became the great Roman Road known to the Saxons as the Watling Street—now the Edgware Road.

The marsh has now dried up, the streams have dwindled to mere ornamental waters in the Royal Parks or are safely underground in drains, but the Abbey and the Palace remain the official centres of the race.

Unlike her sister of London Thorney did not become a

permanent city. It was a mere station on the road, a wayside inn for belated travellers, and even the ferryman seems to have lived on the Lambeth side.

For a short time during the Roman occupation it became a station, to be deserted when London had grown, and with the early Saxon occupation a few fishermen and fowlers came there. But until the coming of the Abbey it remained a fenny waste.

The Abbey with its Sanctuary and the Palace by the river are the outstanding features of Westminster until the Tudor monarchs built Whitehall and St. James', and its only indwellers are the monks and the Royal servants. Two other classes indeed were living there—the criminals who fled from justice to the powerful protection of St. Peter, and the nobles who came and went with the King. Both were birds of passage, staying no longer than was necessary.

Then at some time during the period of the Saxon conquest another settlement grew up, but about this nothing is known for certain until the foundation of the Abbey.

The first Abbey was a Saxon foundation attributed to Sebert, King of London and son-in-law of that Ethelbert, King of Kent, who admitted Augustine.

Sebert it was who built St. Paul's for Bishop Mellitus, and whose tomb may still be seen at the Abbey.

Sebert's Abbey survives in legend only, the real founder of the present church being Edward the Confessor; but at the consecration in 1065 a list of relics was made—an inventory of the donations of pious benefactors extending right back to Sebert and sufficiently long to show that the place had already become of considerable importance.

One legend of Sebert's foundation survives.

On the eve of the day fixed for the consecration a Thorney fisherman, Edric by name, was awakened by a voice, and going out from his hut he saw lights on the Lambeth shore.

Thinking some party of travellers wished to cross he went over. Then he saw a venerable figure clad in long robes of an ancient pattern and bearing a chalice in his hands. The traveller asked to be carried over the river and stepped into Edric's boat.

Upon their arrival at the Thorney side the passenger disappeared into the locked church, for the Abbey being unconsecrated was not yet occupied.

Immediately the building was lighted up, strains of music were heard and the scent of heavenly incense came out to the astonished Edric.

After some time the service ended, the lights went out, and once more the traveller stood beside the ferryman and asked to be taken back to Lambeth.

On the way he told Edric that he was no less than St. Peter himself, and that he had personally consecrated the new church assisted by an angelic choir, commanding Edric to tell Bishop Mellitus on the morrow so that there should be no second consecrating. In proof of his story he commanded the boatman to let down his nets, rewarded him with a catch of specially fine large salmon and vanished.

When Mellitus and the King arrived next morning with their train of courtiers and monks they were met by Edric, who told them of the events of the night before, showing his salmon in proof of the truth of his story.

They promptly claimed his salmon as church property and then entered the building. Here they found ample evidence of the truth of Edric's statements.

On doorpost and altar were the consecration crosses in due form, and on the floor about the altar were the spots of wax left by the candles used by the angelic attendants of the apostle—wax which was carefully collected and kept with the other relics until the dissolution of the monasteries.

The clergy of St. Paul's were never able to discover anything to compete with this story, which at once placed Westminster above all other monasteries in England.

Right down to Tudor times the monks asserted the truth of this legend and claimed a tithe on all salmon caught in the Thames. On one occasion in the thirteenth century they even engaged in a lawsuit with the Abbey of Bermondsey over their rights.

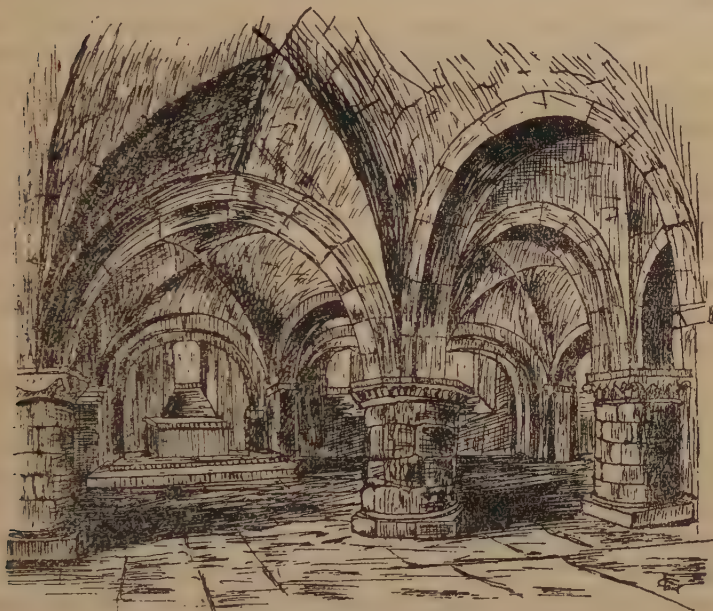
A Rotherhithe fisherman caught some salmon in the river, and Bermondsey Abbey as the riparian owners claimed and received their tithe. Then the Abbot of St. Peter's sent down for his tenth, which of course the fisherman refused to pay, alleging that he had already done so.

The Abbey of St. Peter sued the Priory of St. Mary in the King's Court, citing the legend in support of their claim. The evidence was admitted and the claim allowed.

With Edward the Confessor we begin to reach some more solid ground.

This monarch had spent some time in Normandy and while there had become imbued with Norman ideas. With a nature fitted for the cloister rather than the palace, he neglected the government of his country and gave his time and talents to the rebuilding of the Abbey of Westminster.

He not only endowed the Abbey with many rich manors



THE PYX CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

stretching away from Thorney towards the Hampstead Hills, but pulled down and rebuilt the Abbey Church.

He was too ill to attend its consecration and died soon after, being buried immediately before the High Altar.

To see Edward's Abbey we must imagine a long low church something like St. Alban's, with small round-headed arches and windows, thick walls unsupported by buttresses, and short thick cylindrical pillars.

We can see exactly what this building was like by looking into the Norman Undercroft—the Pyx Chapel and the Dark

Cloister. All the rest was pulled down at various times between the middle of the thirteenth and the fifteenth centuries, when the present Gothic building was erected.

This was the work of King Henry III., a man of similar nature to Edward. Under his inspiration and direction the Choir and Transepts were pulled down and re-erected in the lofty Early English style.

At the same time that gem of Early English art—the beautiful Chapter House—was built. Much of its beauty has gone, but enough remains for us to see what it was like. With its central pillar of Purbeck marble, its stained-glass windows, and its walls glowing with paintings, traces of which still remain, it must have been one of the wonders of Europe.

The rebuilding of the Choir was finished on 13th October, 1269, and the body of the Confessor was reburied in its present position. Earth was obtained from Jerusalem to form the core of the shrine, and around this was built a rectangular marble structure glowing with gold and jewels, whose twisted pillars and traces of mosaic remain to show us the skill of its Byzantine designer.

Above was a golden shrine in which lay the body of the Confessor.

The spot became holy ground in the eyes of the Plantagenets, who now lie around—Henry III. in a tomb nearly as magnificent as that of the Confessor; Edward I., his great son, in his massive plain granite with the inscription, “*Edwardus Primus Malleus Scotorum*”; Eleanor his wife—dear to Londoners, for she stood their friend on more than one occasion—near by. Three tombs she had: one at Lincoln, where she first rested, one at the Blackfriars, where her heart was buried, and the third in the Abbey, where her body was placed for its final rest.

It was a magnificent tomb, but of solid English design, the work perhaps of that William Torel, London citizen and goldsmith, whose beautiful effigies in gilt bronze still rest on the tombs.

Here also are the tombs of Edward III. and his queen Philippa of Hainault, the lady who saved the citizens of Calais and performed a similar office for those of London on a later occasion.

The church must have presented a curious appearance at

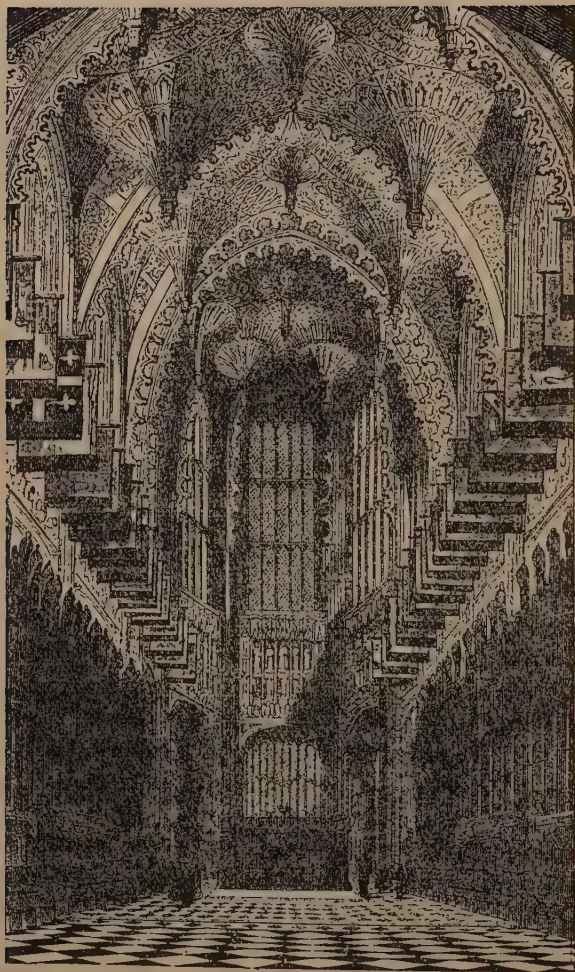
this time, owing to the contrast between the new and old work. The choir, transepts and two bays of the nave were in the beautiful Early English with tall cluster columns, high pointed arches, and a vaulted roof.

Its traceried windows were filled with stained glass, the diaper work on the spandrels between the arches was painted and gilded, the high altar blazed with lights and jewels, while above all shone the magnificent golden shrine of the Confessor, not then shut off from the Sanctuary by a screen behind the High Altar. Turning to the west one saw the low Norman nave of the Confessor's building, sombre and dark, making the new work all the more magnificent by contrast.

First Abbot Ware brought from Rome the beautiful mosaic pavement which yet remains in front of the High Altar. Then during the Plantagenet period the niches round the chapel of Edward Confessor were filled in with the magnificent tombs of the Kings and Queens of England—each, except that of Edward I., blazing with gold, jewels and paintings. At the same time the Chapels round the Ambulatory and the sides of the Sanctuary were filled with the tombs of the great Plantagenet nobles, the circle being completed by that gem of fifteenth-century art, the Chantry Chapel of Henry V. The chantry was a new development, although masses for the dead had always been sung. The victor of Agincourt, however, was buried by the entrance to the Lady Chapel, and above his tomb was erected a chapel where a priest or relays of priests were continually reciting the Mass for the Departed. Henry's effigy in oak yet remains on his tomb, but the silver plating and solid silver head have been removed—stolen during the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign.

The King's shield, saddle and helmet remain on a bar above the tomb, and the iron gates, the work of Roger Johnston, a London smith, are still in position. The niches around the chapel were filled with statues of saints and kings, while on the Ambulatory side are representations of Henry's Coronation, with a portrait of the king and a figure, also a portrait of Henry, on horseback.

The great work of this and the preceding century was the rebuilding of the nave, cloisters and the conventual buildings. The nave, an unusually long one of twelve bays, is in the Per-



FAN TRACERY, HENRY VII. CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

pendicular style, and the building proceeded very slowly, being completed only in the early sixteenth century by Abbot Islip. Henry V. spent much money on this rebuilding, and amongst those connected with it were Sir R. Whityngton—the Dick Whittington of the fairy tales—who was surveyor of the King's works. The Western towers were built in a pseudo-Gothic by another surveyor—Sir C. Wren, and his pupil Hawkesmoor, but the building was never finished, for the great central tower is still unbuilt.

The last great building was the Lady Chapel, generally called Henry VII.'s chapel from its builder.

Henry pulled down the old Lady Chapel and erected the present in late Perpendicular style. It is much longer than the original and is chiefly remarkable for the ornate decorations and enrichments both inside and out, and for the beautiful roof with its fan tracery.

The Abbey has undergone many vicissitudes so that a great deal of its glory has departed, and from the Reformation down to the middle of the nineteenth century the whole building was in a ruinous condition.

At the Reformation the church was despoiled of its rich vestments and service plate, while every tomb from the Confessor's downwards was stripped of its jewels and the images defaced.

The magnificent golden shrine with its statuettes of saints and kings, amongst them Edward holding a model of the church and Henry with a model of the shrine, was entirely destroyed, while even the body was exhumed and reburied outside the building.

Feckenham, the Abbot of the restored Marian foundation, brought back the body and reburied it, raising over it a wooden erection which is now covered with a pall, and decorating it with new jewels, which were removed during Elizabeth's reign.

During the preparations for the coronation of James II. a hole was knocked in the shrine, and a workman discovered a golden cross and chain which he gave to the king.

James had the body taken up and reinterred in a new coffin, and since then it has not been disturbed.

The Abbey Church reached its lowest ebb during the eigh-

teenth century, when, although there was no active spoliation, there was much neglect. The boys of the school were allowed to use it as a playground, monuments and tablets were erected to all sorts of nobodies, and the whole building became dirty and dilapidated. During the nineteenth century a better state of affairs held and the building was gradually brought to the condition in which we find it to-day.

The Abbey has two main streams of interest, as a Benedictine Convent and as a centre of national life.

Westminster was an abbey of Black Monks following the rule of St. Benedict.

This rule was not a severe one; it did not demand the stern austerities of the Carthusians nor the absolute self-sacrifice of the orders of Friars, neither did it entirely confine the brethren to their cloister. They might easily obtain licence to undertake work outside, and indeed certain offices made contact with the world essential, but the monks were nevertheless under rule, and their whole time was provided for. Despite its connection with the Court, this Abbey produced no great men of affairs or famous scholars. It aimed rather at the production of cultured gentlemen, and in this it seems to have been successful.

The community consisted of some fifty professed monks living under the absolute rule of the Abbot, who was a peer of the realm ranking next the two Archbishops.

Besides the full monks there were the novices, the scholars and the numerous lay brethren, who, under the direction of the monks, did all the work of the monastery, while on the manors and farms belonging to the Abbey were its retainers, knights, yeomen and villeins, all subject to the Lord Abbot.

By the rule of the founder the Abbots of the Order were to be self-supporting, and the full daily round was provided for.

Entering as a novice at the age of five or six, the candidate for monkhood spent some twenty years in training, and if found unsuited to the profession might be rejected at any time. Probably numbers were so rejected, about them we hear nothing. But numbers were found who survived the training and were admitted to full vows.

The first ten years of the novitiate were spent under the schoolmaster, whose special domain was the sheltered and warm

North cloister, which was glazed and could be overlooked from the Abbot's House by a window high up in the wall.

Here the boys received a good general education and were taught to read, to write, and to sing.

The next period they passed under the care of the Master of the Novices, a monk learned in all the minutiae of the Rule, the practice of the Abbey and the History of the Order. Here they continued their special preparation for full profession, and at the same time received some professional training, for every Benedictine had to be a scholar thoroughly obedient and possessing some skill in a trade or secular occupation so that he might take his place in school, scriptorium, workshop or farm directing the work of the lay brethren, as well as in Choir or Pulpit at the daily offices.

The full monks were professed to a life of prayer, meditation and work, and the prayer-time was a full round of twenty-four hours, beginning with Matins at 2 A.M. and ending with Compline at midnight. The choir was occupied continuously day and night by relays of monks, while the full strength turned out for the midday Mass and for Prime and Vespers at 6 A.M. and 6 P.M. The steps by which they entered the church from their dormitory can still be seen over the entrance to Poet's Corner.

Immediately after breakfast came Tierce at 9 A.M., and following this the daily meeting in Chapter, where each monk in turn advanced to the central pillar, confessed his thoughts, words and deeds of the past day, and received his penance from the Abbot in presence of his assembled brethren.

The seats on which they sat are still in that beautiful room, and the grooves in the steps worn by the sandals of four centuries of monks are as plain now as when the last monk crossed the threshold 350 years ago.

At Westminster, unlike most Abbeys, there was always a considerable echo of the world even in the cloisters.

The Abbey Church was in constant requisition for Coronations, Investitures and other Court ceremonial services. The Royal Palace was separated from the Abbey only by a stone wall. The Royal Treasury was the Chapel in the old Norman Undercroft (the Chapel of the Pyx), and much of the routine business of government was carried on there.

To Westminster too the House of Commons owes much of

its position. Forced to meet somewhere other than in the Royal Palace owing to pressure on the limited space there, they were offered the use of the Chapter House. Here they met from the time of Edward I. to that of Edward VI., and being in Sanctuary, their deliberations were quite free from any fear of the consequences of Royal anger.

Above all Westminster possessed an important sanctuary, and away on the N.W. side of the Church there grew up a village inhabited by all sorts of people: criminals who had fled from justice, the oppressed, those wrongfully accused—all might claim here the powerful protection of St. Peter and be safe so long as they remained within the precincts. Only murderers found guilty by actual trial need be handed over; all others, guilty or innocent, could remain here, and the place, like most sanctuaries, gradually became a sort of Cave of Adullam where all the lawless characters of the neighbourhood gathered.

There are two stories of the medieval Abbey which are worth repeating.

In 1303 the King had collected funds for his coming campaign in Scotland, and the treasures, worth nearly a million pounds in these days, were stored in strong boxes in the Pyx chapel, just such strong boxes as one may see in that chapel to-day. Then one John de Podlicote, described as a merchant, entered the Abbey one night through a gate leading from the Palace, then practically deserted as the King was marching North. Getting into the Chapter House by a window, he made his way to the refectory and took toll of the silver cups kept there.

Having spent the proceeds of this venture he was prepared for another. Working between Christmas and Easter, probably on several consecutive nights and apparently with the connivance of some one within the Abbey, he got open the double doors of the Royal Treasury.

Each of these doors is of three-inch oak and has three separate locks, and within the treasury were further locked chests. The keys both to the treasury and the boxes were in the hands of three separate persons—the King, his Treasurer and the Abbot—and it was impossible for any two of these to unlock the chamber or the chests, yet Podlicote managed it, and got clear away with the bulk of the treasure.

The robbery became known in June. Edward was furious.

The Abbot and forty of his monks were arrested and lodged in the Tower, where they were kept for two years. Forty of the royal servants were also arrested and lodged in the Tower, where they were kept two years before they were released. What became of the ringleaders and of some three dozen others who were also lodged in the Tower is not known. Certainly they were tried, for a letter from the King to their judges is extant. Probably, being laymen, they were tortured and finally executed, such as were gentlemen by beheading, the others by hanging, with such ceremonies and additions as our ancestors used in such cases.

Another story concerns the Sanctuary. Two squires, Shackle and Hawke, captured a Spanish Count and held him to ransom as they had every right to do.

John of Gaunt, making interest for the crown of Spain, demanded the release of the prisoner without ransom, and on meeting a refusal, lodged Shackle and Hawke in the Tower. They escaped and took sanctuary in the Abbey, closely pursued by the Constable of the Tower and his men.

Thinking the Sanctuary would be unsafe the men went into the Church and took refuge by the High Altar. They were pursued by the Constable, and in the subsequent fracas Hawke was killed together with one of the monks.

This was a serious matter and the Abbot, Litlington, complained to the King and the Pope. The assailants were excommunicated, the Church was closed for four months, and as a consequence Parliament was suspended, the Commons then meeting in the Chapter House.

At the Reformation the foundation was dissolved, but although the Protector Somerset offered to pull down the buildings, he was not permitted to do so, and considerable portions of the Conventual buildings remain.

Besides the Chapter House, which passed to the Crown and was used as a storehouse for Public Records until 1860, there remain the Infirmary quarters or Little Cloisters.

Litlington in the fourteenth century rebuilt this as small houses round an arcaded courtyard as quarters for the Prior and the old monks. At the dissolution these houses were appropriated to the use of the Canons of the new foundation. They have since undergone considerable internal alterations,

but externally are in much the same condition as when Litlington's builders left them.

Attached to this quarter was a church dedicated to St. Catherine. This has disappeared, but the tower can be seen from Old Palace Yard.

Westminster School appropriated the remainder of the monastic quarters, and much still exists, chiefly interiors.

The small refectory became the School dining hall, and the dormitory became the schoolroom, now used only for assemblies.

The remaining buildings round the inner court were used as school houses and a good deal of rebuilding has been done here, leaving practically only the old courtyard as the School playground.

From the Cloisters, however, can be seen a range of bricked-up windows in the garden of Ashburnham House. These are the remains of the long dormitory which ran above the refectory and has been demolished.

The Abbot's house remains, having become the Deanery. Turning sharp to the left on entering the cloisters from Dean's Yard, one passes through an archway into a small paved courtyard surrounded by the fourteenth and fifteenth century buildings of the Deanery. Two of these are of special interest. The Jericho parlour, a fine panelled room, was the Abbot's withdrawing room and leads to the Jerusalem Chamber, a fine room containing some tapestries.

This was the Abbot's dining-room and it was here that the Authorised Version of the Bible was made. Here, too, had died King Henry IV. Taken ill while at Mass in the Abbey the king was carried to this room unconscious—it being the only room with a fireplace.

The king regained consciousness for a few moments and asked where he was. "In Jerusalem," replied one of the attendants. "Then I can die happily," said the king, "for it has been foretold that I shall not die until I have been in Jerusalem."

The literary associations of the Abbey run in two main streams. In the Abbey itself is Poets' Corner, where the roll of famous names begins with Chaucer himself. As Clerk of the King's Works he had a house where the east end of Henry VII.'s

Chapel is now, and is the first of an illustrious company to be buried in that S.E. corner appropriated to poets.

Caxton, the first English printer (mercator and citizen of London), is also an Abbey personage, although he lies not within the Abbey Church, but in the adjoining St. Margaret's. His press was set up in the Almonry, where the daily distribution of food was made to the poor. This was not inside the church although in the Abbey, that is, within the precincts; but according to Stow, at the Gate House which stood at the East end of Tothill Street. Victoria Street has swept away all the old landmarks, but Stow's description would place it opposite the Central Hall, Westminster.



DEVICE OF WYNKYN DE WORDE, INCORPORATING CAXTON'S SIGN.

Of the other Abbey literati much could be written, but it would be a history of English Literature and not a chapter in the History of London.

Spenser, Ben Jonson, a host of other poets right down to Dickens, Browning and Tennyson of our own time lie here. Only Shakespeare, whom Milton declared needed no monument yet is commemorated by one, and Milton himself, are missing.

The other stream belongs to Westminster School.

Of the school itself we cannot stop to speak; it would need a whole chapter. A few only of its more famous men can be mentioned, but a glance at the walls of the school hall will show generations of them stretching down in unbroken line from

Queen Elizabeth to our own days ; in many cases a boy sitting now in the Hall can look up and see his family names for three centuries painted there. Ben Jonson's name is there ; he was sent to the school by Camden, an old boy, then undermaster. Then we get a whole crowd of poets : Cowley, Dryden, Cowper, Southey, to mention only a few ; Hakluyt, the biographer of the Elizabethan seamen ; Gibbons and Froude, historians ; Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of India, and a host of men of but slightly lesser fame.

If the old Convent produced few really famous men the new foundation has more than made up for this, many of the most famous men in our history having come either from the Abbey Church or St. Peter's School.



TRAITOR'S GATE, TOWER.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTMINSTER—THE PALACES.

In and around London there have been no fewer than fourteen Royal palaces, a fact which is eloquent of the importance of the City and the salubrity of the surrounding country.

Five of the fourteen, the palaces of St. Stephen, the Savoy, St. James, Whitehall and Buckingham, are within Westminster.

Of these the oldest is Westminster Palace adjoining the Abbey, and called St. Stephen from its chapel being dedicated to that saint.

The original palace was built by the Danish king Cnut, perhaps because of its nearness to London, a town by no means favourably inclined to a Danish king. In his time and for some years afterwards it would present the appearance of a stockaded village of wooden huts dominated by the Hall and the Church, and differing from thousands of other villages scattered over the country only in its size and the number of armed men it contained.

Here probably occurred that incident of King Cnut and the tide with which the history of our childhood's days made us so familiar.

This palace was destroyed by fire early in the reign of Edward the Confessor, who rebuilt it of stone in the Norman style. It was then a building of great strength and covered a large area, being more like a village than a palace.

Little is known of the place in Edward's time, but one incident connected with it is commemorated on the frieze of the screen separating the High Altar from the Chapel of Edward in the Abbey. One day the king was sitting silent in a room when a page entered. On a table was an open box of treasure, and not seeing anyone in the dark room, the boy filled his pockets with jewels and went away. A little later he returned for more. "Hold boy," said the king, "you had better be content with what you have, for should Hugoline the chamberlain come,

you will not only lose all, but be soundly whipped into the bargain."

The Norman kings made it their official residence, being crowned from here and generally spending the winter at Westminster, although their favourite residence was Winchester.

William I. rebuilt and enlarged it, while Rufus built the great Banqueting Hall, the magnificent roof of which has lasted until our own day, the ravages of the death-watch beetle having made extensive repairs necessary. Stephen built the chapel, dedicating it to his name saint and patron, St. Stephen.

This chapel was burned down several times, and finally was restored by Edward III., becoming one of the most beautiful examples of Decorated architecture in Europe. The crypt only remains with its ribbed roof and quaint carvings in the bosses, having escaped the fire which destroyed the Old Palace in 1834.

The Chapel itself was fitted for the meeting place of the Commons House during the reign of Edward VI., remaining their House until the destruction of the Old Palace. Its site is now the entrance lobby to the Houses.

The Old Palace remained the chief royal residence until Tudor times in spite of several destructive fires, one of these in 1512 completely destroying the royal quarters. The Court never returned, but removed to St. James' and eventually to York House, which became the nucleus of Whitehall, but then belonged to Wolsey as Archbishop of York.

Westminster was the official home of the Sovereign for nearly five centuries, and consequently the business of Government during those years when the constitution was taking shape was carried on from it.

Here the Council and the Royal Courts met ; here the officials and secretaries worked and in many cases lived.

Consequently until the new Law Courts were opened in the Strand all the central Courts met at Westminster, and the supreme court of all, the High Court of Parliament, met, and still meets within its walls. Parliament was originally one of several Royal Councils, and consisted of the magnates of the realm sitting in an advisory capacity in legislative matters and acting also as the final court of appeal in matters relating to the interpretation of the statute law.

To this body Edward I. added the knights of the shires and

burgesses as elected representatives of the people at large. At a very early date these withdrew to the Chapter House to deliberate apart from the magnates, meeting together in formal Parliament only for such business as hearing the King's proposals and receiving the Royal Assent to Bills.

They were transferred to St. Stephen's Chapel by Edward VI., and in this narrow building some of the most important scenes in the history of England have been enacted.

When the New Palace was erected and arranged for Parliament only the Commons were accommodated in their present quarters, the old House becoming an entrance lobby to the new house.

On the floor of this lobby will be found four brass stars marking the place where the Speaker's Chair stood during the memorable debates of the Long Parliament which led up to the great Civil War.

The Savoy palace was built by Simon de Montfort, and after many changes came to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, brother of Edward I. It does not appear to have ever been a royal residence, but John, the French King captured at Poitiers, was lodged here, and although a prisoner, was treated with great honour. He was even permitted to return to France to get his ransom, but failing to do this, he voluntarily returned to captivity and died in the Savoy.

The buildings were attacked by the mob under Wat Tyler and almost destroyed. Several of the rebels found their way into the cellars, where they got drunk. Meanwhile their fellows found some boxes which they threw into the flames. These boxes proved to contain gunpowder and the result was the collapse of the building. The ruins closed the cellar, whose occupants were imprisoned, and although their cries could be heard for some days no one went to help them out.

The building remained ruinous until the days of Henry VII., when it became a hospital and was rebuilt, remaining until demolished to make room for Waterloo Bridge.

The Chapel still exists. It was built in the sixteenth century, and although the interior was burnt out in 1860, it was carefully restored so that it presents much the appearance it had when built.

When the royal apartments in the Palace of St. Stephen

were destroyed, Henry VIII. removed to Whitehall, which became one of the chief royal residences until the Revolution of 1688.

There had been a royal palace on the site since Saxon times for the accommodation of the kings of Scotland who, as peers of England, were frequent visitors to Westminster. This was known as Scotland Yard. Becoming ruinous it was pulled down in Tudor times, and on the site were built houses for the Comptroller of the King's Works and the Provost Marshal. This officer had jurisdiction in all matters of police within a radius of twelve miles from the Palace; consequently, when the Metropolitan Police were formed in 1829, they were given charge over this area and Scotland Yard became their headquarters.

The White Hall itself was built by Hubert de Burgh, and after passing through many hands it came into the possession of the See of York and was occupied by Wolsey, who rebuilt it upon a grand scale and lavishly entertained Henry VIII.

It was here that Henry first met Anne Boleyn at a scene carefully staged by Wolsey. A banquet was in progress, when a sudden outburst of gunfire on the river attracted attention—

“Then immediately after this shot of guns the Cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the Cardinal, ‘I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber where they shall see us and all these noble personages sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.’

“Then they went incontinent down into the hall where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber with such a number of drums

and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: They, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view, as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then, after, to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, Sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the Cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen and to some they lost and of some they won. And thus done they returned unto the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won all at a cast."

Shakespeare in 'King Henry VIII.' follows this account almost literally, making it the foundation of the scene where the King first meets Anne Boleyn and is smitten with her beauty.

Wolsey stocked the Palace with a profusion of rich things, including a great deal of solid gold plate and many pictures and tapestries.

On his fall these with the Palace were taken by Parliament, and by it granted to the King.

Henry made considerable alterations, adding all the river bank from Charing to Westminster. He also formed a collection of pictures and invited several eminent artists to come over and accept his patronage. Hans Holbein alone came, was given

rooms in the Palace and designed a magnificent gatehouse which stood at the entrance to the Tiltyard until 1750.

Henry esteemed Holbein very highly. On one occasion a person of high rank intruded upon the artist while he was at work, and so angered Holbein that he thrust him down stairs. Afraid of the consequences of this act, Holbein at once sought the King, closely followed by the irate noble. Henry not only took the painter's part but threatened to deal very severely with the nobleman should he show any signs of meditating revenge.

"You have not now to deal with Holbein but with me," said the King, "and I would have you know that while from seven peasants I can make as many peers, yet I cannot make one Holbein."

Queen Elizabeth was the next builder, and one of her many more or less matrimonial affairs the occasion of the building. No sooner had she been crowned than Parliament asked her to marry, and although declaring that she had no intention of so doing, yet she showed no aversion to entertaining suitors. Finally it was decided that she should marry Henry of Anjou within six weeks, and she celebrated the occasion by building a huge banqueting house of wood covered with canvas painted to represent stone, and grand entertainments were arranged to celebrate the affair.

Anjou was chosen King of the Netherlands and Elizabeth sent him 10,000 crowns, and when winter came the prince visited England.

The wedding, however, never took place, and Anjou died a few months after his return to France.

Whitehall became the favourite residence of the Stuarts, and from it was conducted that campaign of absolutism which was to end so disastrously. Here were held many of those masques and revels which were a prominent feature in Court festivities of these times, and played an important part in the development of English drama.

From 1606 to 1633 Jonson was constantly employed writing masques, mostly at Whitehall, and thousands of pounds were spent producing them, yet the author did not secure anything like a fortune, indeed he seems to have died in comparative poverty.

“The Characters of Two Royal Masques, the one of Blackness, the other of Beauty personated by the most magnificent Queen Anne, Queen of Great Britain, with her honourable Ladies 1605 and 1608 at Whitehall” is the title of one.

The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on the waters.... On the sides of the shell did swim six great seamonsters.

The Palace was in a very dilapidated condition when James I. became King, much of it being very old and patched, while part, like Elizabeth's great banquet hall, was merely painted canvas. James therefore set about rebuilding, and when the great fire of 1619 destroyed the greater part of the palace, Inigo Jones, the Master of the King's Revels, was commissioned to design an entirely new structure. He planned a building which, had it been completed, would have been the largest and finest in Europe.

Along the river from Charing Cross to Westminster was to be a magnificent quay backed by the river front of the Palace, a continuous line of building with a grand central entrance.

Parallel with this on the Park front was to be another block of buildings occupying the sites of the present Government Offices, while closing the ends were to be shorter blocks, the whole forming a parallelogram enclosing a number of courtyards and privy gardens, and stretching away to Kensington was to be the grand park containing the smaller palace of St. James and a number of hunting lodges.

Only a fragment of the building—the banquet hall—was ever finished, but for decorating the ceiling Rubens received £3,000. This building, from which Charles I. was to step to his execution, is now the United Services Museum, the present street front being the original garden or courtyard front. As its position shows, it was intended for one of the inner buildings, so its elevation is less ornate than either of the main frontages would have been.

The entire cost of the Banqueting House was seventeen thousand pounds, from which one can judge what the entire palace would have cost and can form some idea of the lavish way in which the Stuarts could spend money. Jones' own remuneration was eight and fourpence a day and forty-six pounds a year house rent.

Charles I. did little towards completing the palace, but he spent a fortune collecting pictures for its walls. He got together the finest collection in Europe, containing many Rubens, the Raphael cartoons and pictures by other famous artists. Most of this collection was dispersed at the sale of Charles's effects by the Commonwealth Parliament. Some pictures were recovered by Charles II. and these are mainly in Hampton Court. The Raphaels, however, are in the South Kensington Museum, having been bought for £600.

Charles himself was led to execution through the central window of the Banquet Hall, having spent the closing days of his life in St. James' Palace, and Cromwell becoming Lord



ST. JAMES'S PALACE: GATE HOUSE.

Protector was installed in Whitehall. As the Secretaries were always given quarters in the Palace, Cromwell's administration also found room there, and John Milton the Foreign Secretary—Latin Secretary he was called then, his business being to translate diplomatic documents into Latin—lived in Scotland Yard.

Cromwell died in the Palace. At the Restoration, Charles II. made it the centre of his licentious Court, literally keeping

open house ; for any one who looked a gentleman could enter freely, and Pepys' diary is full of scenes and incidents connected with this Court. One quotation, from Evelyn, must suffice—

“ I can never forget,” he says, writing immediately after Charles' death, “ the inexpressible luxury, and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day sennight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland and Mazarine ; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them.”

This was the last of Whitehall's great days. Seven days later Charles died. Three years later his brother James fled the country, and William III. preferred Hampton Court and Kensington. Finally, a series of fires ending in 1697 destroyed everything except the Banqueting Hall, and the once grand palace has become a mere memory.

Parliament Street now runs right through the site of the Royal lodgings. Scotland Yard has become the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, the War Office occupies the ground covered by the principal buildings, the Foreign Office covers the Cockpit and Tennis Courts, the Horse Guards and Admiralty cover the Guard rooms, while all that remains to remind us of the great Privy Garden is the little enclosed square of Whitehall Gardens.

After the destruction of Whitehall, St. James' became the official centre of the Court although the sovereign no longer lived there, but either at Hampton Court, Kew or Kensington.

St. James' was originally a hospital for lepers, drawing most of its income from an annual fair held in the fields to the north in the district now called Mayfair.

Henry VIII. confiscated the hospital and built on the site a private residence for himself and Anne Boleyn. The gatehouse and buildings round the courtyard are Tudor, while the great presence chamber still shows the Tudor badges with the H.A. united by a love-knot, which was Henry's monogram at this period.

The palace was not used much by the Stuarts themselves, although Henrietta Maria and Katherine of Braganza both lived there; most of Charles I.'s children were born there, and for a time his mother-in-law, Marie de Medici, lived there.

She came on a visit which lengthened out to three years, and finally it cost Parliament £10,000 to persuade her to go. From here James, Duke of York, then a lad of 15, escaped to Holland disguised as a girl, and to it he returned on the Restoration. His second wife, Mary of Modena, made it her private residence, and from it she escaped across the river to Lambeth with her baby boy when William was marching on London.

The burning of Whitehall sent the Court temporarily to St. James', where Anne chiefly lived, and the Georges made it their official home, living elsewhere—a natural consequence of their position in days when the sovereignty was becoming an office which to some extent might be temporarily laid aside by its holder, and which had the effect of separating the Court from the person of the king. In earlier times the mere presence of the king constituted a Court, but after the Revolution this ceased to be the case. The Court therefore became that of St. James' while the person of the ruler might live at Hampton, Kew, Kensington, or in George III.'s time at his wife's house, Buckingham House, on the old Mulberry Garden.

In the Stable Yard of the Palace stands one of London's most interesting houses. Lancaster House, the home of the London Museum, was originally Cleveland House, deriving its name from Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, one of the favourites of Charles II. Passing to the Duke of Grafton, it was occupied at one time by Chas. Jas. Fox.

The existing house was built in 1825 by the Duke of York, and it passed from him to the Marquis of Stafford, who is said to have spent a quarter of a million upon it. The money obtained by the Crown from its sale was used to construct the Victoria Park. The Duke of Sutherland became a tenant, and the house was frequently lent for meetings on social questions, while at the same time its ducal tenant made it famous for society functions.

In 1913 Lord Leverhulme bought the lease and handed over the house to the trustees of the London Museum, that

Cinderella amongst museums which until then was temporarily housed in Kensington Palace. The place should be visited not only for its associations, but because here one may trace the wonderful story of London's growth from its very earliest days.

Of Westminster itself, the streets and the people, little can be said. Unlike the citizens of London, they play no important part. Until the Reformation they are courtiers and servants, inn-keepers and the usual people who hang about a place where there is much coming and going: the monks and their servants and the miscellaneous crowd of Sanctuary men.

After the Reformation the Sanctuary men disappear, but the rest remain, the clergy of the Abbey replacing the monks, while the presence of Parliament, the Law and the Court draws together a crowd literally of all sorts and conditions of men. While the Court remained at Whitehall and before Mayfair and Pimlico were built over, 'Society' was living to a large extent in lodgings, and after the seventeenth century had town houses within the city, the inhabitants of which comprise nearly all the great names in English history, and to catalogue them would be a complete peerage of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Also there are the writers. Most Englishmen of letters have at some time lived in Westminster. The list begins with Chaucer and Caxton and runs through all the great names in English literature, Shakespeare alone being absent.

Spenser died in King Street, and here also lived Oliver Cromwell. Milton went to Petty France after leaving his official chambers in Scotland Yard, and in after years Hazlitt occupied Milton's house.

There are others too—Addison and Steele, Swift, even Dr. Johnson, whose pew is still shown in St. Clement Danes and who lived just beyond Temple Bar in Inner Temple Lane, is in some sort a citizen of Westminster, for St. Clement's is within that city and the great writer lies in the Abbey.

But the real Westminster is the crowded area to the west of the Abbey where the Sanctuary had been. Here lived the watermen, the ostlers, the tavern girls and others who made up the Westminster mob. Not so dangerous, but more noisy than the London mob, it was always in evidence, especially in the eighteenth century—that period of mobs.

In London it was fairly quiet, but dangerous and determined.

In Westminster it was always noisy, always in evidence and never dangerous. Its great chance came when there was an election. Votes it had none, so it was free to support either or indeed both parties, and feeling always ran high, for the actual voters were usually men of importance.

The most famous of these elections was that of May, 1784, when Fox was one of the candidates in the Whig interest, and the Tories tried all they could to exclude him.

The excitement lasted for several months. The Dissolution took place in March 1784, but two months before the excitement began with a petition purporting to come from the Dean, the Steward and the Burgesses of Westminster, and followed by meetings in which each side called the other all the scurrilous names it could think of. The election itself was held in April and the poll declared on May 17.

The King himself interfered in person, ordering all the royal tradesmen to vote for Hood and Wray and even sending the guards to vote for the Court candidates. On the other hand Fox was supported by the Whig gentry, who made great efforts to bring in the outvoters, the Duchess of Devonshire lending her carriage and going in person to bring grimy workmen to the poll.

The actual campaign began in the good old English way with dinners and after-dinner speeches, inflammatory enough when spoken, but doubly so when repeated next morning after the fumes of the port had gone and only the headache remained.

Fox's party—the Friends of Liberty—held their dinner at Willis's rooms and significantly omitted the King from their toast list.

Then came the addresses in which either side carefully abused the other while equally carefully omitting to state its own programme.

The lampoon writer got busy as did the caricaturist, and unfortunately for himself Wray had given them an opportunity by asking for an inquiry into the administration of Chelsea Hospital and proposing a tax on the employers of servant girls. Fox's people became suddenly alarmed for the morals of domestic servants, foreseeing wholesale dismissals with nothing but the streets for the poor girls.

The other side retaliated on Fox, whose private life was hardly above reproach, and gave plenty of openings for attack.

The poll opened on April 1, and was closed after 47 days, during which time the Westminster mob had the time of its life. Beer, of course, flowed freely; blood almost equally so. Admiral Hood, Wray's colleague, who was too popular to be attacked, yet found it necessary to bring up a party of armed sailors to protect his voters and intimidate the other side.

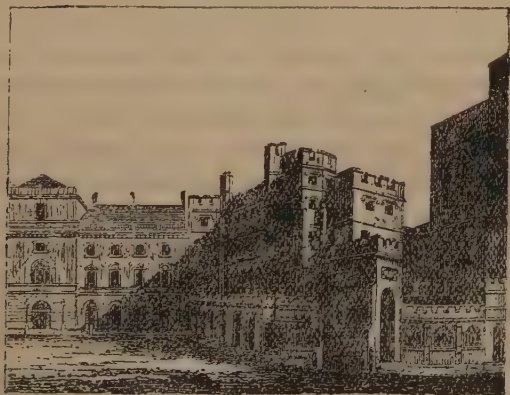
Rioting was frequent, especially when Fox enlisted a body of butchers armed with cleavers, and on May 11 a man was killed.

Finally Hood and Fox were returned, and the result was duly celebrated by Carlton House and the dens of Westminster each in its own way, but one cannot find much difference between them.

Such was a Westminster election 140 years ago. Elections to-day, thanks to the ballot box and an all but universal suffrage, are much quieter affairs.

Westminster too has changed. The Palace has become Government offices, and the Civil Servant has replaced the Courtier of Stuart and Hanoverian days.

The taverns have given way to the hotels of Northumberland Avenue, Victoria Street and Piccadilly, for Westminster's inhabitants are still mainly sojourners.



OLD HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LONDON OF SHAKESPEARE
AND BEN JONSON.

Tudor London marks the beginning of the modern city. Probably at no period except after the Fire had there been so many changes in its outward appearance, changes due partly to the increased commerce which before the end of the century was to place London foremost amongst the world's ports, and partly to the Reformation.

Medieval London was a city of churches, and the walls had been ringed round with great monastic institutions each with its gardens and courtyards.

Suddenly, by the stroke of a pen, these were closed and the great army of monks and nuns, friars, pardoners, summoners, chantry priests and all their array of processions and services disappeared.

What a gap that must have made in the lives of the people. It would be something like the effect produced by suddenly taking away all the busses from London to-day. For a few years the streets must have appeared strangely deserted. What became of the monks and others who so suddenly found themselves homeless? Some we know became parish clergy, some retired to monasteries abroad, but the bulk are unaccounted for. Probably they married and settled down as ordinary citizens, so that their disappearance was rather the vanishing of familiar sights than the actual diminishing of the population.

Of the fate of the buildings we have more certain knowledge. London became for a while a city of ruins.

Not that the buildings were permitted to fall into decay as they did in the country, gradually becoming dilapidated ivy-covered remains, beautiful even in their decay. Land was far too valuable in a rapidly growing city for this, so they were bought by the civic authorities; or granted to greedy courtiers and used for other purposes; or demolished, only some small portions remaining here and there to be finally swept away some century later by the fire.

The great Eastminster beyond the Tower was given to Sir A. Darcie, who pulled it down, cleared the site and began modern Whitechapel by building tenement houses. A like fate overtook its neighbours, St. Clare in the Minories and the Holy Trinity, Aldgate. This great foundation, one of the most famous in the City, whose Prior was an Alderman and whose gate was the Aldgate itself, went to Sir T. Audley, who demolished the whole place, selling the materials at 6*d.* per load. Audley erected a house on the site which afterwards passed to the Dukes of Norfolk, who are now commemorated by Duke Street and Duke Square; and the Jewry which was outside the gate has returned and overflowed the whole neighbourhood. The bells remain, having been given to Stepney Church.

The Crutched Friars, now hidden by Liverpool Street Station, was converted into factory premises, the church becoming a carpenter's shop, while the monks' refectory became a glass works.

The great Hospital of St. Mary Spital, with its 180 beds, was entirely demolished and replaced by tenements, but the Spital sermons continued to be preached in what had been the great courtyard, and was now Spital Square. The sermon was a City privilege and could not be destroyed.

The Blackfriars gradually disappeared and was finally appropriated by the players, who built a theatre amongst the ruins. Playhouse Yard and Printing House Square mark the courtyards of the Friary, of which a few square feet of its churchyard and a few bits of wall still remain. The noble priory of St. Bartholomew was purchased by Sir R. Rich for £1,064 11*s.* 3*d.*, the canons receiving annuities of £6 13*s.* 4*d.* each. Rich pulled down the priory, and the nave of the church, the outbuildings, the Lady Chapel and even the triforium of the chancel became factory premises. Fortunately there were parishioners who needed a parish church, and the Norman chancel was spared for their use. Recently portions of the cloisters have been rescued and restored, while the front of the gate-house was revealed by a bomb dropped during the war.

The Hospital was more fortunate. Henry seized it, but Sir R. Gresham, Lord Mayor and father of Sir Thomas, petitioned for it to be granted to the City, which was done, doubtless for a consideration.

The nave of Austin Friars became the Dutch Church and remains to-day, but the rest was broken up for building stone, while the Grey Friars—the Westminster Abbey of the City—containing the tombs of Queen Eleanor, Queen Isabella and a host of noblemen, great soldiers and worthy citizens, was despoiled and the tombs sold for £50 by Sir N. Bowes, citizen and goldsmith. This monastery, however, fared better than most. The church, stripped of its monuments, became Christ Church, Newgate, and remained until destroyed in the Fire. The present church occupies part of the site. The monastic buildings became Edward's VI.'s foundation of Christ's Hospital, which was also burnt down during the Fire. The school was removed to Horsham in 1902.



ST. JOHN'S GATE.

The nunnery of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, became the property of the Leathersellers' Company, who made use of the buildings until 1790, when they were demolished.

The nun's chapel forms the northern half of the curious double church of St. Helen, in the southern part of which Sir T. Gresham lies.

Round St. Bartholomew's Priory stood a group of famous religious houses, portions of which still remain.

The Holy Trinity Priory was destroyed completely, but of the military Priory of the Hospitallers the gate-house and courtyard remain, the gatehouse—St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell—being the headquarters of the modern ambulance brigade, the Knights of St. John. The church has gone, but its Norman crypt still survives under St. John's Church. .

The Carthusian monastery too still exists. The Charterhouse went to Sir Thomas Audley and from him passed in 1611 to Thomas Sutton, who founded here the Hospital and School which Thackeray has immortalised in 'The Newcomes.'

The present building is but little altered from the monastic days, and such alterations as have been made were the work of Sir E. North, and of Dudley, Earl of Northumberland. Elizabeth stayed there for a week before her coronation and again in 1564, and in 1568 when Thomas Howard owned it and was preparing it for Mary Stuart whom he hoped to marry.

Later, in 1603, Elizabeth again visited the house, then owned by Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk.

A long roll of illustrious men have come from Charterhouse since Sutton founded his hospital for eighty gentlemen and his school for forty boys. Lovelace, the Cavalier Poet, Addison and Steele, John Wesley and Thackeray himself are amongst them, but many other names fill up the roll.

Ely Palace, itself a monastic house of no small size, has gone. It was not suppressed, for it was the Bishop of Ely's town house, but Sir Christopher Hatton, Elizabeth's Chancellor, secured possession of the garden and built thereon Hatton Garden, now the home of Italians and diamond merchants of uncertain nationality.

The palace has disappeared, but the chapel—St. Etheldreda's—remains, unique amongst London churches in that it still has the old pre-Reformation service and is a replica of the churches of London before the Reformation.

The Parish Churches too suffered considerably. They were crowded with altars, tombs and statues of saints, all of which were swept away, the churches being whitewashed and pews installed while the fraternities and chantries were dissolved.

Religion now gave place to commerce as the dominant influence in the City and the modern period had fairly begun. Of the City and its citizens at this time we fortunately have a very full account, not only in the pages of Stow, but in the dramatists and poets as well.

Stow's Survey lies at the foundation of every book that has since been written on London, and living as he did between 1525 and 1605 he saw the whole cycle of changes. He came

of an old London family which had been established in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, for several generations.

Stow himself was a tailor, and one imagines he made the most of the opportunities for gossip this trade gave him. He was a true antiquarian with an ear for an old tale and an eye for an old book.

In 1568 his collection of manuscripts and old books brought him into some danger, report being brought to the Council that he was a suspicious person and had a great many dangerous books of superstition. The Council requested Grindall, Bishop of London, to search his house, and the bishop's chaplain and two others were sent.

They found a great deal of manuscript of his own for his work on the English chronicles; many old printed books, and a great parcel of old manuscript chronicles. Besides these he had a number of tracts on physic, surgery and herbs, and many fantastical old Popish books. But he had another sort of Popish books, more modern, of which the searchers thought fit to take an inventory.

Stow spent, as he says, many a pound, many a weary mile's travel, and many a weary night's study gathering materials for what was to have been a monumental history of London, and of which he only published a Summary, but he got little reward in his lifetime. Not only was he held a 'suspicious person' with his old books and his poking into old corners and raking up old tales, but his book apparently was not patronised and he came to penury.

And what reward did the great City give to its first real historian? Nothing at all. James I. was a shade more generous, for he did give Stow a licence to beg.

After stating Stow's qualifications and especially "his great pains and charge in making his book called his 'Survey of London,' wherein he spent eight years searching out of ancient records concerning antiquities both of London and Southwark," the licence goes on to give power, licence and authority to Stow or his deputy to ask, gather, receive and take the alms and charitable benevolence of His Majesty's faithful subjects.

St. Mary Woolnoth yielded 7s. 6d. to this appeal. Such was the honour in which London held her first serious historian.

Stow was buried in his parish church of St. Andrew Under-shaft, where his monument may still be seen.

The London of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson is the modern city in everything except its buildings. It is a city wholly devoted to commerce, getting its wealth entirely by its trade, which is now world-wide.

As the late Plantagenet city had financed the king's wars, so the new city found money for trading ventures, and the great trading companies grew up.

Of these the most important was the Merchant Adventurers, of which company Gresham was a member.

The company actually dates from Edward I., but it began to feel the influence of the new commerce and obtained a fresh charter which enabled it to establish itself in Antwerp and Bruges and to exercise powers of self-government. This charter is of great importance, as upon it were modelled the charters to the London and Virginia Companies who founded the English Colonies in North America, and upon these charters was modelled the British North America Act, that act upon which all subsequent Acts granting self-government to British Dominions overseas have been based.

The greatest Merchant Adventurer, perhaps the greatest Londoner of all time, is Sir Thomas Gresham, the man who created modern London and whose mark is still on the City.

He belonged to an old county family from Norfolk which had already become important in the City, both his father Sir Richard and his uncle Sir John having served as Lord Mayor.

Born in 1519, Thomas was sent to Gonville College, Cambridge, where he graduated before entering his uncle's business as an apprentice. At the age of 24, having finished his apprenticeship, he was admitted a member of the Mercers' Company, and married the sister-in-law of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper.

The family had been connected with the court for some time, and in 1551 young Thomas was appointed Royal Agent at Antwerp, a difficult position to fill as the holder had to negotiate Royal loans with the great continental bankers. His first business was to carry through a loan of £60,000 from Fuggers, the great German industrialists and bankers. British credit

was so low that 10 per cent. had to be paid, and even when obtained the money had to be spent in buying their goods.

Gresham says in his first report, "There was no other way to get the King out of debt than to transport treasure out of the realm; or else by way of exchange to the great abasing of the exchange, for a pound of our money was brought down to but sixteen shillings Flemish, and for lack of payment.... it was customary to prolong the time upon interest, which interest, besides the loss on exchange, amounted unto £40,000 by the year."

He quickly found means to save this, and so successful was he that in a few years he discharged the debt at the rate of £1 to 20sh. Flemish and afterwards raised the exchange to £1=22sh. Flemish, in spite of the opposition of the Hansa merchants and those Englishmen who imported Flemish goods. During Mary's reign he was removed from office; the pound rapidly depreciated and was only restored to its value when Gresham was reinstated by Elizabeth.

On his reappointment he wrote a memorandum for Elizabeth's guidance in which he says:—

"An it please your Highness to restore this realm to such a state as heretofore, your Highness hath none other way but

"First, when time and opportunity serveth to bring your base money into fine.

"Secondly, not to restore the Steelyard (the Germans) to their usurped privileges.

"Thirdly, to grant as few licences (monopolies) as you can.

"Fourthly, to come in as small debt beyond seas as you can.

"Fifthly, to keep your credit especially with your own merchants."

Advice which should be learned by every Cabinet minister, and which Elizabeth was wise enough to follow implicitly to the great advantage of her country.

Gresham became practically English Ambassador to Europe and chief of the English secret service. He kept an army of spies on the Continent and knew everything that went on,

even inviting the Prince of Orange to dinner, plying him with wine and reporting to London the revelations the Prince made.

One of Gresham's ambitions was to make London the financial capital of Europe, a project in which he was completely successful.

In order to further this object he decided to provide the London merchants with a Bourse or Exchange where they could meet to discharge their business, and for this purpose he built the Exchange at his own expense. The Queen was persuaded to open it, and christened it the Royal Exchange.

In other respects Gresham's ideas were far in advance of his day. The age was one of extravagant scholarship. Merchants' wives and daughters wrote and spoke Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian and French, and the merchants themselves were scholars of no small attainment.

Schools were springing up all over London to replace the old monastery schools. These new Grammar Schools were open freely even to the poorest boys and provided a liberal education quite free, but Gresham, himself a University man, held that the merchant would profit from the most liberal education. He therefore designed a University of London which should complete the education given in the London schools and be worthy of the great City, and left his immense fortune to start it. But his fellow-citizens failed to support him, the court (of James I.) was indifferent, vexatious delays ensued, and when the scheme was launched it fell far short of his ideals. Gresham College was for years a mere provider of inferior lectures and the great scheme for a University of London centred in the City, and providing a Commercial centre with the highest and widest educational facilities has not yet been fully realised.

For a record of the Londoner of this busy time we must turn to the Drama, which was just arising and of which the greatest exponent was William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was not a Londoner by birth, and he retired to his native village to end his days, but he is a Londoner by adoption; and although his plays do not contain many definite mentions of Tudor London, there is little doubt that many of his types were studied in the streets and taverns of the City.

The Drama is derived partly from the pageant of medieval times and partly from the miracle and mystery plays, which

were not possible now that the Reformation had so changed the Church. It springs full-formed into existence with very little preliminary work and is indeed almost the creation of Shakespeare, who is followed by a band of dramatists almost as great as himself.

Shakespeare's work was all done in London and for the London stage, which indeed was the only stage in the country.

The first theatre appears in 1570, but within ten years there are five with four Royal Companies of actors and thirteen other companies under the patronage of nobles. This patronage



GLOBE THEATRE, BANKSIDE.

was necessary, as in the eyes of the law actors were vagrants following no known trade, and unless enrolled nominally amongst the servants of some noble were liable to arrest.

The theatres were grouped around London, but outside the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor, for the City set itself resolutely against them, perhaps from an idea that they would interfere with business. Consequently all are outside: the Globe and the Rose on the Bankside in Southwark, the Curtain at Shoreditch, the Red Bull in St. John Street, Clerkenwell, the theatres in the old monastic precincts of Blackfriars, and in Whitefriars, whose sanctuary still remained.

They differed widely from the theatre of to-day, indeed many performances were given in inn-yards.

Authentic references to Shakespeare in London are few, and of his daily life in the City practically nothing is known. That he frequented taverns and dined at ordinaries is certain, for everyone did in those days; that he engaged in contests of wit with Ben Jonson is probable, though Ben was many years his junior. His plays contain few references to London, and we cannot tell to what extent he drew on London for his scenes and characters, though it is probable that such a scene as that with Dogberry and Verges in 'Much Ado about Nothing' is based upon the London Watch, and is a fairly faithful representation of a common scene in the London wards. But apart from the characters in his historical plays it is difficult to find any scenes or characters which can be definitely set down as representing London, although it is evident that many *personæ*, e.g., those in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' represent true London.

Shakespeare, however, is known to have owned two houses. One of these was in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, the parish of Sir Thomas Gresham, for in 1598 we find that Shakespeare's name appears on a list of parishioners assessed for rates. The other house was in the Wardrobe by Blackfriars. Here he bought a plot of land in Ireland Yard upon which he built a house which at his death was left to his daughter Joanna. The original deed of these premises with the poet's signature is in the Guildhall Museum.

Near here was the Blackfriars Theatre, and opposite on the Bankside was the Globe, the two theatres with which Shakespeare is most closely connected.

Playhouse Yard, surrounded by the buildings of *The Times* newspaper, marks the site of this theatre. In 1586 Burbage, with a company acting under the protection of the Earl of Leicester, found it impossible to get permission to act in the City. Through their patron Leicester they obtained a licence from the Privy Council to act, and fixed upon the deserted Blackfriars as the site of their theatre. Their properties were stored in the friars' refectory and a theatre was erected in the courtyard, but only after some trouble with the City authorities, who claimed jurisdiction.

Three years later we find Shakespeare as one of sixteen shareholders in this Company, which was evidently a success,

for in 1593 the poet built his own theatre, the Globe in Bankside, and published the 'Venus and Adonis.'

It was in 1613 that he bought the freehold of his house in the Wardrobe, evidently with a view to protecting his interests in the adjoining theatre. The Corporation, worsted in litigation before the Council on the matter of jurisdiction, was trying to buy out the obnoxious players, offering no less than £7,000 for the theatre, which was probably only a wooden structure. They also offered Shakespeare £500 for the freehold of his house. These were very considerable sums to offer for more or less waste land encumbered with ruins and with a doubtful title, and consequently are eloquent of the extreme fierceness of City opposition to the presence of the players.

The Tudor theatres would have seemed strange places to the playgoer of to-day. They were of two kinds—the private, like the Blackfriars, which were entirely roofed over, and the public, where the centre or 'yard' was open to the sky.

They were mostly without scenery or properties; indeed painted scenery was not introduced until the Restoration nearly a century later.

What the Globe was like Shakespeare tells us in the introduction to 'King Henry V.,' where he says:—

“ Pardon gentles all
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt.
O pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little space a million.
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.”

Indeed an Elizabethan audience had to “Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,” and could do it too. But if the audience were satisfied without scenery and all those mechanical contrivances of the modern stage, they could be very critical indeed of the play.

Jonson gives us a peep at an Elizabethan first night: “But

the sport is at a new play to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another likes not the playing, and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years at a Parliament time, will be as deep mixed in censuring as the best and swear by God's foot he would never stir his foot to see a hundred such plays." Truly first night audiences have changed but little.

Managers did, however, pay great attention to costume, as we find from an account by Sir Henry Wotton of a first night



WATCHMEN, *temp.* ELIZABETH.

at the Globe of a play called 'All is True,' representing scenes from the life of King Henry VIII., possibly no less a play than Shakespeare's own. "This play," says Wotton, "was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty even to the matting on the floor....Now King Henry, making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper wherewith one of them was stopped did light on the thatch where....it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train consuming, in less than an hour, the whole house down to the ground.

"Yet strange to say no one was hurt, only one man having his breeches set on fire, but escaping injury through someone

throwing bottled ale over him." Ben Jonson was present on this occasion and is supposed to have been the ale-thrower. But perhaps the best picture of the theatre is that given by Jonson in the introduction to 'Cynthia's Revels,' in which the players take off the fashionable part of the audience who were then seated on the stage itself. The scene is worth quoting at length:—

"Now Sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado, and here I take my place and sit down : I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me and thus I begin : ' By this light I wonder that any man is so mad to come to see these rascally tits here. They do act like so many wrens, not the fifth part of a good face amongst them. And then their music is abominable and their ditties most lamentable things. By this vapour an 'twere not for tobacco the very stench of 'em would poison me.' "

For the men of Tudor and early Stuart London we must look in the pages of Shakespeare's contemporaries, Beaumont and Fletcher, and above all Ben Jonson.

Ben is a Londoner. Born in Hartshorn Lane, Charing Cross, he went to the newly-founded Westminster School through the interest of Camden, then an undermaster. After remaining at school for some time and acquiring a taste for scholarship, which never left him, even when he became a bricklayer on the Chancery Lane wall of Lincoln's Inn, he worked with a classical author in his pocket.

There is a story that one of the Benchers of the Inn, seeing the young bricklayer reading his book, entered into conversation with him, and being impressed with his learning, sent him to Cambridge. Jonson certainly was there, but remained only a very short time, and in 1597 we find him writing plays.

As a dramatist Jonson is remarkable for the pictures of contemporary life which he drew, and for the biting satire with which he attacked London manners and customs. He is a typical Bohemian of the period spending his time in taverns.

Shakespeare frequented taverns, as did everyone in those

days, when the tavern 'ordinary' was the usual meeting place, and the tavern the general resort of merchant and prentice after the day's work was done.

Ben Jonson, however, made his home in taverns, and his club at the Devil in Fleet Street was frequented by all the wits of the day.

The Mermaid too in Friday Street was the scene of many a wit combat, for the meetings were feasts of wit and humour rather than orgies of drunkenness.

"Of this cup we will sup free but moderately,
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men,
But at our parting we will be as when
We innocently met"

are not the words of a toper.

But it was at the Apollo rooms in the Devil by Temple Bar met that famous club founded and presided over by the genial autocrat, and here were inscribed over the door the verses :—

"Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo.
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripes, his tower bottle,
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine."

Such were the men of letters and such the stage at this time. For the life of the City we must look in Jonson's dramas.

First there is that great central meeting place, Old St. Paul's, the nave of which was a common walk across which was a right of way. Here came the fop to show off his finery and the pickpocket to relieve him of his purse ; serving men came to find masters and tradesmen to secure customers. The lawyer on the lookout for briefs, the tailor to study the latest fashions, the captain seeking recruits for a company to the Low Countries or a venture to the Indies, and it was to this general rendezvous that Jonson and doubtless Shakespeare

too came to study those characteristics of the time which they have immortalised in their dramas. The lines :—

“ If any here chance to behold himself
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
For if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em ”

show that Jonson not only studied his London, but deliberately mirrored it.

Then we have the City characters. The “ rich fellows that have the world, or the better part of it sleeping in their counting houses ” and are anxious to acquire lands by lending money to the nobles, and nobility by marrying their daughters to the peerage.

Gilthead and Plutarchus his son, City goldsmiths, are discussing business—

“ O, but, good father you trust too much.”

“ Boy, Boy,

We live by finding fools out to be trusted,
Our shop-books are our pastures, our corn-ground,
We lay 'em open for them to come into,
And when we have them there, we drive them up
Into one of our two pounds the compters,
And this is to make you a gentleman.”

Then there are the newly rich, those who have made fortunes out of the late wars—Sir Epicure Mammon in the ‘ Alchymist ’ is a specimen :—

“ My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths and rubies,
The tongues of carps, dormice and camel's heels.

And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber
Headed with diamond and carbuncle,
My footboy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmons,
Knots, goodwits, lampreys.”

The company promoter too—then called an undertaker—

is drawn to the life. He makes men's fortunes without risk of a penny if they will but invest a trifle in his latest scheme—

“He shall not draw
A string of 's purse ; I'll drive his patent for him,
We'll take in citizens, commoners and aldermen
To bear the charge, and blow them off again
Like so many dead flies when it is carried.
The thing is for recovery of drowned land.”

“Throughout England?”

“Yea, which will arise
To eighteen millions—seven the first year,
I have computed all, and made my survey
Unto an acre.”

Then there are the country squires newly come to town to be made courtiers, and Jonson's rules for doing this are perfect:—

“First to be a gentleman....you must give up house-keeping in the country and live altogether in the city ; where at your first appearance 'twere good you turned four or five acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel....and be sure you mix yourself with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion....study their carriage and behaviour in all, learn to play at primero and passage, and ever when you lose have two or three peculiar oaths to swear by that no man else uses.”

One more custom we must mention. Tobacco had just been introduced and all London is divided into two camps, those who praise the weed and those who hate it.

Says Bobadil, a Paul's man, in 'Every Man in his Humour':

“I have been in the Indies where this weed grows where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only.”

Cob the waterman, on the other hand, denounces it roundly:—

“Ods me I mar'le what pleasure they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke

a man and fill him full of smoke and embers : there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it."

So does Jonson sketch his City for us. The age soon passed away under the influence of the Puritans, and in less than half a century the City was depopulated by plague and destroyed by fire.

Jonson, however, died before the Puritan régime had attained its full vigour, and while the Court of Whitehall was still acting his masques. He is buried upright in Westminster Abbey with the inscription ' O Rare Ben Jonson ' cut on the stone covering him. Although considered greater than Shakespeare by his contemporaries, he died in comparative poverty and his plays are now almost unread. No public monument was erected to his memory, and even for the inscription we are indebted to a private individual who paid eighteenpence to have it cut. Such is the reward of genius.

CHAPTER VIII.

MILTON'S LONDON.

The City, which in pre-Reformation times had been noted for the number of its religious houses and churches, now took the lead in Puritanism and in opposition to the Court. Sturdy independence had always been the mark of London, and even the Tudors had bowed before the haughty city. The Stuarts failed to realise the position with disastrous results to themselves.

James I. had hardly settled down on his throne when the first mutterings of the storm were heard. It was over the question of trade, most of which hitherto had been in the hands of the great Companies, and private individuals were kept out. A bill was introduced into the Commons for permitting private merchants to engage in trade. The measure would have had the effect of throwing open trade to non-Londoners or even Scotsmen, so was vehemently opposed.

All through James's reign the storm was gathering. First the Irish plantation with its continual need of money and men caused trouble with the Government. Then came the foundation of the American Colonies, and once again the City was expected to finance the ventures. This it did, such prominent Londoners as the Riches and Humphrey Weld, one of its Mayors, contributing, while John Pym, the Secretary and Treasurer of these companies, and the man to whom they owed their success, was a London-trained lawyer, though a Somerset man by birth. The Virginia colony was largely populated from London. On several occasions the vagrant boys and girls of London's streets were arrested and handed over to the Company, who agreed to transport them to Virginia, apprentice them to the colonists and set them up in homesteads upon their marriage, while the City made an allowance of £3 per head towards their fare and of 40s. apiece for their outfit.

Constant demands for money were made by the Court, and not only was money demanded, but men and ships as well.

This was a difficult matter. The population had been reduced by plague, and the resources of the City were sunk in trading ventures, while to take the ships and men would cripple trade still further. The Londoners were quite ready to provide the ships, if the king would give them letters of marque and allow them to be commanded by officers of the City's own choosing, "to be at their own liberties and directions without joining or consorting with any others."

The King and Buckingham wanted to fight France, while the City wanted war with Spain and meant to have it. The quarrel continued over tonnage and poundage and got steadily worse, for as yet the City was unable to resist, and Charles compelled the acceptance of his demands. Finally matters came to a head over ship money. Hitherto the ports had supplied the bulk of the ships required in time of war, but the development of naval tactics by men like Drake had made the specialised warship necessary, and this led to the creation of the Royal Navy.

The Government therefore found it advisable to collect money and men from all parts of the country rather than ships from the ports, and ship money became a regular tax instead of a voluntary payment in lieu of ships. John Hampden opposed the king's claim to assess this tax on inland places, but a London citizen, Richard Chambers, denied the king's right to demand the money even from a port, and carried the matter to the King's Bench. The judge, however, refused to hear the matter on the ground that "there was a rule of law and a rule of government, and many things which might not be done by rule of law might be done by rule of government," a decision which tacitly admitted the legality of Chambers' claim.

The quarrel continued with growing intensity, the king constantly demanding money and being met with refusals. At the outbreak of the Civil War the City threw in its lot with the Parliament, protected the Five Members and called out the Trained Bands. The City was the mainstay of the Parliament during the early stages of the war, and even in the New Model it provided most of the infantry. After Edgehill, London was placed in a posture of defence; the walls were strengthened and the gates repaired, while guards were set and watch-houses

erected. Everywhere could be seen squads of men drilling, and the racket made by the prentices at musket practice was so great that the Mayor had to issue orders for restraining it.

The Royalists won the first engagement, routing the Parliament horse, but the trained bands stood their ground and made an orderly retreat to Turnham Green. Charles followed and captured Brentford on November 12, but was foiled by the energy of the citizens. Trenches were dug round the western approaches, and forts built and armed with heavy guns taken from the ships. The Royalists were turned back, and during the winter a complete circle of entrenchments was drawn round the City and Westminster, with forts at Whitechapel, Hackney, Cripplegate, Wardour Street, Hyde Park Corner, Vauxhall, St. George's Fields and other points. The City raised an additional 4,000 horse and decided to levy a tax to get further funds. But the City, like the country, was divided; badges were worn and party fights were frequent, even in the streets. The result of these dissensions was a deputation to the Parliament praying for peace, and an embassy to Charles at Oxford. Charles, however, demanded what amounted to unconditional surrender, with the result that the citizens were strengthened to resist.

The City records show that it was only by continual loans to the Parliament that the army was kept together. London had been in great straits during the winter, for Newcastle was held for the king and refused to send coals to London, where, in spite of the proclamations against them, more men were raised, and the Earl of Essex marched out to relieve Gloucester. On his return he was intercepted by Rupert, but the trained bands stood up against repeated charges of Rupert's horse without breaking, while their musketry training in the Artillery Ground stood them in good stead. The City militia, however, proved very troublesome, as it would only fight when it approved of such a course, and was generally more anxious to come to terms with Charles than were the Parliamentary leaders.

Finally in 1647 the army, under Fairfax, was compelled to display its strength in a march through the City, and Parliament undertook a thorough purge of the civic bodies. Serious rioting took place, however, before all sedition was checked, and the opposition to the army proved a costly business for the citizens,

who had to pay heavily for their failure to keep the prentices in order.

Through the whole of this trying time one citizen is taking a leading part. John Milton, the literary protagonist of the Parliament and the Commonwealth, is essentially a Londoner. He was born in 1608 at the sign of the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, where his father carried on business as a scrivener; he attended St. Paul's School, lived in a succession of London houses and died in Cripplegate, being buried in St. Giles' Church. The household was a scholarly one, and Milton in his sonnet 'Ad Patrem' says of his father:—

"Thyself

Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations"

and when, owing to some dispute with his Cambridge tutor he was rusticated for a term in 1626, he could write:—

"I well content where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves meantime reside."

As a young man he was familiar with the Shakespearean stage, and contemporary with Ben Jonson, and he loves his London as only a true Londoner can.

"O city, founded by Dardanian bands,
Whose towering front the realms commands,
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee"

is his address to London in the epistle to Deodati.

Milton was on the Continent when the troubles with the king came to a head, but when he heard of them he returned in order to take his part in the struggle. He took a quiet house with a garden in Aldersgate Street, remaining there until 1643, occupying his time partly in taking private pupils and partly in literary work. Here he wrote the 'Areopagitica' in defence of a free press, the 'Eikonoklastes' (an attack upon the Eikon Basilika), his tractates on 'Divorce' and his 'Reason of Church Government.' These works not only brought him to the notice

of the Parliament, but called down upon him the wrath of the Court.

In 1642 the City was fearing an attack by the Royalist forces, and Aldersgate was one of the most vulnerable points. Milton's house was likely to be one of the first to suffer, and in anticipation of this he wrote the ode :—

“ Captain or Colonel or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour ever did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.”

The attack never materialised, proper defences were thrown up, and the many studious spirits, whom Milton tells us lived in the City, were left in peace.

In his pamphlet on 'The Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,' the poet gives us a glimpse of these. “ Behold now this vast city,” he says, “ a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protections. The shop of war hath not more hammers and anvils working to fashion out plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation ; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the voice of reason and conviction.”

Later in the same paper he gives us valuable information about London's amusements at this time. He is speaking of the need for permitting the ordinary citizen's amusements to be free from any form of prohibition :—

“ If we think to regulate printing thereby to rectify manners we must regulate all pastimes.... No music must be heard, no song must be set or sung, but what is grave. There must be licensing of dancers. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to regulate all the lutes,

the violins, and the guitars in every house....And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers....The villages must also have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gammut of every municipal fiddler. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? who shall be the rector of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drink is sold? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how shall they be least hurtful, how least enticing? To sequester out of the world into Atlantis and Utopian politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition, but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil."

Milton's London was evidently not the dull place we sometimes imagine. The Puritans did their best to prohibit all mirth in spite of Milton's warning, and the result is seen in the licence of the Restoration period. One such attempt produced a serious riot. Certain small boys committed the grievous crime of playing tipcat in Moorfields one Sunday morning, and the Mayor, who owed his election to the ultra-Puritans in Parliament, sent out a detachment of trained bands to suppress the boys. A crowd of apprentices took the part of the boys, attacked the train-bands, routed them, and secured their colours and arms. With these they marched along Fleet Street towards Whitehall, but were dispersed by a regiment of cavalry. During the night, however, they secured ammunition, attacked and captured Ludgate and Newgate, and amused themselves firing through the windows of the Lord Mayor's house, until troops arrived from the army under Fairfax and finally dispersed the rioters.

Milton lived in many parts of London. From Aldersgate he removed to St. Bride's Churchyard, and from there, after

the reconciliation with his wife, he went to another garden house in the Barbican. Later, in 1647, he moved to Holborn, to a house with an entrance into Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here he remained for two years, when he was called to be Latin Secretary, the office corresponding to our Foreign Secretary, and given official quarters in Scotland Yard. He left these quarters in 1652 on account of a quarrel between his immediate superiors, the Committee of the Council of State and the Parliament, and removed to a house in Petty France, Westminster, where he remained until the Restoration, holding his secretaryship until 1655, when his growing blindness forced him to resign. He was proscribed at the Restoration, and would doubtless have been executed but for Sir W. Davenant, the new Poet Laureate, who is said to have provided him with a safe refuge until a general Act of Indemnity made it safe for Milton to reappear. He then lived in Holborn and in Jewin Street, completing 'Paradise Lost,' which he had begun while living in Westminster.

Returning from Chalfont after the Plague, he again settled down in London, this time in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, where he remained until his death. He was buried by the clerk's desk in the old chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate, but a new chancel has since been built and the old thrown into the nave, so the exact site of his grave is not known.

'Paradise Lost' was first published in Little Britain, then, and for long after, a street of antiquaries and booksellers. It is said that the book remained on the publisher's hands until it was seen accidentally by Lord Dorset, who sent a copy to Dryden, whose critique was "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too." There is a story that Dryden visited Milton to get permission to put his 'Paradise Lost' into a drama in rhyme. Milton received him civilly and gave him leave to 'tag' his verses. By this time London had changed its appearance, and had Milton retained his sight he would hardly have recognised the City. First the Plague had swept away a considerable part of the population.

The Plague of 1665 was neither the first nor the worst of these visitations; it produced a greater effect on subsequent generations, partly because it was the last, partly because we have more minute details, and partly on account of the im-

pression made by Defoe's extraordinarily vivid, but wholly misleading account. We see from the pages of Pepys that London's motto during this trying time was 'Business as usual.' The courtiers fled, the clergy fled; but the London merchants, after sending away such of their households as they could, and taking such precautions as occurred to them, remained. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen continued to carry on the government, sanitary regulations were made and enforced, and funds were raised for the poor who were thrown out of work and could not afford to leave the City.

Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Navy and a busy man, for the country was at war with the Dutch, shall tell us how London 'carried on.'

June 6th, 1665. "The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will I did see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and of my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension."

Then for all the weeks of the Plague the Diary is a record of business. Committees, interviews with the Lords of the Admiralty, Dockyard inspections and the like, journeys to Woolwich to see how his wife fares, and an undercurrent of plague and fear of plague.

July 18th, 1665. "To the 'Change, where a little business and a very thin Exchange."

July 29th. "At noon to dinner where I hear that my Will is come in and laid down upon my bed, ill of the headache, which did put me into an extraordinary fear; and I studied all I could to get him out of the house.... and myself went forth to the Old Exchange to pay my fair Batelier for some linen."

Aug. 16th. "To the Exchange, where I have not been a great while. But, Lord, how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people and very few upon Change.

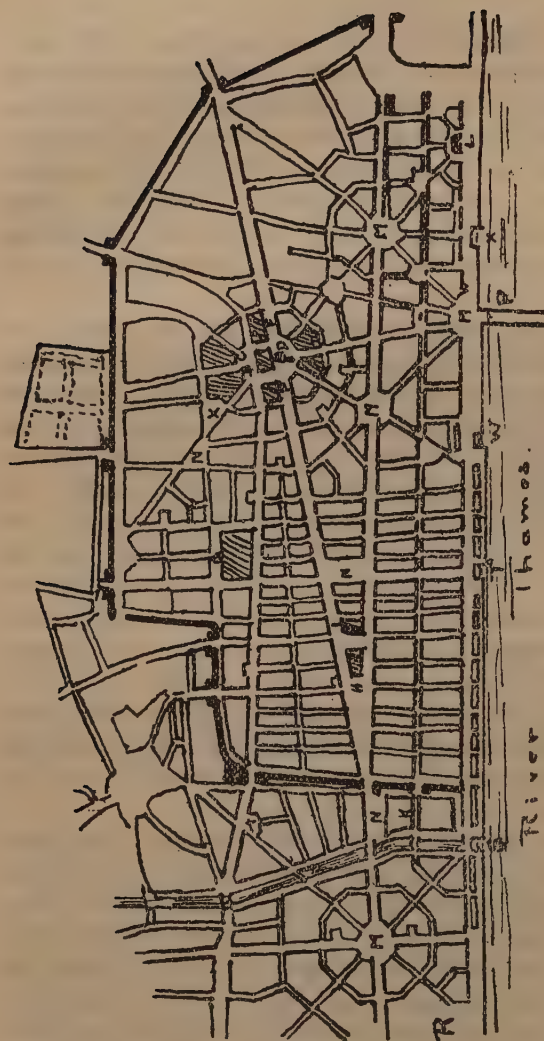
Jealous of every door that one sees shut up lest it should be the plague, and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up."

But he goes on provisioning ships, paying seamen, and carrying on the business of his office, meeting merchants and tradesmen also carrying on, all of them a little fearful, but convinced that the business of the City must be done even in plague-time—a contrast to the fierce denunciations of the Puritan preachers or the fright of the courtiers. London was as it has always been, confident that sooner or later things will mend, recognising the serious nature of the position, but making the best of it.

Hardly had the plague abated when the Fire broke out. Beginning on the First of September, 1666, it burned furiously for four days, reducing the City to ashes. Only a very small section round the eastern side of the City was saved. At first the fire caused no alarm, as such outbreaks were only too common, but when some three hundred houses had been destroyed and there seemed no sign of any diminution in the intensity of the flames, people got alarmed. Pepys was called up about 3 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, September 2, but after looking out saw no cause for alarm, so went to bed again. In the morning the maids told him that much destruction had been caused, so he went out.

"Everybody," he says, "endeavouring to remove their goods, or bringing them into lighters that lay off, poor people staying in their houses till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats."

The Lord Mayor seems to have lost his head completely, while the citizens were too busy each saving his own goods to trouble about the work of checking the fire; but the King and his brother were early on the scene, and with the help of soldiers, sailors and gentlemen, worked hard demolishing the ruins. Finally the suggestion of a seaman that gunpowder should be used was adopted, and with this (and the wind abating) the fire was got under control and allowed to burn itself out. Even so late as the next March, however, cellars and ruins were found to be burning. "London was, but is no more" is Evelyn's summary of the catastrophe.



WREN'S PLAN FOR REBUILDING LONDON.

- | | | | | | |
|---|-------------------|---|-------------------|---|--------------------|
| A | Royal Exchange. | G | Guildhall. | N | Markets. |
| B | Post Office. | H | St. Paul's. | P | London Bridge. |
| C | Excise Office. | I | Doctors' Commons. | R | The Temple. |
| D | Mint. | K | Wood Market. | S | Bridewell Dock. |
| E | Insurance Office. | L | Custom House. | T | Queenhithe Dock. |
| F | Goldsmiths. | M | Piazzas. | W | Dowgate Dock. |
| | | | | X | Billingsgate Dock. |

Plans were at once made for rebuilding, and both Evelyn and Wren submitted schemes for remodelling the City. These plans differed in their details, but each followed the principle of laying out wide, straight roads crossing the City, of broad open spaces surrounded by public buildings, and of a wide quay along the riverside. Neither of these plans could be proceeded with, as they required that the whole City should be cleared and sites re-allocated. This in itself would have entailed much labour and taken up valuable time, during which the business of the City would have stood still. Added to this was the task of demolishing the ruins. Many of these were of stonework of great strength, and, as Wren found at St. Paul's, would have been very difficult to clear, while the task of finding solid foundations for new buildings would probably have been insuperable. The result was that the new plans were not carried out, neither was the City rebuilt on the old street lines. A compromise was effected. A Building Act was passed, surveyors were appointed to supervise new erections, arrangements were made for getting brick and tile to replace the considerable quantity of timber and thatch in the old City, and plans made for straightening and widening certain streets and laying out a new street—King and Queen Streets—from the Guildhall to the river.

Many of the larger buildings had sufficient standing to be repairable, and recent research has shown that much more repairing was done than was suspected a short time ago, while below ground were innumerable crypts and cellars full of burned rubbish, but otherwise undamaged, which would have required demolishing and the spaces filling with solid earth before a new City could be built. For these reasons the City was rebuilt on the old sites, the style of private building being seen very clearly in several existing buildings, notably in Cheapside. Here in an entry off Bow Lane may still be seen one of the first houses to be rebuilt, a large house with a courtyard which was the private and the official home of the Lord Mayor for some time. Steps were taken to enforce the building of brick or stone houses and the proper paving and draining of streets.

The Monument claims that this was completed in three years—an obvious error, for the surveyors were not appointed

until March, 1667, the new Royal Exchange was not begun until October of that year, no church was begun until 1670, and for ten years the City was practically a mass of ruins overgrown with weeds.

One great change was made by the Fire. The City took a long step towards becoming a non-residential business centre. About 9,000 new houses were rebuilt to replace the 13,000 destroyed, while many parish churches were never rebuilt as the smaller population did not need them, and larger churches were erected for the combined parishes. Whole classes of society disappeared. The poorer classes found hovels in Whitechapel, St. Giles-in-the-Fields and other districts outside the City proper; the noblemen removed to the new 'Town' springing up in Bloomsbury and the West End; while the merchants, who had lived over their business premises, now removed to such pleasant country villages as Hackney, Bethnal Green and Camberwell, beginning a process which has continued to our own day.

One other thing the Corporation did to prevent such outbreaks in the future: it passed certain bye-laws relating to the provision of fire-fighting appliances. These regulations are worth transcribing. They are contained in "An Act for preventing and suppressing of Fires within the City of London and the Liberties thereof," 1668.

The City was divided into four quarters, and the law enacted—

"Item, That every of the said quarters shall be furnished and provided....of eight hundred leathern buckets, fifty ladders, viz., ten forty-two foot long, ten thirty foot long, ten twenty foot long, ten sixteen foot long, and ten twelve foot long; as also of so many *hand squirts* of brass as will furnish *two* for every parish, four and twenty pick-axe sledges and forty shod-shovels.

"Item, That every one of the twelve Companies provide and keep in readiness thirty buckets, one engine, six pick-axe-sledges, three ladders, and two hand-squirts.

"Item, That all the other inferior companies provide and keep in readiness buckets and engines proportionable to their abilities, of which those least able, to provide

portable engines to carry upstairs into any rooms or tops of houses.

“ Item, That every alderman who hath passed the office of shrievalty provide four and twenty buckets and one hand-squirt of brass ; and all those who have not been sheriffs, twelve buckets and one hand-squirt of brass, to be kept at their respective dwellings, and all other principal citizens and inhabitants....shall provide and keep in their houses a certain number of buckets.”

In addition, it was ordered that every householder upon the cry of Fire ! was to place a ‘ sufficient man ’ well armed at his door, hang out a light, and have a vessel of water at his door. Further, it was ordered that the companies of carpenters, bricklayers and other artizans should each provide thirty persons to attend on the Lord Mayor whenever a fire should occur, that all porters should similarly attend, and that all other persons should keep within their own houses during a fire.

The daily life of the people had changed but little from Tudor times. In spite of Puritan attempts at prohibition the boys had played at tip-cat, and even football, and at the Restoration there had been a general attempt at a ‘ Brighter London,’ but what with Dutch Wars, Plague and Fire, it had not got much farther than the new West End.

The theatre had improved both in accommodation, acting and scenery—the King being a patron of the Drama—and through Killigrew, Betterton and others introducing the French fashion of painted scenery. Boys had been replaced by women for female parts, but the plays themselves show a distinct falling off. Drunkenness is on the increase too. Pepys is constantly getting ‘ foxed,’ and when he keeps sober his friends don’t. But these are people connected with the Court, and the City merchants, though hard drinkers, probably kept sober.

Let us see how a London citizen lived. Our citizen is a haberdasher, not one of the greater merchants, but a substantial tradesman living over his shop—such a place as still exists in Holborn by Staple Inn. The shop is small and low, with tiny glass-paned window and swinging sign over the door. Within is a goodly stock of velvets, silks, satins, linen, lace, lawn, hose, gloves, hats and similar commodities of home and

foreign manufacture, and the citizen attends in the shop himself helped by his prentices, though women were serving in some shops. The wife attends to the domestic arrangements with the help of her maids. Both the citizen and his wife are richly dressed, not of course with the extravagance of the courtiers or with that revealed by Pepys in his Diary, but still with an amount of colour which would surprise us, especially in the man. The prentice lads, porters and workmen still dress in homespun or leather, although an artizan would have Flemish cloth or even velvet for Sundays. The furniture is massive Jacobean, mainly dark, while the walls are panelled in oak, giving a sombre effect. Behind the house is a garden gay with flowers and herbs, for the Londoner has always been a lover of gardens. Plenty of provision is made for entertaining, and in looking through household accounts one is struck by the enormous quantities of beer consumed—three quarts is a common daily average per head. But then, of course, tea was not yet in use and wine is only for great occasions, while even with the New River the water supply is none too plentiful. Besides, who will drink cold water regularly in England?

Provisions are plentiful, but without cold storage the quality of perishable goods cannot have been high, and very little bread is used. A leg of mutton cost 2s. 6*d.*, butter 9*d.* lb., sugar 6*d.*, and bacon 7*d.*, but these prices must be multiplied by at least six to get their equivalents in to-day's money. Shoes cost about 3s. a pair, gloves 2s., silk stockings from 6s. to 10s. Many more things were sold in the streets than now—much fruit, live chickens, brooms, fish, herbs, sand and even water being hawked about the City.

Feasting was common. Pepys is always at a feast, sometimes giving one, but he was a confirmed diner-out. After work, play. For the courtier and the public servant the theatre, to which the citizen went but seldom. On the long winter evenings there was music indoors, for everyone could sing in parts; during summer the river or a pleasant walk out to Islington.

Then there is the Coffee House, which for the merchants and more substantial tradesmen has replaced the tavern, still however patronised by the workmen. Every merchant and tradesman went daily to the coffee house to hear the news

and conduct business, and one asked, not where a merchant lived, but which coffee house he patronised. Here the air was thick with tobacco smoke and noisy with argument, or the busy but quieter hum of merchants driving bargains or instructing carriers or sea-captains.

So life went on with very little change until the coming of steam machinery revolutionised it and created the huge modern London of to-day.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THAMES: ITS PAGEANTS AND ITS PAST.

“According to the credit of the chronicles,” said the citizens to King Henry VI., “this city is considerably older than Rome ; and by the Trojan author, built by Brute after the likeness of great Troy, before that built by Romulus and Remus. Whence to this day it useth and enjoyeth the same liberties, rights and customs.”

Such was the legend of the origin of London, believed in by all the ancient writers from Geoffrey of Monmouth and used in a very business-like way by the citizens of Henry VI.’s time. But whoever may have been the founder of London, it is certain that it owes its origin and its importance to Father Thames. London to-day is the world’s commercial capital, and to see it in its true aspect one should enter it by the Thames—the real centre of London’s life and the author of its fame and wealth. Entering thus by banks lined with wharves and fringed with barges and lighters, dodging steam-tugs towing strings of loaded barges or single lighters drifting aimlessly on a dingy brown river, one is reminded of those earlier days when Father Thames ran clear and pellucid, with a wide and deep pool above bridge, uninterrupted by bridges right up to Kingston, bordered from the Tower to Westminster by the palaces of kings, nobles and bishops, and crowded with the gilded barges of the great and the wherries of the humbler folk ; the days when the river was the centre of London’s social life. No longer can the Court poet, proceeding up river in his wherry, meet the king’s barge coming down, and be invited on board as Gower was by Richard II. Gower shall tell the story in his own words :—

“As it befel upon a tide
As then which should then betide,
Under the towné of New Troy
Which took of Brute his firstē joy

In Thames as it was flowing,
 As I in my boatē came rowing,
 So as fortune her time set,
 My liege lord perchance I met,
 And so befel as I came nigh,
 Out of my boat, when he me sygh
 He bade me come into his barge,
 And when I was with him at large
 Among other thingés said
 He hath this charge upon me laid
 And bade me do my business,
 That to his high worthiness
 Some newe thingé I should book."

That is a picture of the Thames in the 14th century ; two hundred years earlier we find Fitzstephen writing that the Thames is well stored with fish. Indeed, in earlier times fishing formed one of the main sources of revenue for the dwellers upon its banks. We have already spoken of the Thames salmon and the part it played in the early history of Westminster Abbey, and of the claim to Thames salmon made by the monks. Even so late as the 18th century there was a salmon fishery at London Bridge, and trout were common above bridge. But more lordly fish were sometimes found, for there is still a rule that all sturgeons and porpoises caught in the river are to be sent to my Lord Mayor, and indeed an occasional porpoise may still be seen so far up as Westminster, so there are probably fish in the river yet.

The first port was at Billingsgate, then, as now, mainly a fish market and in early times supplied with fish caught in the neighbourhood, but in those days it was as a highway and a playground that the Thames was most used above bridge. The river then was much wider and deeper than now owing to the damming action of London Bridge, which caused a fall of several feet between the levels above and below, giving a broad deep lake above without any strong current, and upon this the citizens disported themselves.

Fitzstephen describes these sports : " In the Easter holidays they fight battles on the water. A shield is hanged on a pole fixed in the midst of the stream ; a boat is prepared without

oars, to be carried by violence of the water, and in the forepart thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be he break his lance against the shield and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide ; but on each side of the shield ride two boats, furnished with two young men, which recover him that falleth as soon as may be. Upon the bridge, wharfs and houses by the riverside stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat." In another river sport two wherries, each carrying a man armed with shield and spear, tilted like knights on horseback.

When winter came the scene was changed. Great frosts are practically unknown in this country, and of recent years there has hardly been a slight one in London. But a severe frost is always a possibility, and the writer can remember one such when the river was filled with floating ice. In former times this would have meant the river above bridge being frozen from bank to bank, but now that there is a free run through the bridge the speed of the current and the great rise and fall of the tide are sufficient to prevent such a happening.

Yet once or twice in each century there has been a great frost, and in the past when there was little or no current the Thames was frozen over and Ice Fairs were held. The first of these was in 1092 ; in 1150 Fitzstephen tells us that the river was frozen so solidly that horses and waggons crossed from bank to bank as safely as upon dry ground, the frost lasting from December to March ; and in 1281 there was another severe frost, and during the thaw the floating ice carried away five arches of London Bridge.

On other occasions we read of football, shooting at marks, and other sports upon the ice, and in 1564 Queen Elizabeth is said to have walked on the ice with her courtiers and to have mixed with her subjects. During the 18th century five severe frosts were recorded, and two in the early 19th—in 1811 and 1814. This was the last, for the new bridge gives sufficient space for any floating ice which may form to clear away. But the greatest of these frosts occurred in 1683. A cold spell set in during December and continued until February

of the next year. So severe and so general was the frost that it extended even to Devonshire, and readers of Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone' will remember the description of it given there. London, and especially the Court, made the most of the opportunity, and a Frost Fair was held on the Thames. A regular street of shops and booths was laid out on the river from the Temple to Southwark, and all wares generally found in shops were to be had, while everyone crowded to the river as to a fair. Printing presses were set up on the ice and topical ballads printed. John Evelyn gives an account of this fair in his Diary. On 9th Jan. 1684, he writes: "I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to beare whole streetes of boothes, in which they roasted meate and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a towne, but coaches, carts and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster stayres to Lambeth and dined with the Archbishop....After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir Geo. Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth Stayres to the horse ferry."

On the 24th of the same month he says: "The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with boothes in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnished and full of commodities, even to a printing presse, where the people and ladyes tooke a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and yeare set down when printed on the Thames; this humour tooke so universally, that 'twas estimated the printer gained £5 a day for printing a line onely at 6*d.* a name, besides what he got by ballads. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple and from several other staires to and fro, as in the streetes, sleds, sliding with skeetes, a bull baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays and interludes, cookes, tippling, and other lewd pieces, so that it seemed to be bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgement on the land....London, by reason of the excessive coldnesse of the aire hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steame of the sea-coale, that hardly could one see crosse the streetes, and this, filling the lungs with its grosse particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast so as one could scarcely breathe."

Throughout the whole course of London's history the Thames was the great highway through the City, only supplanted

by roads when the development of railways, trams and other means of conveyance made a journey by land more rapid. In earlier times everybody who could, travelled by the river.

Naturally then the watermen were an important body. They were numerous, and, if rumour be truthful, noted for the five vigour of their language, but even amongst them the cultivation of literature was not unknown, and they have their own poet, John Taylor, a Thames waterman plying his oar daily to and from the Bankside. He says of himself :—

“ I have a trade much like an alchemist,
That oft-times by extraction, if I list,
With sweating labour at a wooden oar,
I'll get the coined, refined, silver ore ;
Which I count better than the sharpening tricks
Of cozening tradesmen, or rich politicks,
Or any proud fool, ne'er so proud or wise
That does my needful trade despise.”

Taylor had a fine station at the Bankside, and must have frequently ferried Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and others of the brilliant company of poets, wits and dramatists who met there. Taylor was a great traveller, for he rowed from London to York on one occasion ; made a sea venture in a wherry from London to Salisbury on another, and on a third journeyed in a sculler's boat from London to Hereford. Even then, however, the roads were beginning to compete with the river, and Taylor published some bitter attacks both in verse and prose against the new fashions in coaches.

“ 'Tis not fit,” he says, that

“ Fulsome madams, and new scurvy squires
Should jolt the streets in pomp, at their desires
Like great triumphant Tamburlaines, each day
Drawn with the pampered jades of Belgia
That almost all the streets are choked outright,
Where men can hardly pass from morn till night
Whilst watermen want work.”

“ I pray you,” he says, in a prose diatribe, “ look into the streets and the chambers or lodgings in Flete Street or the Strand, how they are pestered with them (coaches), especially

after a mask or a play at the court, where even the earth quakes and trembles, the casements shatter, tatter, and clatter, and such a confused noise is heard that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat his dinner or supper in quiet for them."

What Taylor would have said about the streets to-day we do not know. The watermen were incorporated in the days of Henry VIII., but their Hall and their records were destroyed during the Fire, so we have not that exact information about them which we might otherwise possess. In 1700 they were joined by the lightermen. Already the watermen were decreasing and the lightermen increasing in numbers, but the watermen were still very numerous, as many as 4,000 of them being taken for the Fleet in 1796. The affairs of the Company, the licensing of apprentices, the fixing of fares and the supervision of the conduct and language of the men were in the hands of a court of assistants acting under the Lord Mayor.

The fares were singularly moderate. In the middle of the 18th century the charge for the hire of a boat and man from London Bridge was, for a single passenger :—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To Limehouse,	1	0	To Lambeth,	1	0
Greenwich,	1	6	Chelsea,	1	6
Blackwall,	2	0	Putney,	2	0
Erith,	3	0	Richmond,	3	6
Gravesend,	4	6	Kingston,	5	0

For parties, a considerable reduction was made. For the down-river journey the fare for each person was one-sixth of the single person rate, while for the up-journey it was a shilling per passenger for any distance up to Kingston.

In 1715 Thomas Doggett, the actor, instituted the famous race for Doggett's Coat and Badge, still held annually on the 1st of August. The prize is an orange-coloured coat and silver badge with the arms of Hanover, as the race is to commemorate the accession of George I. and the Hanoverian Dynasty. The competition is between the six best watermen who, having completed their time, have been admitted to the Company during the year. It was formerly rowed from Old Swan Stairs, London Bridge, to Old Swan Stairs, Chelsea, opposite the Red

House. As both the house and stairs have gone, the course is now from the Old Swan Pier to Cadogan Pier.

We have seen the meeting between Richard II. and the poet Gower upon the great London highway, and there were other meetings and processions to be seen on Thames. When, in 1440, Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, was compelled to do penance after the cheerful fashion of our forefathers by walking through the public streets in her nightdress and carrying a lighted processional candle, the Thames, as the most public place in all London, was included in her itinerary, and on three days she was rowed by water from Westminster and landed on the 13th November at the Temple, on the 15th at Old Swan, and on the 17th at Queenhithe in the heart of the City.

Shortly after, in 1454, John Norman, Lord Mayor elect, departing from the ancient custom of riding to Westminster to take the oaths, went by water, "for the which the watermen made him a song or roundel to his great praise." The Lord Mayor's water pageant remained until the thirties of last century, when the land procession was restored. The Thames was the scene of many pageants and processions, royal, civic, and ecclesiastical, and was alive with the barges of the nobles passing back and forth from their palaces along the Strand. We see the great John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, taking his barge in Southwark to go to the King at Westminster. "He prepared to pass through London Brigg. Whereof the said barge through careless steering fell upon the piles and overturned. The which was cause of spilling many a gentleman and other, the more ruth was! But as God would, the Duke himself, and two or three other gentlemen seeing that mischief, leaped up on the piles, and so were saved through help of them that were on the brigg, with casting down of ropes."

Wolsey and his master were constantly passing up and down the river with great pomp and ceremony. Between Hampton Court and Greenwich were some half-dozen royal palaces, and the sovereign and his minister were continually moving about between them. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' gives a graphic description of the Cardinal, then living at York House, hurrying to and fro to Bridewell and the Blackfriars on the business of the divorce: "Thus this court passed from session to session and day to day in so much that a certain day the

king sent for my lord at the breaking up one day of the court, to come to him in Bridewell. And to accomplish his commandment he went unto him, and being there in communication with him in his grace's privy chamber from eleven until twelve of the clock and past at noon, my lord came out and parted from the king, and took his barge at the Blackfriars, and so went to his house at Westminster. The Bishop of Carlisle, being with him in his barge, said unto him (wiping the sweat from his face), 'Sir,' quoth he, 'it is a very hot day.' 'Yea,' quoth my Lord Cardinal, 'If ye had been as well chafed as I have within this hour ye would have said it were very hot.'"

Contemporary literature in Tudor times is full of comings and goings on the Thames. We see Anne Boleyn, attended by all the crafts in London, with trumpets, shawms and divers instruments of music, carried in triumph from Greenwich to the Tower, and only a few years later making the same journey as a prisoner under escort. We see an echo of Henry's controversial studies in divinity in a record in the Privy Purse accounts: Item, to John the king's bargeman for coming twice from Greenwich to York Place with a great boat of books for the king.

Elizabeth was always on the river surrounded by boats full of guards and musicians, attendants and nobles, with the wherries of the citizens crowding as near as they dared. "The King and Queen (in 1625) in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour and thousands of boats, passed through London Bridge to Whitehall; infinite numbers, besides these, in wherries, standing in ships, lighters, western barges and on the shore. The barge windows, notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open: and all the people shouting amain. She put out her hand and shaked it unto them."

Then there were the balls and masques given at Whitehall, at Somerset House, or at other riverside palaces. "These maskers (students of the Temple), with their whole train in all triumphant manner and good order, took barge at Winchester Stairs and rowed to Whitehall against the tide: the chief maskers went in the king's barge royally adorned and plentifully furnished with a large number of great wax lights, that they alone made a glorious show; other gentlemen went in the prince's barge and certain others went in fair barges and were

led by two admirals. Besides all these, they had four lusty warlike galleys to convoy them; each barge and galley being replenished with store of torchlights made so rare and brave a show upon the water as the like was never seen upon the Thames."

In addition there were the flocks of swans—royal, civic and private—making a brave show of their own. There are yet swans upon the river; we have seen them opposite the Embankment, but for flocks of them we must go to Hampton Court and beyond. The annual 'swan-upping,' catching and marking the cygnets, is still gone through, but not, as it was, with a civic procession of My Lord Mayor, attended by the barges of Sheriffs and Aldermen, of the companies and the trained bands. There is a tendency to restore something of the ancient formality to this and other civic functions.

The pageantry has gone from the river. The last water pageant took place in 1849 when the Queen came down to open the new Coal Exchange by Billingsgate, and the last mayoral barge, the 'Maria Wood,' then made its final appearance. The last Trinity House procession was in 1852. Since then the Thames has been more and more abandoned to commerce. One or two attempts have been made during the last fifty years to revive the use of the river for pleasure and pageantry. Every one remembers the water pageant in 1919, and some perhaps the procession at the opening of the L.C.C. steamboat service in 1902, but neither came up to the standard of the medieval processions.

Many attempts have been made during the past century to persuade modern Londoners to see their city from the decks of a steamer, but all have failed. River traffic is too slow for these days, and the increasing use of the river by barges and steamers has taken all the pleasure out of it, so that though there are few better ways of really seeing London, there are never sufficient people to make it worth while running a service. The decay had begun so early as the time of James I., when Taylor published his diatribes against coaches, and it went on rapidly after the Restoration, when the merchant left the City except for business, the nobles deserted the Strand for Bloomsbury and Leicester Square, and the Surrey side began to fill up with warehouses and workmen's dwellings.

" You would think me," wrote D'Avenant in 1673, " a malicious traveller if I should still gaze on your mis-shapen streets and forget the beauty of your river ; therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your watermen and step into one of your peascod boats whose tilts are not so sumptuous as gondolas. The commodity and trade of your river belongs to yourselves ; but give me leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect or in the freedom of the air, unless the prospect consist in here a palace, there a woodyard, here a garden, next a brew house, here a nobleman, next a dyer. If freedom of air be inferred where every man is at liberty to smoke out a magistrate, then the air of your Thames is free enough."

What would D'Avenant say if he saw the river to-day ? Below bridge it is crowded with steamers with only the greenery of the Tower to break the monotony of the lines of grim and dingy warehouses. Above, in spite of the Embankments, the general aspect is dingy because of the wharves and warehouses on the Surrey side and the Millbank, while the river is covered with dirty barges and the air polluted by smoky tugs. The whole river in London is now given up to commerce.

Until late in the 18th century the Port of London comprised only the river below bridge to Rotherhithe and Wapping, the seaward limit being Execution Dock at Wapping. There were no docks, the shipping either lying alongside the quays or riding in the open river, discharging into lighters which then brought the goods to a legal quay or sufferance wharf, where the duties were paid before the goods could be landed. The earliest body of regulations governing the port appears to have been that promulgated in 1559, when an Act was passed ordering " all creeks, wharfs, keys, landing and discharging places in Gravesend, Woolwich, Barking, Greenwich, Deptford, Blackwall, Limehouse, Ratcliffe, Wapping, St. Catherine's, Tower Hill, Rotherhithe, Southwark, London Bridge, and every one and all and singular keys, wharfs and other places within the City of London....shall be no more used....and for the better answering of the revenues twenty keys and wharfs are appointed." The Customs House was then set up for the collection of the revenues and the assessing of duties.

Some amusing stories are told of the working of the Customs in times gone by, especially in the days when almost every

article was dutiable. In 1845 the first cargo of ice was brought to London, and as it was not scheduled some doubt existed as to its proper classification. Accordingly it was landed on the Custom House Quay whilst the officials corresponded with Somerset House. After much discussion between the officials of the Excise, the Treasury and the Board of Trade, discussion turning on the question whether ice was a manufactured article or raw material, they finally decided that its proper classification was dry goods! By this time the ice had changed to water and removed itself from the quay.

Another question causing a similar lengthy correspondence turned upon the classification of a mummy from Egypt. The importer did not wish to have his mummy seized, so he declared its value at £400. After another lengthy correspondence it was settled that the mummy was "a manufactured article of purely foreign origin," and the duty was assessed at 50 per cent. *ad valorem*, so the poor man's honesty cost him £200.

The growth in the size and number of ships made the system of legal quays impossible. Ships had to lie farther and farther off from the Customs House, the Indiamen as far away as Blackwall. All these ships had to discharge into lighters, which often took days to get from a ship moored off the Tower to the Custom House. Under these conditions losses by damage and pilfering were extensive. Therefore plans were made for dock construction, but so strong were the various interests—lightermen, porters, wharfingers and even pilferers—that nothing was done until 1799, when the W. India docks were constructed. Since then practically the whole of London's docking accommodation has been constructed, and except for the very largest Atlantic liners there is plenty of room for shipping to load and discharge in a dock. Besides this the system of bonded warehouses makes London a free port, as no duty has to be paid on goods re-exported, and by placing in bond the irksome business of claiming drawbacks is avoided. In this way much continental trade is attracted to London to the great benefit of the port.

CHAPTER X.

GEORGIAN LONDON.

Eighteenth century London has a character all its own, which marks it out sharply not only from its predecessors, but from the following century.

In architecture it is dominated by the spirit of Sir Christopher Wren, who rebuilt the City towards the end of the 17th century and set a fashion in classical styles which was followed throughout the 18th until it merged into the debased stucco of Nash and the Regency architects. In art, Reynolds is the dominating figure. In letters, Dr. Johnson is the oracle of the times, towering above his contemporaries of Fleet Street as a giant. But there is a host of other writers—Swift, Addison, Steel, Pope and Dryden—who made it the Augustan Age in English Literature. There is too an enormous development in commerce and industry; London is beginning to be a great manufacturing city and has already become the world's commercial capital, while the 'Town'—the squares of Bloomsbury, Soho and Mayfair—for a time rivalled Paris as the centre of fashion.

Eighteenth century London is modern in spite of appearances. Its citizens speak modern English, for the spelling of which Dr. Johnson's famous Dictionary set the standard; their commerce, like ours, is world-wide and their business on modern lines. But there are certain differences which we ought to take note of. In the first place there is little communication between town and country until the latter part of the century. London is a city apart from England, having dealings with Europe rather than the rest of the kingdom. So far as ordinary folk are concerned there is the carrier's waggon, which slowly makes its way from London to Canterbury, Oxford, Cambridge and a few other places. For the wealthy there are carriages, cumbrous affairs drawn by four horses, and used perhaps twice in the year—to bring the family up from the country house to town about the end of April, when the roads first become

passable after the winter, and to take it back in September before the roads are once more blocked. During the last twenty-five years the stage-coach began to make use of the new turn-pikes, but both roads and coaches belong to the 19th rather than the 18th century.

The town too was still small. The City and Westminster were already joined by a continuous line of houses, and the fields of Bloomsbury and Soho were filling up; Southwark was spreading out towards Kennington, and Whitechapel was a crowded slum area, which however did not extend beyond Wapping. Outside was open country with farms and orchards, dotted over with villages where the London merchants built their country mansions, and the villagers supplied the metropolis with dairy produce, vegetables and corn; villages which, in the 19th century, were to grow and to become parts of modern London.

Excepting the gentry, Londoners of the 18th century rarely travelled. The greater merchants and professional men lived at Clapham, Hackney or some other suburban village, coming up to their businesses on Monday morning and returning on Thursday or Friday, while the tradesmen and shopkeepers still lived over their business premises and were satisfied with a Sunday stroll to Islington or Camberwell, a half day at Bagnigge or Sadler's Wells, or an occasional jaunt to Hampstead, Edmonton or Epsom. For such a day they prepared most carefully, for, as John Gilpin found, it was a risky business and not to be undertaken lightly.

Another very noticeable feature of London life in the 18th century is the distinction between social classes. In earlier days country gentlemen sent their younger sons into the City, apprenticed them to trades, and in course of time saw them rise to great positions. The Whittingtons and Greshams are examples of this practice, which allied the City to the great county families. In medieval London too the craftsman, a liveryman of his guild and freeman of the City, had some importance. But the social revolution which took place in Tudor and Stuart times, with the formation of a Court nobility, changed all this.

Trade was no longer considered a pursuit worthy of a gentleman, and in consequence a new type of City man arose. Often

the new City merchant was a man whose origin was quite lowly, who had made a large fortune in business and whose sole claim to distinction was his bank balance. These men were despised by the gentry, and in their turn looked down on their workers, so that the distinctions between the three became very marked.

In outward appearance the City after the Fire presented a marked change. The new houses were built on the old street lines, but having flat fronts with sash windows, the streets appeared wider. Very few of these new houses remain in the City itself, as they were intended for residences, and in the conversion of the City to business purposes they have been swept away. Here and there, however, in quiet courts they may still be seen. There are one or two upper floors left in Cheapside, the shop below being modernised, and a few rectories. In the Inns of Court, particularly Lincoln's Inn, there are several blocks dating from this time, while Lincoln's Inn Fields still preserves its 18th century appearance. In Camberwell Grove, the Circus at Greenwich and a few other parts these houses may be seen, while there are several perfect specimens, complete with torch extinguishers on the railings, in Dean's Yard, Westminster, and the neighbouring streets, Queen Anne's Gate being a perfect specimen of the buildings in the early years of the century.

For the style of the middle of the century Bloomsbury and Russell Squares give some fine examples.

The great features of these houses are their doorways and their woodwork, with the beautiful wrought iron railings and gates. Inside too they often have finely cast iron firebacks, of Sussex workmanship like the railings. In the dwelling houses there is generally a heavy door of beautiful proportions and workmanship, which is surmounted by a finely patterned fan-light and a canopy on carved brackets. This door gives entrance to a narrow passage leading to a magnificent staircase giving access to the principal rooms on the first floor. The brickwork of the early part of the century is often of excellent construction, but towards the end stucco came into use, to cover up very poor bricklaying, and the fine wooden canopies gave place to the heavy stucco porticoes which help to make Pimlico so dismal. The fireplaces and overmantels are noteworthy, and an early 18th century specimen may generally be known by its fine

carving and the wood-working, both joinery and cabinet-making, the latter being noted for the excellence of its workmanship and the grace and beauty of its lines.

London life in the 18th century has in all its essentials become modern. There was no income tax, but its place was taken by a host of Customs, Excise and Stamp duties which made the ordinary costs of living very high and hampered business. Everything in fact was taxed up to the hilt. Tea, sugar, wheat, clothing, shoe-buckles, wig powder, books and newspapers—there seemed no limit to the powers of the excise man and revenue officer. We can have no idea of the enormous taxation undergone by our ancestors, or of the great difficulty they had in economising in order to meet it. Rates too were a regular and heavy tax on the citizens, averaging about 10s. in the £1. An ordinary 18th century householder would have to pay a land tax of some 4s. in the £1, a house tax of 1s., a poor rate varying from 1s. in a wealthy parish to 6s. or more in a poor one, a window tax of 3s. on the rateable value of his house, with an additional 2d. for each window, a paving rate of 1s. in the £1 and an annual water charge of 25s. to 30s. in the City and parts of Westminster, or as an alternative carry water from the pump or buy it at 1d. a bucket from the water-carrier, who was as familiar a figure in London then as he is in Madrid or Cairo to-day—and in addition pay heavy indirect taxes on practically everything he used.

Ordinary food prices were perhaps little more than they are to-day, but were subject to great seasonal changes, there being no cold storage and consequently extra supplies could not be preserved if unsold. Beef and mutton averaged about 4d. per lb. in summer and a shilling or even more in winter, when there was difficulty in getting the animals to market and carcases would keep. The meat, however, was better in quality and much more plentiful than in the past, as new breeds and improved methods of feeding were introduced.

Much of modern London and a great stretch of country-side around was one vast grazing ground, dairy farm and market garden, fully occupied in feeding the rapidly growing city. From the fields of Islington and Camberwell came the cows which were kept in the London dairies, and in many cases driven out to pasture daily, while the low-lying marshlands in Ber-

mondsey and Lambeth grew market-garden produce, which was even then sent up to Covent Garden.

Smithfield was the great meat market. The animals were brought in alive, driven along the roads as in country places to-day. They were bought by the butchers and generally slaughtered at the shops. From the end of September to Christmas great herds of geese and later flocks of turkeys were driven into town in the same way. Before starting the birds' feet were dipped in tar and then sanded, and to keep them in condition they were driven very slowly, grazing their way across the stubble and roadside grass, and arriving at Smithfield just before Christmas.

The luxury goods imported from abroad were terribly expensive. Tea in 1728 was 13s. per lb., but by 1760 it had dropped to 6s., remaining about that price for over a century; coffee, rice, spices, pepper and similar goods being equally dear.

The streets were very different from what they are to-day. London in the days of Queen Anne and her successors was a filthy, ill-lighted place, ill-paved with cobble-stoned streets, and as we can see from old engravings there was no footpath. In the broader streets, however, posts were placed at intervals a few feet from the houses, offering some protection to pedestrians, and every one is familiar with the picture of Dr. Johnson making his way down Fleet Street and touching these posts. In the middle of the street was a kennel, down which, in wet weather, the water poured in a muddy stream, while the poor pedestrian, deprived of the shelter afforded by the overhanging upper floors of the older houses, had to run the gauntlet of spouts discharging on his head or at his feet. The footway was often so narrow that only one person at a time could use it, and the streets in consequence were filled with angry cries, the clashing of sticks and often of drawn swords, while even the posts were of little use as they were far apart, and the pedestrian was continually driven into the carriage-way by the projecting bulkheads of shops.

“Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no ranged posts defer the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street.”

The pedestrian yielded the wall to women, he took it from men, or was elbowed into the carriage-way. The sweep, the coalman and others, by virtue of their clothes-soiling trade, were given the wall by all but their brethren, and the chairmen filling up the whole footway simply drove everyone else into the road.

Sedan chairs had been introduced by Charles I. In 1634 a patent was granted for their manufacture, and under the conditions obtaining in London streets they stood a better chance than coaches. The chairmen were far more independent than the taxi-drivers to-day. They crowded round the tavern doors, they fought for precedence even when carrying a fare, and they set down their chair on the slightest provocation. Private chairs were gorgeous affairs with the men in livery and powdered wigs, but even so, must have been very uncomfortable, cramped affairs. Swift tells of the beau in one during a shower:—

“Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o’er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.”

Coaches too had become common. By the time of Anne the coachman had achieved the box, really a box containing tools, spare pins, and rope for meeting the many risks of the road. And dangers were only too common. First there was the risk of a collision, often carefully arranged for by some carter or drayman, and then the danger of falling into some hole where the road was up, as it frequently was even in those days. Says Gay in the ‘Trivia’ :—

“I’ve seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour
When o’er the stones choked kennels swell the showers,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spattered passengers all drenched with rain.
With mud filled high the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, laced charioteer.
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage.
Crushed is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strew.
Black floods of mire th’embroidered coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.”

That scene is no longer with us. An efficient police force has at least made the streets orderly, but the next of Gay's pictures might be of London to-day, so permanent is the 'road-up' disease:—

“Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows,
Or arched vaults their gapy jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common shores descend.
Oft by the winds the glimmering socket dies
Ere night has half rolled round her ebon throne.”

This was the age of flambeaux and link-boys and every house of importance had its extinguishers on the gate posts, for as yet there was practically no lighting in the streets, little in the main roads, and none at all in the bye-ways.

The Westminster Paving and Lighting Act which gave that part of London the smoky, inefficient oil-lamp was not passed until 1762, and it was not for nearly half a century that Pall Mall was lighted by gas. So bright was this—the old smoky fish-tail burner—that writers of the early 19th century go into ecstasies of joy over it, one of them telling us that the amount of light in London streets equals the power of four hundred thousand pounds of tallow candles.

Police arrangements were very primitive. For the actual detection of crime and the work of arresting criminals there were the Bow Street runners, on the whole an efficient body of men who reduced the numbers of footpads and the greater sort of criminals to very small proportions, but left untouched all that mass of disorder and petty crime which only an efficient preventive police can deal with. But 18th century London clung to the watch as it had existed in Tudor times and was so skilfully pourtrayed in Verges and Dogberry. Instead of the sturdy man-at-arms of medieval London the City of Queen Anne's day substituted a venerable personage with a halberd he was too weak to use, a lantern and a rattle to give evil-doers a good chance to get away. That he might sleep in peace he was provided with a



box, and should any one wish to indulge in a midnight revel it was the simplest thing in the world to invert the watchman's box over its sleeping occupant and just leave him until some more benevolent passers-by chose to set him free.

What wonder that gangs of roysterers and worse made the streets unsafe! There were the Mohocks, a class of men, says Addison, who exhibited "an outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures. This is the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch that is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason and humanity, then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed." Gay too tells us that:—

"Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep;
His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows or new-invented wounds?"

Eighteenth century London was an extremely noisy town, more noisy probably then than now. "The attention of the newcomer," says Dr. Johnson in *The Adventurer*, "is generally struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers cry on every hand."

Some idea of the amount of noise can be gained from a visit to any street market, but to get a true idea one must imagine a whole town of butchers' shops, and every butcher shouting his loudest. Then there were the many street trades. Nowadays repairs to household utensils are generally done in a workshop, but then the street was the usual place. Not only did the tinsmith, the cooper, the coppersmith and other noisy workers do a great deal of their work in the open, but the travelling tinker and his brethren invaded the quiet suburban streets and squares, shouting his trade and doing his work in the streets.

The orange woman, the costard monger, and many another itinerant trader came round with bell or horn. Some we have with us still, but most are gone. The sandman no longer comes with his cart of clean sand for spreading on the floor in lieu of carpets, a rough and ready method of preserving a semblance of cleanliness. The dirty sand was swept out, and often in muddy weather the newcomer took out on his boots the dirt brought in by a previous caller. What quantities were used can be gauged by the enormous pits still to be seen in places like Blackheath. The water-carrier has gone, so has the milkmaid with her cows, but she has been replaced by the man who, to judge from the noise he makes, spends the first hours of daylight juggling with a dozen empty cans. The watchman and bellman have gone, the newsboy no longer carries a horn, whilst the whole tribe of street entertainers have left us, or are only to be seen outside a theatre, except at periods of severe trade depression.

At one time a constant succession of such would be met with in the squares and streets of the residential quarters. There was the bearward with his pipe and drum, the jugglers, morris dancers and puppet men, the raree show, the Savoyard with organ and monkey, the Punch and Judy man—still to be seen occasionally—and the ballad monger.

Then too a whole tribe of street musicians existed. In the earlier part of the century these appear to have been quite good, but they deteriorated and were finally killed by the piano organ. The numbers of noisy street traders were swelled by beggars, touts, and boys and youths playing football.

Gay's picture of Thames Street is typical of the London street of his day—narrow, tortuous, dirty and evil-smelling :—

“ O, who that rugged street would traverse o'er
That stretches, O Fleet Ditch, from thy foul shore
To Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend
That in mixed fumes the wrinkled nose offend,
Where chandler's cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea,
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil
Thy breathing nostril hold.”

Street life was not only noisy, but dangerous, if we may judge from the newspapers of the time. We give a few extracts which speak for themselves:—

1726.—A body of men stopped the Earl of Harbore in broad daylight in Piccadilly; one of the chairmen pulled out a pole of the chair and knocked one of the robbers down, while the Earl drew his sword and put the rest to flight.

1726.—A party of robbers was just leaving a house in Thames Street when a watchman came up. They seized him and took him off to the Thames, threatening to throw him in if he said anything.

Sept. 11, 1758.—A gentleman was stopped in Holborn about twelve at night by two footpads, who, on the gentleman's making resistance, shot him dead.

Feb. 24, 1760.—An apothecary in Devonshire Street near Queen's Square was attacked by two ruffians, who, presenting firearms and menacing him with death if he resisted, carried him to Black Mary's Hole, when, by the light of a lantern perceiving he was not the intended person, left him there without robbing him.

The people who perpetrated these outrages were drawn from the London mob. This, to-day, is almost non-existent, but in the 18th century it was the terror of all peaceful citizens, and in spite of daily hangings the government was almost powerless. When the mob rose the only thing to do was to call out the soldiers; so long as the mob kept to its dens nobody troubled about it. These dens were large and numerous. Besides Alsatia and the Clink Liberty in Southwark, there were Whitechapel, Cloth Fair, both sides of the Fleet from Ludgate to Holborn, a big area to the north of Holborn, the notorious Seven Dials and its neighbourhood, and the Sanctuary, Westminster. There are slums enough in London to-day, but we have nothing to compare with the slums of the 18th century.

It is remarkable too that the century which witnessed the golden age of society should be noticeable for a degree of ignorance which would not have been tolerated in earlier times, and for a coarseness of manners which is astounding. This blunting of all the finer feelings is seen not only in the popular sports—the

bull and bear baiting, the cock-fighting, the pugilism, the gambling and the common sports—a coarseness reflected in the pages of all the writers and particularly the dramatists, but it is displayed in the almost continuous stream of executions. In August of 1763, a slack month when numbers were out of town, it is recorded that one hundred and fifty persons had been hanged at Newgate for robberies and other offences, while hundreds more were transported.

With the City as a business centre we deal in another chapter, but one story must be told here. It concerns the building of the Mansion House in 1742. The City found it a difficult matter to raise the funds, so an ingenious method was hit upon of getting in money. It was the days of the Test Act, when no Dissenter could hold office. The Corporation therefore passed a bye-law imposing a penalty of £400 upon anyone refusing nomination as Sheriff, and a further £600 if, having been duly elected, the nominee refused to serve. Then old, infirm and bedridden Dissenters were duly nominated and elected, and as they refused or could not comply with the provisions of the Test Act, they were mulcted in £1,000, and with the fines so paid the Mansion House was built.

But it is for its literary associations that 18th century London is most remarkable, and in later fiction it figures largely. Dickens in 'Barnaby Rudge' deals with its mob, and in 'A Tale of Two Cities' with its business houses in the last twenty years of the century. 'Telson's' bank is not only typical, it is actually Child's Bank, still to be seen in a modern building at Temple Bar. Thackeray in 'Esmond' gives us the Court life of the early part of the century; Richardson and Fanny Burney paint the fashionable world; Smollett the ordinary people.

Eighteenth-century London has a long list of writers of its own. It is the Augustan Age of English Literature—the days when the literary man is beginning to look for public support rather than for the patronage of a nobleman. In the early part of the century writers depend on Court patronage—their income is derived from some sinecure place, and they are political pamphleteers; from Dr. Johnson onwards they live by public support. Johnson himself is typical of the change. Upon his first coming to London we find him hoping for patronage, later he tries to secure the interest of Lord Chesterfield in his Dic-

tionary. But the success of the work depended on the support of the public, and by this time there was a reading public whose support was more important than the patronage of noblemen. This public was a London one, so to London came every would-be author. Fleet Street and its neighbourhood was full of them—the successes passed out by Temple Bar to fame and fortune; the failures found a final lodging in the Fleet Prison. Of Dr. Johnson and Fleet Street we have written in another chapter, but there are a few of his activities which may fittingly be dealt with here.

The meeting between Johnson and Boswell deserves notice. It took place at the shop of one Davies, a bookseller of Russell Street, Drury Lane, and is described in the 'Life':—

"At last on Monday, 16th May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' parlour, having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop, and Mr. Davies, having perceived him through the glass door of the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, rumoured his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost—'Look, my Lord, it comes.'

"I found I had a perfect idea of Johnson's figure from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary.

"Mr. Davies mentioned my name and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell him where I come from.'

"'From Scotland,' cries Davies roguishly.

"'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.'

"This speech was somewhat unfortunate, for with that quickness of wit for which he was remarkable, he seized the expression 'from Scotland' which I had used in the sense of being of that country, and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, retorted: 'That Sir! is what a good many of your countrymen cannot help.'"

CHAPTER XI.

THE INNS OF COURT.

London has two centres for the administration of justice, one within the City, and the other until recently in the royal palace of Westminster, and even now within the boundaries of the City of Westminster.

This double abode of justice arises out of the dual nature of jurisdiction which exists everywhere in England, and is especially marked in London where local institutions are so strong. Within the City boundaries there are the City courts proper, both civil and criminal, presided over by the Lord Mayor. At an early period in the City's history, certainly dating from as early as Henry I., the citizens gained the right to appoint a Justiciar, who was to hear pleas of the Crown arising within the City, so that the whole administration of justice within London was separated from that in the rest of the country.

At a later date the Shrievalty of Middlesex was granted the citizens, a grant which brought to their court most of the important criminal cases in the country. Gradually the administration of justice passed from the hands of the local magnates into those of the king, and by Magna Carta the Common Pleas were to be fixed at Westminster. In this way the Central Criminal Court of England became fixed at the Old Bailey in London and the central Civil courts at Westminster, where they remained until the present Law Courts were erected in 1874.

In Westminster Hall all the greatest advocates and judges of the past exercised their functions, and nearly all the most famous trials took place, either in the Hall itself or in the adjoining court-rooms. Here was tried Sir Thomas More in 1535, and in the same year and on the same charge—high treason—was tried and acquitted the Lord Dacre, the only case during the whole of Henry VIII.'s reign of a state prisoner being acquitted. In 1551 Protector Somerset was condemned here, and two years later Warwick and others, connected with the

abortive attempt to set aside Mary Tudor in favour of Lady Jane Grey. Under Elizabeth and the early Stuarts there was a long series of state trials in the Hall or the adjoining Star Chamber—trials which included that of John Hampden, and culminated in that of Charles I. before a Special Commission.

Here too were held the trials of impeachments in which the Commons were the accusers and the Lords the judges. Here were tried Strafford and Laud, the famous Dr. Sacheverell, and most famous trial of all, that of Warren Hastings. Never has such a brilliant company of judges assembled as when the Lords met in Westminster Hall in 1788 for this trial, never have so many eminent counsel been engaged, never has such a flood of oratory and bitter invective been let loose.

The accused was acquitted after a trial lasting seven years, but the system under which he had exercised autocratic powers stood condemned, as did the system under which he was tried. Both indeed fell with the failure of the charges against Hastings.

In consequence of the peculiar nature of English law, based as it is not only upon Statute Law, but upon custom and the principles of equity, a peculiar system of study grew up. In the universities of England, as of the Continent, laws were studied; the great body of civil and canon law founded on the Roman. In Europe this also formed the basis of the ordinary law of the land, and the practice of the courts was modelled upon those Roman courts which administered it. Consequently graduates in laws of the universities could and did practise in the courts. But in England the law as administered in the courts was founded upon the custom of the country as interpreted in the courts, and consequently there was a great mass of case law and precedent which could be learned only by those having access to the records, and an intricate procedure to be mastered only by those having access to the courts.

Added to this there was the peculiarly English method of dealing with each case on its own evidence, involving a long and careful sifting of evidence by examination and cross-examination in open court, with the need for securing a verdict not from a judge learned in the law, but from twelve very ordinary citizens whose opinion, held if not expressed, was that the 'law is a ass—a idiot.'

All this meant that lawyers must be specially trained, and as the Church refused to allow this special training to be given in the universities, then under her control, the lawyers had to form guilds like any other trade, where the masters of the craft could take pupils for training, could meet for discussion and study. Thus, scattered up and down London, there grew up little societies composed of a few senior lawyers, a number of partially trained men—the juniors—who knew enough to be admitted to practise in the courts, and a great body of students who hoped one day to receive permission to practise—a society for study and mutual improvement like a university, but concerned with vocational training for the practice of the law.

These societies acquired premises in which they might live, study, and keep their books and documents, and so the Inns of Court arose. The Inns were at first very scattered. One was at Dowgate, another in Paternoster Row, a third in Fewter's (now Fetter) Lane, a fourth at Thavies Inn, but in 1346 the Knights of St. John in Jerusalem gave the premises of the Templars in London, which had been granted them by the Pope, to the lawyers then living in Thavies Inn in Holborn, itself the original premises of the Templars before they built their magnificent palace by the river. Some traces of the old Inns may still be found by those who care to look for them. Those in Paternoster Row and Dowgate have long since gone, but some bits of Thavies Inn, a cul-de-sac near Holborn Circus, still remain in the modern offices. Here lived Mr. Jellyby and his very noisy family.

Clifford's Inn, which remained longer than most of the smaller Inns of Court, may still be seen, though it will be sold, and much of it has been built over. The hall, however, remains, as do a few sets of chambers. Coke and Selden were members of this society, while Samuel Butler lived at No. 15 for some forty years.

Besides the smaller Inns of Court, there used to be a number of quite small Inns of Chancery intended for law students in the preliminary stages of their studies. These Chancery Inns were attached to the greater Inns of Court, who supplied them with teachers.

Most of them have disappeared, but a few remain. Staple Inn, whose beautiful half-timbered front faces Holborn, is one.

Within the ancient gateway is a paved quadrangle, across which is the ancient hall, a 16th century building carefully preserved by its owners the Society of Actuaries, while behind this is a very beautiful early 17th century garden on the Italian model, so popular then. In this Inn Dr. Johnson lived after leaving Gough Square.

A little to the east of Staple Inn was Barnard's Inn. Of this nothing now remains but the hall, dating from the 16th century and now used as the dining hall of the Mercers' School, approached through a narrow opening between Nos. 23 and 24 Holborn.

Furnival's Inn lay between Brooke Street and Leather Lane, and was a famous place in its time. It is now commemorated by Furnival Street on the opposite side of Holborn. Sir Thomas More was at one time the Reader to this Inn, which was attached to Lincoln's Inn. Here also Dickens lived until 1837, and here the idea of *Pickwick* was suggested to him.

The Chancery Inns, of which there were ten in all, are now dissolved, as also are the two Serjeant's Inns. These Serjeants were the highest order of Barristers, and their original home was in St. Paul's Cathedral. Until the abolition of the rank it was usual for the Society to send notice of a new admission to the Cathedral authorities in order that the Serjeant-elect might choose the pillar at which he would take his stand. In old St. Paul's the Serjeants-at-Law actually stood each at his pillar and held consultations, but the practice dropped when the new Cathedral was erected.

Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, still exists behind the Norwich Union Offices and contains some fine old early 18th century houses. In one of these, No. 10, lived Dasent, the Editor of *The Times* in the days of its greatest fame.

Of the Inns of Court proper there were four, all of which still exist. They are the Inner and Middle Temples, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn. In the early 17th century, Stow says of them that they form

“A whole University of Students, Practisers, Pleaders and Judges of the Law of this realm, not living on common stipends as in other Universities, but of their own private

maintenance, as being altogether fed, either by their places or practice, or otherwise by their proper revenues or exhibitions of parents and friends ; for the younger sort are either gentlemen, or sons of gentlemen, or other most worthy persons. Of these houses there may be at this day fourteen in all.

“ The gentlemen of these Societies may be divided into four ranks, Benchers, Utter Barristers, Inner Barristers and Students. The Utter Barristers are such as from their learning and standing are called by the Benchers to implead and argue in the Society, doubtful questions. Out of these are chosen Readers for the Inns of Chancery which belong to the Inns of Court.”

Of the four Inns of Court, two are housed in the Temple. This extensive range of buildings and courtyards was originally the property of the military monks of the Knights of the Holy Temple, who also owned a field called Fickett's Croft on the other side of the road, and on which in 1874 the new Law Courts were built.

The Templars built the famous Church, the Round, dating from the twelfth century and being the finest of its type in England. On the suppression of the Order in the 14th century their property passed to the Hospitallers, whose house was St. John's Priory, Clerkenwell, and this Order sold it to the lawyers of Fewter's Inn. The church was less used now than it had been when the knights held it, but it was sufficiently used to be preserved, and was filled with pews and wainscoted to a height of eight feet. It narrowly escaped destruction in the Great Fire and was much restored in the usual manner during the 18th century. The real restoration began in the early years of the 19th century, and gradually the church was brought back to its original condition, except that there were then no seats except the stalls in the choir. The ancient tombs on the floor are not those of members, but of associates of the Order. The members were buried outside unless they were killed in battle, but knights, and especially crusaders, who had benefited the Order were admitted associates and might then be buried within its churches. Those on the floor of this church contain the bones of some of the greatest

of the leaders of the barons against John, and amongst them are the two Marshalls, William, Earl of Pembroke, and his son William, both of whom took a leading part in compelling John to accept Magna Carta.

The organ is not without interest on account of a contest between the two famous 17th century organ-builders, Father Smith and Harris. The contest raged for over a year, each doing his best to outdo his rival. The greatest organists of the day were engaged to play upon the organs, and Harris even went so far as to damage his rival's instrument. Finally Judge Jefferies of Sedgemoor notoriety, but a keen critic and fine musician, was called in to adjudicate and decided in favour of Smith, whose instrument forms the basis of the Temple organ. Harris's organ also may still be heard, for it was erected in St. Andrew's, Holborn.

The lawyers rented the whole premises of the Temple from the Hospitallers when Edward I. empowered laymen to study law and to practise in the courts, and on the suppression of the monasteries they secured the freehold from Henry VIII.

The students of both the Middle and the Inner Temple were ever ready to lighten the tedium of their studies with music and revels, and there was an academy of singing, music and dancing attached to each Inn, while annual revels were held on a large scale at Christmas. The revels began with the election of a Master of the Revels on All Saints' Day, and they continued until Candlemas with great ceremonial and extravagance. These feasts were held in the hall of the Middle Temple built in the reign of Elizabeth, and it was at one of them that Sir Christopher Hatton, then a young barrister, danced himself into fame and fortune. In 1561 there was added to the ancient revels a play called 'Porrex and Ferrex' by Sackville and Norton, probably the first tragedy written in English, and in 1601, "at our feast we had a play called 'Twelve Night, or What you Will,' much like the 'Comedy of Errors' or 'Menechmi in Plautus,' but most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni.'"

After the play one of the barristers sang a song to the assembled company, after which the judges, benchers, barristers and students, all in their robes and led by the Master of the Revels, danced solemnly round a sea-coal fire, after which

dancing became general, the ladies being invited down from their gallery.

On Christmas day the great meal was at noon. Then, accompanied by a long train of minstrels, servitors brought in a boar's head, which was carried solemnly round the hall three times, the trumpeters sounding the while.

The final banquet on Candlemas was a most gorgeous affair, every barrister in London being invited and the ladies feasted on specially erected platforms. At this feast a fox was hunted in hall and afterwards torn to pieces for the amusement of the assembled company.

Special fare was provided by the steward, and dancing, feasting and revels lasted from midday until midnight. At supper the Master of the Revels was carried three times round the tables on a scaffold and every man was presented with a gilt pot full of wine. We have a description of one of these feasts when Robert Dudley was elected Lord of Misrule, taking the title of 'Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie':—

“Anon we heard the noise of drum and fife, and so I was brought into a long gallery that stretcheth itself along the hall near the prince's table, where I saw the prince sit, and at the nether end of the table were placed the ambassadors of sundry princes, and at divers tables sat the lord steward, treasurer and keeper of Pallas seal with divers other honourable personages of nobility, and on the other side the Lieutenant of the Tower, with divers captains of footbands and shot. The prince so served with tender meats that it seemed a wonder to observe the provision, and at every course the trumpeters blew a courageous blast of deadly war, with noise of drum and fife, with the sweet harmony of violins, sackbuts, recorders, and cornets, with other instruments of music as it seemed Apollo's harp had tuned their stroke.

“Thus the hall was served after the most ancient order of the island, in commendation whereof I say I have seen the service of great princes in times of triumph, yet the order hereof was not inferior to any. But to proceed, the herehaught of Palaphilos, even before the second course came in, standing at the high table said, ‘The mighty

Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie, high constable, marshal of the Knights Templars, patron of the noble order of Pegasus.' The supper ended and tables taken up, the high constable arose and awhile stood in the place of honour and devised of sundry matters with the ambassadors of sundry nations, till Palaphos' king-at-arms came in, his herehaultmarshal and pursuivant before him, and after followed his messenger and caligate knight, who putting off his coronal, made his humble obeysance to the prince, by whom he was commanded to draw near and understand his pleasure, saying to him in a few words to this effect: that he should, choosing throughout the whole army of Templars then present select the number of XXIII special gentlemen to appear in the presence of their prince in knightly habit. This done, Palaphilos obeying his princes commandment with XXIII valiant knights, all apparalled in long white vestments, with each man a scarf of Pallas colours."

Some of these plays and masks were afterwards repeated at Court, one in 1633 being written to refute Prynne's '*Histrionastix*.' The music for this was written by Lawes, Milton's friend, and the performance took place in the new banquet hall of Whitehall. The last of the lawyer's revels was held in 1733. From its proximity to London and the hatred of the mob for the lawyers, the Temple has seen some exciting times. Pepys tells of one riot caused by the determination of the students that the Lord Mayor should not enter their precincts in state:—

"Meeting Mr. Bellwood did hear how my Lord Mayor being invited this day to dinner at the reader's at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up, the students did pull it down, and forced him to go and stay all the day in a private councillor's chamber, until the reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner, and then my Lord Mayor did retreat out of the Temple by stealth with his sword up. This do make great heat among the students; and my Lord Mayor did send to the king, and also I do hear that Sir R. Browne did cause the drums to beat for the trainbands, but all this is over, only I hear the students do resolve to try the charter of the City."

The Temple is as famous for its literary as for its legal associations. Chaucer was a student and makes its 'manciple' one of his characters; Shakespeare laid the scene between York and Somerset in the garden, and many writers have been drawn from amongst its students. But its chief claim to literary fame is derived from Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Lamb, none of whom were members of the Inn. Johnson came to Inner Temple Lane in 1760 from Gray's Inn and remained about five years. Here Boswell paid his first visit to the Doctor and describes his appearance: "It must be confessed that his apartments, furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit looked rusty, he had on a little old shrivelled, unpowdered wig, his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were unfastened, his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had on a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers."

While living in the Temple Johnson founded the Literary Club.

Goldsmith came to the Temple in 1764 from Wine Office Court, taking rooms on the library staircase and sharing with the butler. The next year he moved to Garden Court, taking the two rooms, or rather one room and a cupboard, which may still be seen. Here he finished the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' wrote 'The Good-natured Man,' an English Grammar, for which he received five guineas, ran into debt, and was only saved from prison by a commission to write a 'History of Rome,' for which he got 250 guineas. Shortly after he cleared 500 guineas from his 'Good-natured Man' and blossomed out tremendously, to the great disgust of Blackstone, who lived below and did not find Goldsmith's parties an aid to study.

Goldsmith went on writing, spending four times his earnings, and finally dying when only forty-five, leaving over £2,000 of debts. He was buried in the Temple churchyard, but the site of his grave is not known; it is not the spot marked by the present stone.

Charles Lamb is the literary name in the Temple annals. He was born in Crown Office Row and came back to live in Middle Temple Lane in 1804. His love for it is evident in his 'Essays,' particularly that delightful one on 'The Old Benchers.'

Cowper too lived in the Middle Temple and later in the Inner Temple. Here he tried to hang himself in a fit of des-

pondency on being appointed to the clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords.

Lincoln's Inn, the next in importance to the Temple, is on the west side of Chancery Lane. The street is not without its associations. In the time of Edward III. it was a muddy track so dangerous that it had to be closed to traffic. On the east side, where is now the Record Office, stood a hostel for converted Jews. This was dissolved by Edward III., who gave it to the newly-created office of Master of the Rolls. At the top of the lane Wolsey had a house, and opposite the Fleet Street



FLEET STREET CORNER OF CHANCERY LANE.

end is the house said to have been built to Wolsey's order by Sir A. Paulet and in which the builder was confined, but which is really the Council House of the Duchy of Lancaster and dates from the time of James I. He would thus have the somewhat doubtful pleasure of seeing Wolsey ride daily from his lodgings in the lane to Westminster.

In Southampton Buildings lived Wm. Hazlitt the essayist, and later on Charles Lamb joined him.

The Inn takes its name from Henry de Lacey, Earl of Lincoln,

who gave it to the lawyers. His arms are carved over the gateway leading from Chancery Lane, the oldest part of the present buildings. This was erected by Sir Thomas Lovel. Ben Jonson is said to have worked as a bricklayer on the wall bounding Chancery Lane. Besides the gateway there is a hall, built almost at the same time, and a Jacobean Chapel by Inigo Jones. The glory of Lincoln's Inn is its Library. This dates from 1497, and is the oldest of London's libraries. There is a large general library, but its chief claim to fame is the collection of law books, the largest and most complete in the country.

Like the Temple, Lincoln's Inn was famed for its revels. These were most elaborate and costly, especially in late Stuart times.

Many famous men were students of this Inn, but its most famous son is Sir Thomas More. In 1464 John More, the butler of the Inn, became its steward, and six years later, as a further reward for his services, he was permitted to become a student. In due course he was called and later he twice became Reader. His son John followed his father as butler and was similarly promoted. His son Thomas was entered a student and became Reader like his father and grandfather.

While Lincoln's Inn has not the literary associations of the Temple, it yet figures largely in English fiction. Chancery Lane, the Inn, and the adjoining Fields are full of 'Bleak House,' while in the Fields at No. 55 lived Tennyson, and at No. 58 John Forster, at whose house Dickens gave a reading of 'The Chimes' before publishing it.

The only other Inn of Court is Gray's, the youngest of them all. This is especially the Inn of the great Elizabethan lawyers. The Cecils, Burleigh and Bacon are its great names.

A good story is told of Burleigh's Gray's Inn days. "A mad companion having enticed him to play, in a short time he lost all his money, bedding and books. Afterwards among his other company he told them how he had been misled, saying how he would presently have his revenge. And with a long trouke he made a hole in the wall near his playfellow's bedhead, and in a fearful voice spake thus through the trouke: 'O mortal man repent of thy time consumed in play, cozenage and lewdness, or else thou art damned and canst not be saved.'

Which being spoken at midnight when he was all alone, so amazed him, as drove him into a sweat for fear. Most penitent and heavy, the next day, in the presence of the youths, he told with trembling what a fearful voice spake to him at midnight, vowing never to play again : and calling upon Mr. Cecil asked him forgiveness on his knees and restored to him all his money, bedding and books. So two gamesters were reclaimed with this merry device."

The hall of this Inn is second only to that of the Middle Temple in beauty. It was finished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and with its minstrel's gallery, its beautiful roof, its old oak panelling and its stained glass windows, it is a fine example of a Tudor hall. It contains many portraits of famous members of the Inn and of the Stuart sovereigns, with a specially fine one of the great Tudor Queen, with whom this Inn was a favourite. The only toast drunk in the hall is that to her, and much ceremony is observed on this occasion. In the hall was played Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors,' in which the poet himself is said to have appeared. Another feature of the hall is the oak furniture, some of which is said to have been made from the timbers of the ships in the Spanish Armada.

A notable feature of Gray's Inn is the garden, laid out by Francis Bacon when Treasurer. This garden, upon which Bacon lavished a great deal of care and money, was no doubt a practical application of the principles laid down in his essay on Gardens. It still has the catalpa tree which Bacon is said to have planted.

Gray's Inn Walks were at one time a favourite Society promenade, and here Pepys came with his pretty wife that she might see and later copy the latest fashions while he feasted his eyes on the Court beauties. Sir Roger de Coverley is mentioned by Addison as walking here, and in the 18th century dramatists the Walks are frequently mentioned.

The Inn is full of literary associations. Just within the gate from Holborn was the bookshop of Tonson and his successor Osborne, and like Lincoln's Inn, Gray's is reminiscent of Dickens. In the Square were the chambers of Mr. Pickwick's lawyer, and other Dickens characters may be met in the same neighbourhood.

The Inns of Court form one of the most interesting records

of old London in existence. With much of their old building untouched by the Fire or by the ruthless hand of the restorer, they show us a London which has passed away. Many old customs, abolished elsewhere, flourish here. Curfew still rings out nightly from Lincoln's Inn, and the gates of the Temple are closed at ten o'clock. We cannot do better than close this chapter with an extract from Lamb, applying it to all the Inns: "So may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers. So may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, hop unpoisoned about your walks."



WESTMINSTER HALL IN 1830.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GUILDS AND COMPANIES.

The importance of London has been due in large measure to the great advantages of its site as a centre for trade. Just below the lowest point at which the Thames could be crossed was a natural roadstead, Billingsgate, and behind this rose the defensible hill of Cornhill. Upon this point most of the natural trackways of Britain converged, while it was sufficiently far up the river to be safe from piratical raids and to be sheltered from storms. Here also the river afforded safe anchorage, while the main channel was wide and deep enough for quite large ships to ride at anchor and to turn. These factors caused the foundation of Roman London and led to the settlement after the Saxon conquest, but for centuries London was not the most important centre on the narrow seas, and for a long while its merchants were mainly foreigners.

Down to the 16th century Antwerp, Bruges and Ghent, the outlets of the Rhine valley, were more important, and it was not until the opening of the ocean routes that the advantages of London became fully effective, advantages which were made greater by the freedom from the presence of hostile armies which London enjoyed.

The early trade of London was mainly in timber from the Baltic, wool, and eastern wares. These goods were brought by merchants of Italy and the Hanse towns, who found London a very convenient meeting place, and so early as the 10th century Edgar made special regulations governing the settlement and trade of the Easterlings. State regulation was the chief feature of medieval life, and the work of commerce in medieval times was the endeavour to secure freedom of action, but at first endeavour was rather in the direction of control exercised by fellows in craft or trade. Out of this arose two groups of organisation, the Guilds or Companies, composed mainly of London traders and craftsmen, and the Trading Companies, the ancestors of our present Limited Companies. In medieval times the guild was the more important organisation, indeed

it was, next to the Church, the most important thing in the life of the citizen. We do not know exactly how or when the guilds arose, but the Weavers received a charter from Henry II. which confirmed privileges already enjoyed, so that this, the oldest of the companies, dates from Norman times. The most striking feature of these early guilds is their semi-religious character, but this quickly gives place to the more important work of trade regulation.

Until the reign of Edward III. the guilds were only licensed, but that monarch made them much more important by confirming their privileges by letters patent and himself enrolling in the Merchant Tailors. About the same time it was ordered that all artificers should join each his own mystery before the next feast of Candlemas, and having chosen, to use no other. Edward also transferred to the companies the right of electing the City representatives to Parliament, and so caused a long and bitter struggle to break out between the inhabitants of the wards and the members of the guilds. The ordinary government of the City also passed into their hands, and towards the close of his reign the Court of Common Council was elected by them. These companies have now become mainly trustees for charities, although some still have a certain amount of control over their trade.

Let us follow one of the companies through its ordinary round of duties in the 15th century, the time of their greatest power. It is the day of the patronal festival. Early in the morning we see the members in their new suits of livery, thronging into their hall to take their places for the great procession to the church of their patron saint. They pass, an imposing sight, along the principal streets. Leading the procession is a company of singing boys in white robes and clergy in gorgeous copes, with cross-bearers, banners and great wax torches. Behind these come the Sheriff's officers, the City scribes, the Chaplains, the Lord Mayor's sergeants, the Common Council, the Aldermen, the Sword and Mace-bearers and the Lord Mayor, all in their robes. These are followed by the wardens of the other companies, a detachment of trainbands, and lastly the company itself, its officers, its liverymen and its apprentices, all in new clothes.

In the church a Mass is sung, offerings are made and the

procession returns to the hall, where they proceed to the election of new officers, after which comes the real business of the day—the enjoyment of the roast swans, the boars' heads, the mighty barons of beef, the cunningly devised pastries and confections which tell the history of the company. After come the speeches and the pageant, setting forth the history of the company or some stirring incident in the story of the City.

After a week given up to such celebrations, winding up with a grand Mass on the Sunday, the members go back to their work, while the newly-elected wardens, leaving their own business to the care of their assistants, give their time to the affairs of the company.

Among the duties of the wardens was that of searching for goods which did not conform to the standards set by the members in full Court. These searches were carried out in great state, and as notice was always given, there was always plenty of time for the member to put away anything he did not wish to have seen.

First came the beadle with his insignia of office, then the wardens in livery and hoods, the company's clerk, two brokers with porters and other attendants properly habited. These (it is the Goldsmiths' search) on "St. Bartholomew's Eve went all along Cheap, for to see what plate is in every man's desk and girdle, then into Lombard Street. And on the next day they went into St. Bartholomew's Fair to see every hardware-man's show, for deceitful things, beads, gauds of beads or other stuff, and then they are to drink when they have done, where they please."

Apprentices were still more under the control of the company. For serious offences they could be committed to Bridewell, where there are still a few cells kept for them. For less serious offences the usual punishment was a whipping. We have an account of the way in which one such punishment was carried out. "The wardens caused to be made two porter's frocks with hoods to cover the face. The next Court-day two tall men having the said frocks upon them came in with twopenny-worth of birchen rods, and there in the presence of the said wardens withouten any words spoken they pulled off the doublet and shirt of the said John Rolls and there upon him they spent all the said rods for his unthrifty demeanour."

These guilds were, however, not companies in the sense that they were a group of men associated together in the conduct of trade. Rather they were craftsmen and retail traders, the wholesale and export trade being in other hands, and it was out of the organisation of this that the modern system of limited companies began. Until the reign of Edward III. most of the trade of London was in the hands of foreigners, and for some time after the kings supported the alien merchants against the natives.

The chief article of export was wool, and when in 1294 Edward I. ordered the arrest of all wool to prevent it falling into the hands of the French, it was found that the greater part was in the hands of Italian financiers. In 1390 the English merchants were forbidden to engage in the wool trade except for their own use from the growers, and the trade was still in the hands of Italians. These had been settled in Lombard Street as financiers for quite two centuries, their position as the London agents for the pope and the Italian absentee bishops of English sees giving them control of world finance, control of which they made full use. They laid the foundations of London's financial position, and with the decay of Italy and Flanders in the 16th and 17th centuries, Lombard Street became the financial centre of the world. Besides the Lombards numerous other associations had a share in British trade, enjoying privileges and advantages secured to them by royal charter.

One of the most important of these was the Hansa, a league of merchants of the free towns of Germany formed to protect its members from piracy at sea and robbery and extortion on land. The merchants of Cologne had a warehouse in London as early as the 13th century, and in time this became the residence of a colony of Germans in London living under royal protection, governed by their own laws, and, in return for privileges granted by the City, charged with the duty of keeping Bishopsgate in repair. Their hall, the Steelyard, was in Thames Street where now is Ironmonger Lane. Because they were the chief importers the King's beam was kept there, and their house became the Customs House for the port. They were in great favour with the Plantagenets, but with the rise of the De-la-Poles, the Fitz-Warrens and the Whittingtons in the 15th century, and the growth of English trade to the Mediterranean, their importance declined.

During the same century restrictions were placed on their activities and no foreigner was permitted to sell goods to another in England. In 1505 the first charter was granted to the Merchant Adventurers, and the Steelyard men were ordered not to engage in any trade undertaken by the new body.

They still flourished, however, and Henry VIII. for political reasons favoured them. Holbein painted the portraits of their leading merchants, and also two frescoes—Riches and Poverty—for their hall. These paintings have disappeared, but copies by Bischof, a Dutch artist, and the original sketch for the Riches are in the British Museum. In 1551 they were charged with reducing the price of corn by importing wheat and their activities were much restricted. They continued to exist until 1597, when Elizabeth applied her short way of dealing with foreigners—sudden and total expulsion.



THE STEELYARD, THAMES STREET.

(From Hollar's Print, 1614.)

The first of the Great English companies, the Merchant Adventurers, received its charter in 1509, but it can be traced back to a much earlier date. Beginning in the early part of the 15th century and supported by men like Whittington, the company gradually obtained so strong a position that on the stoppage of the trade with the Low Countries in 1493 it was able to step in and save the English wool trade, so securing royal patronage. Soon after, it asserted the right to control the whole overseas trade of the country and to prevent any private trader resorting to a foreign market without its permission and the payment of a fee.

Bruges was at this time the centre of the cloth trade and the resort of all foreign merchants, and here the Adventurers fixed

their headquarters. Later they transferred to Antwerp, and here by virtue of their charter, which empowered them to make treaties with foreign powers, to keep armed forces, and to punish by fine or imprisonment any who infringed their regulations, they set up their headquarters and directed their trade. They were not a joint-stock company, for each merchant's ventures were his own and he bore his own losses, but the company protected its members against extortion, piracy and similar risks in days when no government was able to do so.

Much of their success was due to the work of the Greshams, and especially of Sir Thomas. These men raised the prestige of the company very high indeed, Sir Thomas being Royal Agent in Antwerp and practically English ambassador to the whole of Europe. Gresham presented to London its first Exchange, paying the whole cost of the building.

Stow shows how much the building was needed in his picture of Lombard Street. "The merchants and tradesmen, as well English as strangers, for their general making of bargains, contracts and commerce, did usually meet twice every day. But these meetings were unpleasant and troublesome, by reason of walking and talking in an open street, being there constrained to endure all extremes of weather or else to shelter themselves in shops."

The architect was a Fleming, Henrick by name, and most of the workmen appear to have come from the same country. Much jealousy was caused by this, and the English labourers and bricklayers gave a great deal of trouble both by word and deed. For some time after its completion the building remained practically empty, but Gresham persuaded Elizabeth to visit it in state, and then laid plans for popularising the place. "He went," says Stow, "twice in one day round the upper Pawn, and besought those few shop-keepers then present that they would furnish and adorn as many shops as they could, and they should have those shops rent free that year, which otherwise at that time was forty shillings a shop by the year."

All being prepared, the Queen's Majesty, attended with her nobility, came from her house at the Strand called Somerset House, and entered the City through Temple Bar, through Fleet Street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Burse to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate, where she dined.

After dinner her Majesty, returning through Cornhill, entered the Burse on the south side, and after she had viewed every part thereof above ground, especially the Pawne, which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the City, she caused the same Burse to be proclaimed by a herald and trumpet, the Royal Exchange, and so to be called from henceforth and not otherwise. The old Exchange made a great impression on its contemporaries, and the writings of the time are full of references to its glories. "How full of riches was that Royal Exchange!" says one writer, "rich men in the midst of it, rich goods below! There men walked upon the top of a wealthy mine; considering what eastern treasures, costly spices, and such-like things were laid up in the bowels (I mean the cellars) of that place.

"As for the upper part of it, was it not the great store-house whence the nobility of England were furnished with those costly things wherewith they did adorn either their closets or themselves? Here if anywhere might a man have seen the glory of the world in a moment. What artificial thing could entertain the senses, the fantasies of men that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many men took in that magazine of all curious varieties that they could almost have dwelt there if they had but had a fountain of money that could be drawn dry."

Burnt out in the Fire, the Exchange was rebuilt on the same site but somewhat larger in plan. Addison gives a fine description of it in his day: "There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High-change to be a great council in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men which are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased

to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London ; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy.... Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians : sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews ; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen....Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate, our tables are stored with the spices, the oils and the wines ; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan ; our morning draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth ; we repair our bodies with the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens, the Spice Islands our hot-beds, the Persians our silkweavers, and the Chinese our potters For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices....Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed with our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the Frozen Zone with the fleeces of our sheep."

Such was London's trade in the middle of the 18th century : it had reached that level not by the work of merchants acting alone, but by the development of the Joint-Stock Company. These companies, all chartered, sprang up under the impetus given to trade by the maritime discoveries and the consequent extension of risks in undertaking long voyages. Their charters gave the exclusive right to open up some new source of trade, and the joint-stock principle enabled men of moderate means to embark on ventures which would have been impossible to individuals and drew financial support from many who would not otherwise have engaged in trade.

One of the earliest of these companies was the Russia Company. Formed in 1553 to open up trade with the East by way of the North East Passage, it sent Willoughby and Challoner to discover the passage. Willoughby was frozen in and lost with all hands, but Challoner reached the White Sea, visited Moscow and opened the way for trade with Russia and overland to Persia. This company flourished until 1699, when

it was dissolved, its members continuing as an association of Russia merchants, in which guise it still exists.

A little later than the Russia Company, the Turkey Company was formed and existed until 1825. "Sir Edward Osborn and R. Staper having at their own great costs and charges found out and opened a trade with Turkey, not heretofore in memory of man now living known to be commonly used and frequented by way of merchandise....whereby many good offices may be done for the peace of Christendom, the relief of poor Christian slaves and good vent for the commodities of this realm," a charter was granted them, giving to them and their associates the sole right to trade with Turkey provided the duty on the goods they exported reached £500 a year. Their trade was so successful that their first dividend amounted to 300 per cent. This company also lasted many years as an association of Turkey merchants after it had dissolved as a trading concern.

Hardly a trading company, but of very great influence in London and English history, was a company formed in 1630, with Lord Holland as chairman, J. Dike, a Billiter Street merchant, as deputy, John Pym treasurer, and many nobles, gentlemen and London merchants, including the Earl of Warwick, Lord Saye, Sir W. Waller, John Hampden, Nathaniel Rich and possibly Oliver Cromwell amongst its members. This was the London Company, a land and development company formed to promote the settlement of America along the lines sketched out by Sir Walter Raleigh in his Virginia schemes. This body not only financed the early American Colonies and organised trade across the Atlantic, but accustomed the leaders of the Opposition in the Parliaments of Charles to act together, and so contributed both to the development of Parliamentary government in England and to the formation of the U.S.A. and the form of its government when later it became an independent state.

The East India Company and the Hudson's Bay Company are the great pioneers in the growth of modern commerce. The former was founded in 1601 as an ordinary regulated company, but a little later the adventurers united their capital on a joint-stock basis, and in 1661 Charles II. granted a new charter giving the company the right to conclude treaties with native princes and to make war and peace. The year after

the Fire the company sent instructions to its agent to secure and send home "One hundred pounds of the best tay you can gett," the first notice we have of tea being imported into England.

The affairs of the company at this time were by no means plain sailing. The king was ready to give a charter on payment and then to revoke it and grant the privileges to anyone who would pay more. In this way the East India Company lost its charter in 1698, and was given three years in which to wind up its affairs and hand over to a new concern. The Old Company, however, continued to trade, and the New, lending all its money to the Government, soon found itself in difficulties and was compelled to come to terms with its older rival. In 1708 the reconstructed company began to acquire territory in India and its great days started. Gradually it became more a governing than a trading body, and in 1833 its trading monopoly was terminated, and for the next twenty years its work was limited to governing the British dominions in India.

When it was finally wound up in 1854 its original capital had increased to a nominal six millions, but the actual value of its assets was over twenty-one millions. Tradition says that the original home of the company was the Nag's Head tavern in Bishopsgate opposite St. Botolph's Church, but it soon took up its abode in Leadenhall Street, where it remained throughout its career. Here in the great days of the company was carried on all the work of a great business house, and also the whole direction of the government of India.

The establishment was necessarily great: the military department was a complete War Office and Admiralty in one, an auditor's office which was the Indian Exchequer and Treasury, and an examiner's office which managed the political government of the Indian dominions, a section which performed all the duties of a great banking house and was the commercial side which had charge of the whole export and import trade of the company, amounting to many millions of pounds sterling yearly, and conducted the sales of tea, indigo and other goods.

In addition to accommodating the whole of these departments with their large staffs of clerks, the house also contained the finest collection of Oriental manuscripts in Europe and a museum of Eastern products and curiosities. The literary

associations of the house are not numerous, the activities of its clerks being mostly taken up with the writing of reports, but the absence of other writings is more than atoned for by the fact that Chas. Lamb was a clerk in the office and used to say that his writings were to be found on its shelves. He has given us a sketch of his fellow clerks in one of the best of his essays:—

“ They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah’s ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.”

The Hudson’s Bay Company is the only one of the great trading companies which is still in existence. It was incorporated in 1670, and amongst its founders it numbered Prince Rupert. It also played an important part in the foundation of the British Empire. At the time of its foundation and for some time after, the French were in possession of Canada, and not only engaged in the fur trade themselves, but did their best to drive out their English rivals. Even after Canada had become an English possession the rivalry continued, and in the early part of the last century open war broke out between the North West Fur Company and the Hudson’s Bay Company. The dispute was terminated by the union of the two companies, and for some years the united companies were the only government in the whole of the north-west of British North America. Their activities are now confined to the collecting and sale of furs and to dealing in land.

One other trading company deserves mention, the South Sea Company of “Bubble” fame. This company was formed

as the result of a grand scheme invented by Harley, Earl of Oxford, to restore the national credit and disperse the great load of debt incurred during the Spanish Succession War just closed. The nation's creditors were to be formed into a company to which was to be paid the annual interest on the debt secured on certain permanent customs duties, and as a further inducement the company was to have the sole right to the South Seas trade, which was expected to rival that of the East India Company. The Spaniards limited the trade with their American possessions, which was to be the chief source of income, to one ship a year, but, nothing daunted, the directors proposed a scheme for paying off the whole national debt by means of the South Sea trade, of which they were to have the monopoly.



ARMS OF SOUTH SEA COMPANY.

As the result of a competition between the company and the Bank of England, then in its infancy, the members of the government were heavily bribed with nominal shares, which, if sold at a premium, would produce a real capital for the company and a handsome sum of money for the ministers. The result was that the company's scheme was accepted and its stock rose to fabulous prices, as much as 1,000 per cent. being secured at one time. The directors then began to issue most wonderful reports of the anticipated profits of their South Sea ventures, and the public rushed to secure stock. All classes went speculation mad, land-owners sold their estates, merchants their businesses, and every one rushed to Change Alley eager to buy stock.

So eager was the public to lose its money that all sorts of wild schemes were put before it and supported, with the result that the stocks all crashed and thousands of people were ruined. One of these is for the "planting of mulberry trees and the breeding of silkworms in Chelsea Park," and some two thousand of these were actually planted; another is "for the importing of large jackasses from Spain for the propagation of a larger kind of mules in England," and others are for trading in human hair, for fattening pigs, for a wheel of perpetual motion, and for increasing children's fortunes.

Squares of card with the impression of the sign of the Globe tavern and giving their possessors permission to subscribe towards a new company not yet formed were sold for sixty guineas each. There were companies for extracting gold from sea-water, for curing the gout, for manuring the land, and even for insuring marriages against divorce; and whilst the craze was at its height, any impostor had only to set up a table in the street and in a few hours he would have subscribers for a million or more of imaginary stock. He went off with the deposit money and was never seen again, whilst his subscribers sold their worthless receipts for ten times what they had paid for them.

South Sea stock shared the fate of its rivals, dropping from over 1,000 to about 110 in a few months. The company had a perfectly sound business, and when reconstructed after the panic had subsided it continued to trade, but it was being run on unsound lines, and in attempting to crush its rivals it ruined thousands. The South Sea House stood at the corner of Bishopsgate Street and Threadneedle Street. "This," says Lamb in his first essay, "was once a house of trade,—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend,) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver ink-stands long since dry;—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures

of deceased governors....huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams,—and soundings of the Bay of Panama ! ”

There are two other concerns which, although not old trading companies, yet deserve mention in any history of business London—the Bank and the Stock Exchange.

To the Jews, Lombards and Germans who were London's first bankers, succeeded the London Goldsmiths, who built up a flourishing business, receiving deposits, keeping running cashes for their clients, making loans and investments, and doing a big business in receipts which passed from hand to hand as notes, and requests for payment which did duty as cheques. The surplus balances were deposited with the Exchequer, and the seizure of these by Charles II. was one of the causes of the final downfall of the Stuarts. The government was compelled by the City to pay interest at 6 per cent. on the £1,300,000 taken in this way, and although William III. was able to reduce the rate to 3 per cent., the principal was never repaid. By this time some of the Goldsmiths had become bankers purely, and the oldest of the private banks date from the middle of the 17th century. Child's, next Temple Bar, claims to have been founded in 1660, while Hoare's of Fleet Street dates from 1680. Child's is the 'Telson's' of Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, and the present building occupies the site of the original bank.

Before the foundation of the Bank of England the nation's banking was done partly by the Goldsmiths and partly by the Common Council of the City. When the government wished to anticipate the revenue its usual course was to apply to the City for a loan secured on some definite tax. But after the Revolution this became unsatisfactory and several plans were proposed for overcoming the difficulty. Amongst them was that of Wm. Paterson, the Scotsman who had suggested the famous Darien scheme. His plan was to raise by public subscription a sum of £1,200,000 for the purpose of carrying on the war with France. The subscribers were to be incorporated as The Governor and Company of the Bank of England, and this company was to receive an annual payment of £100,000, made up partly of interest and partly of management charges. They were to be enabled to buy land, to deal in bullion and bills of exchange, but not merchandise. After much opposition the

scheme was adopted, and the company being formed took over the old debt to the Goldsmiths as well as the new one, but it was a long time before the City took kindly to the idea. The great opponents of the scheme were the Goldsmiths and the private banks. In 1696, at a time when money was so short that practically every one was living on promissory notes, the Goldsmiths began a run on the Bank, and it was only saved by partly suspending payment. In 1707 the Goldsmiths again tried to engineer a run, and this time the Bank was saved by the Whigs, who withdrew their money from the private banks and deposited it with the new concern. The Jacobite rebellion of '45 caused another crisis. This time the Bank was perfectly solvent, but happened not to have a sufficient supply of gold coin, so the directors resorted to payment in sixpences. The most serious crisis of all occurred in 1797 when, owing to the war and the adverse exchanges, the demand for specie was unusually great and a run had begun, when an Order in Council was issued suspending payment in gold and making £1 and £2 notes legal tender to any amount. Later on in the war the Bank even issued tokens for 3s. and 1s. 6d. The Bank was ready to resume cash payments in June 1817, but the Government stopped it and provided for their resumption in 1823. The Bank secured sufficient gold for this purpose, and had actually begun the operation when they were again stopped, and in consequence the £1 notes of the country banks remained in circulation. Then came an orgy of speculation followed by a panic, in which many of the country banks and even some of the London ones went under. The Bank resolutely shouldered the burden and freely paid away gold, discounted mercantile paper and made advances, thereby saving the national credit. Since then it has stood at the head not only of British, but of world banking. Its work in preserving the fabric of British credit during the late War and in keeping London the world's financial capital after the Peace is too well known to need telling here.

The transfer of stocks and shares is the business of the members of the Stock Exchange, and the great development of Limited Liability Companies has made this institution one of the leading businesses in the City. To-day no one may deal in stocks or shares but members of the Stock Exchange, and no one is admitted within the building save the members or

their authorised clerks, but in the early days of stock-jobbing anyone could set up in the business. A pamphlet published in 1719 entitled *The Anatomy of Exchange Alley* shows the dealers as a somewhat unscrupulous body addicted to sharp practice in the conduct of their business. "If they meet with a cull—a young dealer who has money to lay out—they catch him at the door, whisper to him 'Sir, here is a great piece of news, it is not yet made public, it is worth a thousand guineas but to mention it. I am heartily glad to meet you, for they know nothing about it yet at the Coffee House; if they should, stock would rise ten per cent. in a moment, and I warrant you South Sea stock will be at £130 in a week's time after it is known.' 'Well,' says the weak creature, 'prithee dear Tom what is it?' 'Why really sir I will let you into the secret upon your honour to keep it until you hear of it from other hands. Why 'tis this, the Pretender is taken and is carried prisoner to the Castle of Milan.' " He is then referred to the Foreign Office for confirmation and is met by a confederate who, of course, produces ample proof of the truth of the news.

The usual resort of the speculators at this time was Jonathan's Coffee House in Change Alley. Here and in the open street the dealers and their clients met and business was done. As the amount of business increased a larger room was opened in Threadneedle Street, and regulations were made for its conduct; and this also proving too small, a regular Exchange was built in Capel Court, once the residence of Wm. Capel, Lord Mayor in 1504. This formed the beginning of the present Stock Exchange.



OLD TEMPLE BAR.



THE ANCIENT STRAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

FLEET STREET AND OLD LONDON BOOKSELLERS.

Fleet Street, perhaps the least beautiful of all the world's famous streets, had its origin in that ancient trackway which ran along the river bank just above the old high-water mark. It is probably a continuation of the way through the City which we call Thames Street, and was itself continued by the Strand to the village of Charing. It appears never to have become a Roman highway, their great road running from Aldgate through Cornhill and Cheapside to Newgate, and thence by Holborn out to the west, keeping on higher ground all the way.

It was not until after the Norman Conquest that the riverside track became important, and then not because it led to a principal London gate. Ludgate in fact could never have had the importance of Newgate in early times, for the road from it did not lead anywhere, the gate itself merely giving entrance to the narrow space round the walls. Immediately within this space was the cathedral enclosure of St. Paul's, across which there could be no general stream of traffic. The descent from Fleet Street to the Fleet river and the ascent of Ludgate Hill were both steep and would tend of themselves to keep traffic away. The importance of the track arose in the first place because it led to the landing places along the Thames, and in the second place because of the tidal mouth of the Fleet river.

The course of this stream can be clearly traced out even to-day, but in earlier times it was an open stream which, rising from the gravels about Hampstead, flowed through King's Cross and Islington, where it was known as the Hole Bourne, from the steep sides of its valley. Just about Smithfield it received the waters of the river of Wells, a clear stream arising from the overflow of a number of Holy Wells about Clerkenwell. As these wells were credited with miraculous powers of healing, the place became a sort of health resort under the protection of the Church, and a monastic suburb grew up whose convents gained a considerable part of their income from the offerings of those who came to take the waters. Here the Fleet became a

tidal river running down by the City wall parallel to the modern Farringdon Street, where it may still be found below the buildings on the eastern side. Near its mouth it was spanned by a bridge leading to Ludgate, and a little lower down it received the outflow from St. Brigit's Well, another holy well on the ground where St. Bride's Church stands to-day.

In its early days the river was a clear pellucid stream much valued for drinking on account of its purity, but it seems to have become polluted at an early date ; and although repeated



FLEET BRIDGE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

commissions were appointed to see to its cleansing, its normal condition from the 13th to the 19th centuries appears to have been that described by Pope in the lines from *The Dunciad* :—

“ To where Fleet ditch with disemboquing stream
Rolls its large tribute of dead dogs to the Thames,
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.”

While Swift has an even more vivid picture of the stream, swollen after a storm, pouring down the refuse from the Smithfield butchers' stalls, dead cats and dogs, vegetable and other rubbish—all, as he says,

“ Seem to tell
What street they came from
By their sight and smell.”

In spite of many attempts to cleanse the stream and make it permanently useful, nothing availed, and the Ditch—for such it had become—was finally covered in, and pursues its course underground, entering the river just below Blackfriars Bridge. The soft soil through which it flowed disintegrated rapidly, hence the gradual decay of the stream as a navigable waterway, and the silt so produced was deposited in the lower part of the course, gradually blocking the river. The foul and noisome nature of the stream was due to the trades and occupations pursued upon its banks. As the City grew in wealth and importance certain trades were forbidden within the walls. The tallow merchants, the soap-boilers, the fletchers, the candle-makers, the manufacturers of glue—all very necessary but somewhat evil-smelling trades—were banished the actual City, and in many cases they settled down around the Fleet river where there was water for the purposes of the trades, a river by which goods could be brought up to the factories, and, even more important, a stream by which the refuse could be carried off.

Round about these factories there congregated a population of the rougher sort of workmen, augmented by an unruly mob of roughs, outlaws, criminals and others—a continual source of danger to the rest of the City. Here, in dens and hovels along both sides of the stream; in the slums which were built on Saffron Hill and Hatton Garden, and in the equally insalubrious neighbourhoods of Thames Street and the Bankside, grew up that mob which was such a feature of London life down almost to the middle of last century.

To introduce some order into the districts bordering on the Fleet, the City fathers formed the ward of Farringdon Without, a huge densely-populated district stretching from the Thames to Holborn, and from the City wall to Temple Bar—a ward now almost entirely given up to the printer and his various dependent trades. Through this district goes Fleet Street, the most famous literary street in the whole world.

The street has no history until the 13th century, by which time the many religious houses had appropriated practically all the land which had formerly been the tide marsh, but was now drying up. On the other side there had already grown up a suburb of huddled dwellings, grouped around courts and narrow tortuous lanes running up towards Holborn—courts

and lanes which may still be found by those who care to explore the district bordered by Fleet Street and Holborn on the one side and Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane on the other.

Beginning at Fleet Bridge, where Ludgate Circus now stands, the first house on the river side was that of the Bishop of St. David's, between which and the river stood the convent of St. Bride. Next came St. Bride's Church, and beyond this, with its garden running right down to the river, was Salisbury House, the town house of the Bishops of Salisbury. The site of this house can be traced out to-day. Salisbury Square marks the great courtyard and the Salisbury Hotel the site of the house, the entrance being the gap between Messrs. Horne's and the new Bank building; while John Carpenter Street marks the position of a lane which separated the house from the neighbouring Carmelite Friary, which extended westward to the Temple, from which it was separated by a wall.

Neither the Friary nor the Temple reached the street, which was here bordered by a number of inns and taverns belonging to the Hospitallers, the Dean of York and the Carmelites. On the opposite side of the street there was a group of inns (of which the Belle Sauvage in Ludgate Hill marks the site of one) up to the corner of Shoe Lane. Then followed the house of the Abbot of Peterborough, more inns to Fetter Lane—the various courts behind this part of the street probably marking their courtyards—and then further ecclesiastical property as far as the corner of Chancery Lane.

Down to the dissolution the history of the street is mainly ecclesiastical, changing gradually to legal round about Temple Bar as the lawyers supplanted the military monks in the Temple.

Temple Bar marks the western boundary of the City. Originally merely a stout iron chain supported on posts, it was replaced by a heavy wooden gate in Tudor times, when the street had become an important highway between the City and the palaces at Westminster and along the Strand.

The Bar, which is such a familiar feature in 18th century prints, was designed by Wren and erected in 1670-72 as the old bar had become an obstruction to the increasing traffic. Even from its first building the new bar was really a bar to traffic, and its approaches were always congested with coaches,

carts, chairs and foot passengers ; and there being no sort of regulation of the traffic, quarrels, collisions and fights were of frequent occurrence, often resulting in loss of life. However, the old Bar remained to obstruct traffic until replaced by the present memorial. The Bar when taken down was removed and re-erected in Waterlow Park, where it may still be seen.

As the western limit of the City's jurisdiction the Bar became famous for its pageants ; and as the last resting place for the heads of those executed for treason, it shared an unenviable notoriety with London Bridge and Westminster Hall. The practice of placing traitors' heads above the gates, as of ornamenting the approaches to the city with the hanging bodies of felons, was very popular with those who administered the law, and persisted from medieval times right down to the early years of the 19th century. In neither case does it seem to have acted as a deterrent or as a substitute for an efficient police force, for Tyburn and Whitechapel Road were always well supplied with bodies, while London Bridge and Temple Bar were never without the grisly remains of those who tried to overthrow an unpopular government by violent means.

The Rye House Plot brought the first trophy—part of the body of Sir James Armstrong. Those taking part in the Jacobite rebellions also had their heads placed above the Bar, where they remained until 1772, when the last was blown down.

Of other and more stirring scenes the Bar had its full share. Here Wyatt surrendered after his ill-fated attempt to capture Whitehall Palace ; and in the days of the anti-Popery riots—from Titus Oates to Lord George Gordon—Temple Bar was one of the favourite gathering places of the mob. Here Titus Oates stood in the pillory ; here the Pope was burned in effigy ; and here too Dr. Johnson was in the habit of standing to watch the passers-by, and noting that between the hours of eleven and four every sixth man was an author.

Many have been the historic pageants taking place at this spot. As it was the boundary of the City, the sovereign, even when going to the Tower or to dine with the Lord Mayor, had to pause while his herald obtained permission for him to enter, and consequently it formed a convenient point for any piece of a more than ordinary elaborate nature in the usual pageant. That for the coronation of Elizabeth in 1559 was specially fine.

The gate was new painted and gilded of course. Gogmagog and Corineus, the City giants, were duly posted at the portal, surrounded by surpliced choir-boys dressed as angels, while the City waits played on the roof and the trainbands stood to arms below. Every window was hung with silks and velvets and filled with City dames and courtier's ladies, while drawn up in the road stood my Lord Mayor, the civic officers and the guilds in their liveries ; the fountains spouted wine and the City poets wrote fulsome odes in praise of the new monarch, while bonfires, dancing and merry-making were kept up half the night.

The street is mainly associated with printers, booksellers, journalists and authors, and volumes have been written on its literary associations.

These began with Wynkyn de Worde, a native of Wörth in Alsace, who was brought to England by Caxton in 1476 and remained with him until 1491. In 1500 he set up for himself, renting two houses opposite the Conduit in Fleet Street. The Conduit, which has long since disappeared, stood nearly opposite Shoe Lane but a little to the west of St. Bride's, so de Worde's printing works must have stood nearly on the site of the present advertising office of *The Daily Chronicle*. Here de Worde printed his 'Ordinayre for Christen Men,' and other books of a popular nature. Indeed de Worde is the originator of the cheap press and the pioneer of the popular reprint ; for while his master turned out magnificent folios in rich bindings for the wealthy, de Worde's press was issuing popular reprints, devotions, books of riddles, fairy tales, school-books and the like—most of his school-books having the comforting frontispiece of a school-master armed with a birch of the largest size.

Three years later Pynson removed from St. Clement Danes into Fleet Street, setting up next St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. From here he issued those beautifully printed volumes which are unrivalled even by the great continental printers of the time. Pynson deserves the gratitude of all succeeding generations of printers and readers, for in 1509 he introduced the Roman type in use to-day, and abandoned the 'black letter' which had been in use previously.

Other early printers came into the same district, which soon became the chief printing place in England. Near by lived

Richard Grafton, the Bible printer, printing by license until 1540, who was sent to the Fleet prison for printing Bibles, and at length became King's printer to Edward VI. At the sign of the White Hart, Thomas Fisher printed *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Following the printers came the booksellers. These of course were not numerous until the 17th century, and at first they were mainly congregated in and around Paternoster Row—still one of their chief resorts. "This street," we are told by Strype in 1720, "before the Fire of London, was taken up by eminent mercers, silkmen and lacemen; their shops were so resorted unto by the nobility and gentry, in their coaches, that of times the street was so stopped up that there was no passage for foot passengers. But since the said fire, those eminent tradesmen have settled themselves in several other parts, especially in Covent Garden, in King Street, Bedford Street and Henrietta Street. And the inhabitants in this street are now a mixture of people and chiefly tire women....and at the upper end are some stationers and large warehouses for booksellers; well situated for learned and studious men's access thither; being more retired and private."

At the time of the Fire, and long before, the booksellers congregated in and round St. Paul's. Here Pepys was constantly coming to buy books.

"In Paul's Churchyard I bought a play of Henry the Fourth, and so went to the new theatre and saw it acted, but, my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book I believe did spoil it a little."

"To Paul's Churchyard and there I met with Dr. Fuller's 'England's Worthies,' the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it; being much troubled that (though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms) he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk. But I believe, indeed, our family were never considerable."

Poor Pepys! his inordinate vanity desired a place which his contemporaries refused him, but which we would willingly accord to his own worth as an honest and zealous administrator.

The booksellers were greatly damaged by the Fire, many losing their entire stocks. Pepys again is our authority.

“By Mr. Dugdale I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul’s Churchyard and at their Hall also, which they value at £150,000 ; some booksellers being wholly undone. I am told that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone and made £2,000 to £3,000 worse than nothing.”

After the City was rebuilt the booksellers returned in some numbers to their old haunts, but many settled in Fleet Street. Amongst those who returned was Scott, the leading bookseller of London, who not only supplied Pepys but many other collectors with rare editions.

“This Mr. Scott was in his time the greatest librarian in Europe ; for besides his stock in England, he had warehouses at Frankfort, Paris, and other places, and dealt by factors. After he was grown old and much worn by multiplicity of business, he began to think of his ease and to leave off. Whereupon he contracted with one Mills of St. Paul’s Churchyard.”

Scott’s shop was in Little Britain, a district almost as wholly given up to publishers as Fleet Street to-day is to printers. Here Benjamin Franklin and his friend lodged, next door to Wilcox, a bookseller with whom they arranged that they might take, read, and return any of his books upon payment of a subscription.

Another 18th century bookseller was John Dunton, an erratic genius who is chiefly remarkable for the way he left his wife in London while he wandered in America. “To ramble is the best way to endear a wife and to try her love if she has any” he says in his *Life and Errors*. In this work he gives an account of booksellers and bookselling in London two centuries ago, which is worth quoting :—

“Printing was now uppermost in my thoughts, and hackney authors began to ply me with specimens as earnestly and with as much passion as the watermen do passengers. I had some acquaintance with this generation in my apprenticeship and had never any warm affection for them ; in regard I always thought their great concern lay

more in how much a sheet than in any generous respect they bore to the commonwealth of learning ; and indeed the learning itself of these men lies very often in as little room as their honesty, though they will pretend to have studied for six or seven years in the Bodleian Library, to have turned over the Fathers and to have read and digested the whole compass both of human and ecclesiastic history ; when alas ! they have never been able to understand a single page of Cyprian. When you have engaged them upon some project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets perhaps ; take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion and you shall never hear of them more."

He also gives brief thumb-nail sketches of the leading booksellers of his time, from which we gather that as a class they were perfect gentlemen and accomplished scholars, though the public believed them to be "no better than a pack of knaves and atheists."

But to return to Fleet Street. Round St. Dunstan's, in the old Tudor houses which had escaped the Fire, was a group containing some famous names.

The church itself has literary associations, for Tyndale was one rector and Donne another, while the clock with its giants was one of the sights of London. The modern church has lost the giants, but it has an old figure of Queen Elizabeth, which came from Ludgate when the old gate was pulled down.

At the Dial and Bible next the church lived Curll, who is castigated by Pope in the 'Dunciad.' Earlier booksellers were Marsh, the publisher of Stow's 'Chronicles,' and Smethwicke, who issued 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet.'

Then there was Richard Marriot, who issued 'Hudibras' and 'The Compleat Angler.' Old Izaak Walton the linen-draper, who was its author, was his neighbour, having his shop two doors along from Chancery Lane. In 1632 he moved into the lane itself to a shop whose site is now covered by the 'Mitre,' and here in all probability the book was written.

In Chancery Lane also lived Tonson, the man who continued to publish for Dryden in spite of the most furious quarrels. He was also Addison's publisher and secretary to the Kitcat Club.

"He was," according to Dutton, "the bookseller of the famous

Dryden, and is himself a very good judge of persons and authors ; and as nobody is more competently qualified to give their opinion upon one another, so there is none who does it with more exactness, for to do Mr. Tonson justice he speaks his mind upon all occasions."

Tonson deserves to be remembered for his purchase of a share of Milton's copyright, and for first making Shakespeare available to the ordinary reader by his publication of his works in a cheap and handy form.

Near Temple Bar was Lintot, the publisher of Pope's work and Tonson's great rival. His shop was a few doors west of the Middle Temple gate near Nando's Coffee House, which was above the Rainbow Tavern. Lintot was the publisher of Gay's 'Trivia,' a gold mine for those who wish to understand London in the 18th century. With Tonson he comes in for some scathing remarks in the 'Dunciad.'

Under the Middle Temple archway was the shop of Mott, the publisher of 'Gulliver's Travels.'

At No. 32 Fleet Street was Sandby's. This business was bought in 1732 by a young Scotsman named McMurray. Finding the prefix an inconvenient hindrance to business he dropped it, thus founding the great publishing house of Murray, now of Albemarle Street. Near by had lived another publisher, Walker, who bought the publishing rights of 'Paradise Lost' from Milton for the magnificent sum of ten pounds.

On the eastern side of the Middle Temple gate is one of the most interesting relics of old Fleet Street, a timber-fronted house in Tudor style known as Prince Henry's Room. The room itself on the first floor is a fine specimen of a wealthy Jacobean citizen's parlour, and has a beautiful plaster ceiling in the Italian style with the monogram P.H. and the crest of the Prince of Wales. Its eastern wall has some fine oak panelling belonging to the early 17th century, but the rest of the room has a painted fir panel of 18th century workmanship. The room is approached by an early Georgian staircase. Its history, original and recent, has a touch of romance about it.

The house appears to have been that erected for Cardinal Wolsey by Sir Amyas Paulet as a penance for daring years before, when Wolsey was a young priest, to set him in the stocks here on account of a brawl in the street outside. Whether

this story be true or not, it is pretty certain that the long room on the first floor became the council chamber of the Duchy of Cornwall in the reign of James I., and so would be intimately connected with the brilliant Henry, Prince of Wales and close friend of Sir Walter Raleigh. At some time during the 18th century the Tudor front was covered up and long sashes put in, while for a time in the early 19th century the whole house was the home of Mrs. Salmon's waxworks, the predecessor of our Madame Tussauds. After this it was used by a hairdresser and became known as the 'Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey,' though there is no evidence that either of these personages ever entered it.

During the widening of Fleet Street it became necessary to take back the frontage, and this work led to the discovery of the original front in excellent condition. It was therefore decided to restore the room and its front and to place in the windows stained glass commemorating the historical associations of the building. The actual council chamber was then opened to the public.

Almost every novelist who has dealt with London life has some scenes in Fleet Street, while not a few novels have their main action there or in the courts and lanes on either side.

Besant's 'Seamy Side of Life' and 'The Bell of St. Paul's' deal with Fleet Street in the middle of the 19th century, while Dickens gives us pictures of its life at various times in the 'Tale of Two Cities,' in 'Bleak House,' in 'The Chimes,' and in 'Our Mutual Friend,' whilst he devotes the whole of one of his 'Sketches by Boz' to the Fleet Street of the fifties.

A great part of Thackeray's 'Pendennis' and some scenes in its companions are laid there.

Scott, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel' places Davie Ramsey, the old Scottish clockmaker, in Fleet Street, possibly using the great Tompion as his model, while much of the action takes place in the neighbouring Alsatia; but for the best description of this district Ben Jonson's 'The Squire of Alsatia' should be read.

Some bits of the old Alsatia still exist. Hanging Sword Alley is as narrow and tortuous as ever, and the tavern called the 'Harrow' may still be found by those who care to search for it.

But to-day the whole district has become redolent of lubricating oil and printers' ink, whilst rolls of paper obstruct the narrow ways wherein the roysterers, the bullies, and the broken-down soldiers of early Jacobean days ruffled it.

It is, however, with the creators of literature that we are mainly concerned, and of these the records of Fleet Street are filled.

We begin with Oliver Goldsmith in Wine Office Court. Here he wrote part of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and here he met Dr. Johnson in a scene which had best be told in Johnson's own words given by Boswell:—

“ I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit ; told the landlady I would soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.”

It is almost impossible to keep Dr. Johnson out of any account of Fleet Street. Almost every tavern has some reminiscence of him and his circle, whilst his appearance is so familiar, through the pages of Boswell, that his presence in the street seems far more real than that of many persons actually walking in it to-day. His pew in St. Clement Danes may still be seen, and his most famous home is still in existence in a place which has retained its 18th century air. At 17 Gough Square he lived from 1748 to 1759. Here his *Dictionary* was compiled, the six clerks working in the long room above while the Doctor had his own rooms below. Here he worked tremendously hard,

for in addition to the *Dictionary* he was editing the *Rambler* twice weekly, and issuing the copy faster than the compositors could set it up. "His method of working was to compare all the authors as were most correct in their language, and then selecting the sentence he wished to use in illustration of a particular word, to underline it in pencil, marking the word in the margin. He then gave the books over to his clerks, who copied each word on to a separate slip, adding the illustration. Upon these slips Johnson then wrote the meaning and etymology of the word, and afterwards the slips were arranged in alphabetical order and sent to the printers."

From Gough Square Johnson removed to Staple Inn, afterwards returning to Bolt Court, where he lived from 1766 until his death in 1779. In the meantime he had lived in Middle Temple Lane and in Johnson's Court, which is not named after him. While in Bolt Court he wrote the 'Lives of the Poets,' and here too he gathered that curious colony of pensioners whom he maintained until his death. The house existed until recently, being used as the L.C.C. School of Photo-Engraving. The only 18th century house now in the Court is No. 3, where Dr. Lettsom lived and founded the Medical Society.

In the neighbouring Crane Court was the home of the Royal Society. Here, in spite of the sneers and jeers of 'Hudibras' and the skits of Swift in 'Gulliver's Travels,' the Society did some important pioneer work in scientific investigation, laying the foundation of a great deal of modern astronomy, physics and chemistry.

The neighbourhood has other literary associations. In Salisbury Square, then Salisbury Court, lived Samuel Richardson, the father of the English novel, and here he wrote, printed and published 'Pamela.' The house was purchased by Mr. Edward Lloyd and pulled down in 1896 to make way for the new premises of *Lloyd's News* and *The Daily Chronicle*.

In a narrow passage off Shoe Lane opposite died Lovelace the Cavalier Poet, the writer of some of the most beautiful lyrics in the English language, while at the corner of Fetter Lane Drayton wrote the 'Polyolbion' and that most spirited of ballads, 'Agincourt.' At No. 16 Fetter Lane, now a hoarding masking a piece of waste land, was Dryden's house. The poet moved here from Salisbury Square, where he wrote 'Absalom

and Achitophel.' In Chancery Lane we meet those princes of essayists, Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt.

Never far from the haunts of the authors we meet with the taverns, and those of Fleet Street are many and famous. First of all there is the 'Devil,' now swept away by the extension of Child's Bank. Originally it was 'The Devil and St. Dunstan,' with a sign representing the saint tweaking the Devil's nose with his crucible tongs. Dunstan's partiality for the Devil is well known, and the story of a midnight visit, terminated somewhat abruptly by an application of red-hot tongs, is well known to readers of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' There is another version of the same story which relates how the Devil dashed in one great leap to Tunbridge Wells, shattering the rocks there and imparting a sulphurous odour to the water in which he plunged his nose to cool it.

At the 'Devil' Ben Jonson founded his famous club, and perhaps our phrase about going to the Devil originated in the popularity he gave the house. It is said, however, to have had its origin in the practice of the lawyers of the Temple making it their house, and while there pinning to their doors the notice, 'Gone to the Devil.'

This was the Apollo Club—and the bust of Apollo which stood over the door is still kept within Child's Bank, where also they have the blackboard with the verses in gold:—

"Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo.
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle,
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine."

Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries this inn was most popular with literary men. Here in the Apollo rooms the Odes of the Poets Laureate were recited. Here in 1751 Dr. Johnson gave a supper to celebrate the publication of Mrs. Lennox' first novel. The party sat from 3 P.M. until 8 A.M. the next morning.

Johnson's own particular tavern was the 'Mitre'—not the present one, but at No. 39, now Hoare's Bank. Boswell is full of meetings here.

The 'Olde Cheshire Cheese' is the inn generally associated with Dr. Johnson, though we have no proof that he was ever in it, but as he was living near by in Gough Square there is no reason why he should not have patronised it; at any rate, tradition says he did, and such is the strength of tradition that it has preserved the tavern exactly as it was in the 18th century. Here one may dine in a real 18th century room off food cooked and served as then. Here on Wednesdays one may eat the famous pudding, said to be made from a recipe of the Doctor's, and here, because of the tradition, Thackeray, Dickens, and indeed most writers have dined—with a host of Americans. Indeed the Americans are the chief visitors, and this in spite of the fact that the Doctor hated them even more than he hated Scotsmen.

"I am willing to love all mankind except an American," he said; "Rascals, robbers, I would burn and destroy them all." But the Doctor was a staunch Church and State Tory and lived in the days of the War of Independence.

Then there is the 'Cock' of Tennyson fame, the scene of the labours of Will Waterproof. The 'Cock' formerly stood on the opposite side of the road, but in 1877 the Bank of England took over the premises and the tavern was forced to move to the opposite side of the way. Many of the internal fittings were built into the new premises and the original sign is kept inside. The gilded cock which now stands above the door is a new one.

Present-day Fleet Street is Newspaper Land. Practically every newspaper of any standing in London and the Provinces has an office here, and all the great London dailies except *The Morning Post* and *The Times* are produced either in Fleet Street, in the lanes of Alsatia, or in the courts and lanes between Fleet Street and Holborn.

The newspaper press is of comparatively recent origin, the first of the dailies—*The Daily Courant*—coming in 1702(3); but it was not until after the repeal of the stamp and paper duties that it became anything like the power it now is.

Goldsmith had a very poor opinion of the newspaper writers of his day, for he says: "You must not imagine that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of politics or the government of the State; they only collect their materials

from the oracle of some coffee house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau, who had them from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who invented the whole story for his own amusement."

It is difficult to find a reason for the gathering of newspapers in this small section of London. Perhaps it is because the early printers settled here, perhaps because it was between the Temple and the Fleet prison. Many of the earlier pressmen were briefless barristers like Warrington and Pendennis; many others, like Captain Costigan, were to be found only when they were in the prison. Here they are, so without attempting to clear up the matter we will give a few anecdotes of the leading papers.

At No. 85 Fleet Street, in the premises where John Milton was once usher of a school, *Punch* was born. Henry Mayhew, Mark Lemon and a few others met one evening in 1841 to talk over the project for a new paper. Discussion was hot over the aim, which was to be—what it is—a humorous review of the week's news. The suggested title, the *Funny Dog*, was about to be adopted when someone's fancy was taken by the sight of Mark Lemon putting lemons into a bowl of punch he was brewing. The name *Punch* leaped to his mind, was uttered with an allusion to the lemon, caught the imagination of Mayhew, and was immediately adopted. At first the paper was a failure in spite of Leech's cartoons, which began in No. 4. But Bradbury and Evans the printers bought it, reorganised the staff and business end, while in Vol. III. W. M. Thackeray began 'Miss Tickletohy's History of England' and the situation was saved. The next year success was assured with Thackeray contributing 'Jeame's Diary,' and Douglas Jerrold writing 'Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.'

Older than *Punch* by nearly forty years was the *Dispatch*, which began as *Bell's Life* in 1801. Harmer bought the paper in 1824 and changed it to a political organ, gradually working it up until it stood next to *The Times*, being famed for its series of letters signed 'Publicola.' During 1841-42 there was a long duel with *The Times*. Walter, proprietor of *The Times*, stood for Southwark and the *Dispatch* prevented his election. In revenge *The Times* opposed successfully the election of Harmer to the office of Lord Mayor.

At No. 93 the original *London Magazine* was produced, with Lamb's 'Elia,' de Quincey's 'Confessions of an Opium Eater,' and contributions from Hazlitt, Carlyle, Tom Hood, Keats, Landor, Barry Cornwall and many lesser lights.

In 1826 came *The Standard*, then the anti-Catholic *Evening Standard*, with its printing offices near Wynkyn de Worde's old shop.

The Daily Telegraph, begun in 1855 by a Colonel Sleigh—the original of Capt. Costigan—was a failure and was attached by Levy, ancestor of Lord Burnham, for a debt. Instead of the usual auction sale of the plant and premises, Levy decided to continue, reducing the price from 2*d.* to 1*d.*, so making it the first penny daily paper in the world. So successful was this venture that in a short time he was able to increase the paper from a single sheet to the size of *The Times* at fourpence; and to issue a paper which was written, edited and produced with equal ability.

One other paper, *The Daily News*, deserves mention in any notice of the Fleet Street press. No. 1 was issued in 1846 with Charles Dickens as Editor-in-Chief, Douglas Jerrold as working editor, and the finest staff in London. But the circulation was low and salaries were high, so the venture was a failure. It continued to struggle on, however, until 1870-71, when its magnificent work in connection with the siege of Paris and the remarkable despatches of its war correspondents, and especially Russell's, from within the beleaguered city made it the most widely circulated paper of the day.

No account of Fleet Street would be complete without some mention of the prison where so many of the writers spent their time. It has practically no history until the time of Mary Tudor, when it was used for heretics, Hooper being one of the first to be sent there. He was in the prison twice, being committed the first time by Cranmer for refusing to wear robes at his consecration, and later he was sent back to prison by Mary, "because that he had a wife and other impediments." His account of this second term shows that there was little difference between the government of the place then and in the 19th century when Mr. Pickwick was there. Hooper says:—

"On the 1st of September I was committed to the Fleet but to have the liberty of the prison, and within

five days I paid for my liberty five pounds to the warden for fees, who immediately thereupon complained to Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and so I was committed to close prison for the space of a quarter year in the lower chamber of the prison and used very extremely. Then by the leave of a very good gentlewoman I was permitted to come down to my dinner and supper but was not suffered to speak to my friends, but as soon as dinner or supper was finished to repair to my chamber again. Notwithstanding while I came down thus the warden and his wife picked a quarrel with me over the Mass and complained untruly to their great friend Stephen Gardiner and obtained leave to put me in the ward, where I have remained a long time having nothing for my bed but a little straw. On the one side is the stink of the town and on the other the town ditch, so that I have been infected with divers diseases."

As a State prison it was used by the notorious Star Chamber for those who were not sufficiently great to be sent to the Tower, and the most famous of those so committed were the puritan pamphleteer Prynne and the political agitator Lilburne. Prynne was charged with seditious libel, as his *Histriomastix* was thought to glance at the morals of the Queen, and his trial is memorable even amongst Stuart State trials for its utter disregard of all law and all fair procedure in court. He was given no opportunity to defend himself, and in passing sentence the Lord Chief Justice admitted that the trial and sentence were contrary to law, but excused himself on the ground that in that court they were above all law. Lilburne, by the way, advocated release of trade from the restrictions of chartered companies and monopolists (1650). In 1641 the Long Parliament made it a prison for contempt and debt only, and as such it remained until demolished in 1846.

Most of the evils of the place arose from the fact that the warden was not paid any salary but was expected to live on the prisoners, and as the post was not exactly a healthy one the gentleman appointed usually sub-let it; and so little attention did the governors pay to its rule, beyond taking fees, that for many years the only rules in force were those made by the

prisoners themselves. It was not until 1727 that any official rules were made, and even these merely confirmed the existing usages.

There were two sections to the prison—the Masters' Side, whose inmates were committed by the Masters in Chancery and were generally people of some social standing who could afford to pay for privileges; and the Common Side, consisting of poor debtors who had no means and were forced to beg their food from the passers-by.

After a prisoner had been committed to the Masters' Side it cost him £45 in fees to get admitted, and when discharged it cost even more to get released. Even then a likely person would be kept on the books and blackmailed by the warders with the risk of arrest for prison breaking if the moneys demanded were not paid. For those who could pay life in the Fleet was an easy affair, and the prisoner need not live in the prison at all. Consequently it was much sought after by shady financiers, who could get themselves arrested for small debts by confederates and then avoid payment of large sums to legitimate creditors. On one occasion a London wine merchant had himself arrested for a trivial debt by one of his clerks, and being admitted to the prison was given a licence by the warden which enabled him to carry on his business and even to make voyages to France. He paid for his purchases by bills drawn on one of the warders, and these were duly honoured for a time until credit was established and a very large sum had been allowed to accumulate. On the creditors commencing proceedings they found that their debtor was an undischarged bankrupt who was already in prison, so could not be tried or sent to prison again.

On the Common Side the prisoners were herded into a single room, but on the other side they had whatever accommodation they could pay for, and their friends were freely admitted, the whole side being governed by a committee of prisoners with a president and secretary.

After 1780 the whole prison was divided into rooms for which the prisoners had to pay 1s. 6d. weekly, but there was a further charge made by the warders of 4s. 6d. a week, and unless this was paid the poor prisoner was compelled to have someone chummed with him, generally some undesirable whose

presence would soon compel payment. Our readers will remember how this system worked in the case of Mr. Pickwick, and Thackeray in *Pendennis* shows how the system worked in his day.

Outside the prison proper were the 'rules,' a district extending from St. Bride's to St. Paul's and from the river to Holborn. In this area lived many who claimed the privileges of the prison, the chief of which was freedom from arrest, so it became a favourite place of residence for the many shady characters who desired to avoid the law. Here were celebrated the Fleet weddings, so famous in the 18th century. Marriages were then only legal if celebrated in church, but were binding wherever celebrated even if the ceremony and the celebrant were both outside the law. Such weddings were common in many places in medieval times and were found very convenient in an age when people were less particular than they are to-day, but it was not until the middle of the 17th century that they began in the Fleet. They became very popular, especially with Society ladies who wished to avoid payment of gambling debts or to cover some other peccadillo. There were plenty of prisoners ready to serve as husbands for a fee, and a lady who wished to be freed from her debts had only to marry one of these when her debts became his, which made no difference, as he was already in prison. Frayed reputations could be repaired in the same way, and generally the parson was quite ready to tear up the certificate for a further fee. The business spread from the prison to the whole 'liberty'; and every alehouse had its touts, its marriage register and its parson, not always in Holy Orders, who was ready to provide bridegroom or bride, witnesses, certificate, ring and everything else—and to cancel the whole transaction when required. At every turn were marriage touts who thrust cards into the hands of the passers-by—

G.R.

At the true Chapel

At the Old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors from Fleet Lane
and next door to the White Swan

Marriages are performed by Authority by the Rev. Mr. Symson,
educated at the University of Cambridge, and late
Chaplain to the Earl of Rothes.

N.B.—Without Imposition.

and their success is sufficiently attested by the fact that one Fleet parson is said to have married 20,000 in one year; and the Government when suppressing the business in 1821 found it advisable to buy up some thousand or more of the registers, some of which were quite large books, but the majority merely pocket books.

The entries in these reveal some curious ideas on marriage as prevalent in the 18th century. Many contain entries to the effect that the lady was married without clothes, there being a very common idea at that time that this cancelled all pre-nuptial debts.

A few extracts will serve as examples both of the entries and of the reasons for some of the weddings:—

Nov. 5, 1742. Jno. Ellis and Jane Davis—dead, left a house in Market Aylesbury. Wanted by ye Soror and waxwork (? was this the executor) a sham of ye nuptials to date Oct. 7, 1739.

Nov. 5, 1742. Was M. Benjamin Richards of St. Martin's in the Fields and Judith Lance at the Bull and Garter—antedate to March 11.

Such were the Fleet marriages, yet when the Government brought in a bill to check the business it was received with the greatest opposition by the Society ladies, whose ideas are expressed by Horace Walpole in a letter: "It is amazing," he says, "in a country where liberty gives choice, where trade and money confer equality....it was amazing to see a law promulgated that discountenanced matrimony...."; and in another letter to a friend he says, "It is well you are married. How would my lady Aylesbury have liked to be asked in the parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn the weeds for ever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony."

CHAPTER XIV.

SOUTHWARK AND FINSBURY.

London always has grown. From Roman times right down to Tudor days it was kept within the walls. In the Middle Ages the wards of Farringdon and Bishopsgate Without were created to keep the growing population outside the walls in some sort of order. Gradually the country around the City filled up and its pleasant little villages became the Metropolitan boroughs, almost losing their identity when their fields became covered with houses, although in most there is an old church, a timber cottage, a row of elms or a village green to remind us that it was not so very long ago that they were country.

These villages were not part of medieval London, but of the country-side of England. They have Saxon names and full manorial institutions, whilst their government in medieval times was in the hands of the manorial courts and the Justices, and from the days of the Tudors until the middle of the last century they were ruled by their parish officers like any other part of rural England.

Of all the settlements which were to be absorbed by the growing City, the oldest is that which to-day forms the borough of Southwark. The earliest mention of the borough is in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, where the story of the first London Bridge is told. Cnut, the Dane, was attacking the City and found the bridge held so strongly that he could not take it, so his men dug a trench from Rotherhithe through the marshes to Lambeth, opposite Westminster, cutting the causeway near the present Elephant, and through this they dragged their ships. The Danes captured the City, and were attacked in their turn by the men of Edmund Ironsides, aided by Olaf the Norseman. The story is finely told in the Saga of Ottar Suarti. After a vain attack on the bridge and the works on the south bank, Olaf retired down river, where he prepared his ships with roofs of raw hides to withstand fire, and with grapnels fixed to strong cables. Then on the top of the tide they rowed to the bridge, fixed their grapnels to the wooden supports, and, aided by the

ebb tide, rowed down the river. The strain was too much for the bridge, the piers gave, and the whole structure fell in. So the City fell into the hands of the English once more, and when a new bridge was built, of stone this time, Olaf and his son Magnus were set to guard it. Olaf is still a great man in the borough, for there is a church and a school to his memory. The church has recently been closed for demolition, and only its tower will mark where the old bridge left the south bank ; but the school flourishes, although in new buildings away from the immediate neighbourhood of the bridge. The church of St. Magnus still survives, but overshadowed by new buildings. The children made songs about this famous breaking of the bridge, one of which may still be heard in London streets and playgrounds :—

“ London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladie.”

The bridge is inseparably connected with another famous Southwark character, the ferryman whose daughter Mary is said to have founded the Priory which bears her name, and to have been instrumental in building the bridge, for it was the monks of the Priory who set on foot the building of the stone bridge. The story of the foundation is thus told by Stow :—

“ A ferry being kept in the place where now the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman deceased and left the same ferry to his daughter Mary, who, with the goods left her by her parents and the profits of the said ferry, builded an house of sisters on the place where now standeth the east part of the Church of St. Mary Overies. .

“ But afterwards the said house, being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of timber.”

The history of the borough is indeed the history of the bridge. In Roman times there was a garrison to guard the crossing, and later, when the bridge was built, a considerable population of inn-keepers and others was attracted by the needs of travellers who arrived too late to enter the City, of pilgrims to the Priory and to the neighbouring abbey of Bermondsey, and the very

considerable number of porters and other unskilled workers who could not live in the City.

Besides these there were the various people connected with the prisons and the houses of the great churchmen by the river, the pilgrims—not always the most orderly section of the inhabitants—and the monks and lay brothers of the two Priors and the Hospital of St. Thomas, altogether a motley crowd.

The great approach was the road through Kent, a road which had existed long before the Romans came and by which Cæsar must have come when he marched into the country. In those days it probably continued westwards to the ford connecting Lambeth with Westminster, and then went on to St. Albans, leaving the settlements on Ludgate and Cornhill to be reached only by the river. But the causeway across the marsh leading to the crossing opposite Queenhithe must have been made early in the Roman occupation, for London was a place of considerable importance by the time of Boadicea, otherwise Paulinus would never have hesitated about leaving it when the Iceni revolted.

No one knows exactly when the first bridge was built. Dion Cassius says there was a bridge over the Thames in the year 44 when Claudius's expedition invaded the country, but this seems hardly likely, for the river must then have been nearly a mile wide at high tide; and although the Britons were by no means uncivilised at this time, the bridging of such a stream would be a very difficult work even if the tidal marsh were crossed by a causeway, and would hardly be undertaken when the more direct way to St. Albans, then their chief city, was the route through the ford at Westminster.

It is possible that the Romans made a bridge, but if they did it seems remarkable that all tradition of it should have been lost by the time the Saxons came, and that no trace of it should have been found either on the banks or in the bed of the river. Had the Romans built a bridge it would certainly have been a permanent structure of stone, for they were in Britain for four centuries and the crossing was one of the most important in the country. What seems more likely is that there was a ferry, and that the numbers of coins and small objects found in the river were dropped over the ferry-boat and not the bridge. In any case there was no bridge or obstruction in

the river in the year 993, when Olaf the Dane sailed up the Thames and plundered Staines, whilst there certainly was one of wood in 1008, when it was destroyed by Olaf the Norseman. But bridge or ferry it was approached by a road, and this was one of the most important in the country. Along it came the legions, the officials who were to administer the province, the merchants and even an Emperor.

After the Romans had left the country came the Saxons, but these do not seem to have entered the City. They came along the road in pursuit of the defeated Britons after the disaster at Crayford, and they closed the approach to the river



OLD LONDON BRIDGE, ABOUT 1620.

by their settlement at Newington, but London they left alone—a further indication that there was no bridge.

Later came the Danes, then the Normans, and then the whole life of medieval England passed in and out by this same road. Along it went Plantagenet kings to fight in France, coming back with their spoils and their prisoners; along it went churchmen and pilgrims, merchants and peasants, all bound for the City and all adding to the life of the bridge-foot suburb. A few scenes only can be given.

Soon after the men of Kent under Wat Tyler had captured the bridge and fought their way into the City, a tournament

was fought between the Scottish knight, Sir David Lindsay, and the Englishman, Lord Wells.

“As soon as the day of battle was come,” says Stow, “both parties were conveyed to the bridge, and soon after ran hastily together with square grounden spears. Earl David sat so strongly on his horse, notwithstanding the valiant dint of spears broken on his helmet, that the people, moved with indignation cried, Earl David is bound to the saddle. The earl, hearing them complain, dismounted off his horse and without any support or help ascended again into the saddle....In the third course the Lord Wells was sent out of his saddle with such violence that he fell to the ground. The Earl David seeing his fall, dismounted hastily out of his saddle and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand they fought for no hatred but only for the glory of victory.”

Here came Richard II. with his bride Isabel of France ; here came Henry V. after Agincourt, and about the same day seven years later he came again, this time to rest in the Abbey. Later came Henry VI. after his coronation in Paris, to be met in Southwark with magnificent pageants. A few years after we have a different scene. The Kentish rebels under Jack Cade have brushed aside the royal forces on Blackheath and are marching upon London. Hall the chronicler shall tell the story of their attack :—

“The rebels, which never soundly slept for fear of chances, hearing the bridge to be manned ran with great haste to open the passage, where between both parts was a fierce and cruel encounter. Matthew Gough, more expert in martial feats than the other chieftains of the city, perceiving the Kentish men better to stand to their tackling than his imagination expected, advised his company no farther to proceed toward Southwarke till the day appeared ; to the intent that the citizens hearing where the place of the jeopardy rested might secure their enemies and rescue their friends and companions. But this counsel came to small effect, for the multitude of the rebels drove the citizens from the stakes at the bridge-foot to the draw-bridge, and began to set fire to divers houses. Alas ! what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance ; for some

desiring to escape the fire leaped on his enemy's weapon and so died ; fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leaped into the river ; others.... were in their houses suffocated and smouldered ; yet the captains, nothing regarding these chances, fought on this drawbridge all the night valiantly, but in conclusion the rebels got the drawbridge and drowned many, and slew John Sutton, Alderman, and Robert Heysande with many other, beside Matthew Gough, a man of great wit."

Finally they made a truce which was fatal to the rebels, who began to dribble homewards under the offer of a free pardon, and shortly afterwards Cade was captured and his head placed over that bridge he had striven so valiantly to win. Many another head was to grace that gate—to the eternal shame of those who placed them there—amongst them that of Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII.'s Chancellor and friend, whose only fault was that he dared to uphold the law against the tyranny of the king.

Many royal processions passed up that road, to be met with rejoicing by the citizens at the foot of the bridge. Here came Edward the Black Prince after Poitiers, with the French King John a prisoner in his train. Here also came Charles II. after his exile in Holland.

Over the bridge and through the borough streamed the fugitives from the Great Fire, bearing what they could of their household goods, and camping in the neighbouring St. George's Fields until the ruins were cool and some shelters could be put up within the City.

So they pass. Roman legionaries to their camps in Kent ; Norman knights, packhorse trains, stage waggons and mail coaches ; pilgrims to Canterbury gathering at the ' Tabard ' and present-day travellers at the railway station—all find themselves in Southwark.

Such a town must have had many inns and taverns, and those of Southwark we know were famous. From St. George's church to the bridge the street was lined with them. Many have disappeared entirely in the alterations made by the building of the new bridge and the coming of the railway. Some remain, changed into receiving offices for railways, but wearing more

or less their 18th century guise familiar to us through the pages of Dickens. Part of one, the 'George,' still fulfils its original purpose. Here one may for awhile forget the motor bus, forget the glare and plate-glass of the public-house, and imagine Sam Weller cleaning the boots of the immortal Mr. Pickwick, or see Tony descending from the driving seat of the Dover coach.

Of the old Southwark inns, the most famous is the 'Tabard' or 'Talbot'—the inn where Chaucer's band of pilgrims gathered for their journey to Canterbury.

This inn has now entirely disappeared, but in its place, to the left of the old inn, is an ordinary public-house which calls itself the 'Old Tabard,' and serves to mark the spot near which the original stood. The site was originally purchased by the Abbots of Hyde near Winchester, and here they built a town house with a guest-house for pilgrims attached.

Let us recall Chaucer's description, remembering the season was nearly a fortnight later than the corresponding date would be to-day:—

"When that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendred is the flour

Bifel that in that seson on a day
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout coráge
At night was come into that hostelryë
Well nyne and twenty in a companye.

The chambres and the stables weren wyde
And wel we weren esed atte beste."

The host, Henry Bailley or Tite, was a person of some note in Southwark, for not only was he the proprietor of its most famous inn, but also he represented the borough in the Parliaments of 1376 and 1378. Probably he was a descendant of that Henry Tite to whom Henry III. granted the bailiwick of Southwark, and who thereby became Henry le Bailley. The name would be used as an alternative to Tite, especially as

Chaucer's host, being the borough's representative in Parliament, was probably also the bailiff. It is interesting to know that there are still Tites in South London.

Chaucer's 'Tabard' remained until 1602, when it was rebuilt. The Elizabethan inn was largely destroyed in the great Southwark fire of 1672, but it was rebuilt with many of the Elizabethan fittings incorporated in it. This building was demolished in 1874, leaving the 'George' the only survivor of this most interesting group of inns.

"There are in London," says Dickens, "several old inns once the headquarters of celebrated coaches in the days when coaches performed their journeys in a graver and more leisurely manner than they do in these times, but which have now degenerated into little more than the abiding and booking places of country waggons. In the Borough specially there still remain some half-dozen old inns which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement and the encroachments of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries, and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories."

To-day half the 'George' remains and is in use as an inn. It preserves its galleries and its small paned windows complete. It still has its coffee-room where Sam Weller and his master may be recreated, but even here no lumbering coaches rumble into the yard, no chambermaids bandy words with ostlers and coachmen. The place is but a ghost itself.

The 'White Hart,' however, is Sammy's real home, and here he was 'boots' when Mr. Pickwick met him. This has now quite disappeared as an inn, but in its day was almost as famous as the 'Tabard.'

Here, according to Shakespeare, Jack Cade made his headquarters during his attack on London in 1450, and Dickens in the 'Pickwick Papers' gives a description of it during its last days as an inn: "A double tier of bedroom galleries with old clumsy balustrades ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee-room. Two or three gigs and chaise carts were wheeled up under different little sheds and penthouses ;

and the occasional heavy tread of a carthorse, or the rattling of a chain at the further end of the yard, announced to anybody who cared about the matter that the stables lay in that direction."

Closely associated with the taverns are the theatres. These stood on the Bankside to the west of St. Saviour's and the precincts of the palace of the Bishops of Winchester.

Here next the Bishop's prison—the 'Clink'—there stood in Elizabethan days the theatres, with the bull and bear baiting rings and some pleasure gardens—the Paris Gardens.



THE FORTUNE THEATRE, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN.

The Globe theatre formed part of a tavern whose sign, Hercules holding up the world, gave to it the name. Outwardly hexagonal in shape, it was a circular structure within, enclosing an open yard or pit. At one side was a raised stage with a gallery behind, and round the rest of the enclosure ran tiers of galleries. In the best parts the galleries were divided up into 'roomes,' admission to which cost a shilling, while to the open galleries where there were seats one paid 6*d.*, or for standing room in the 'yarde' 1*d.* or 2*d.* The other theatres, the Rose—now marked by Rose Alley—the Hope and the Crown were similar. The Globe was a summer theatre probably open to the sky, and here Shakespeare played. There is an interesting

proclamation of James I. issued from Greenwich which authorises "Our servants Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage and others....freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of plays, comedies....as well within their now usual house called the Globe within our County of Surrey...." and there is also a letter from his wife to Edward Alleyn, the actor who founded Dulwich College, in which Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe is mentioned. In 1613 the house was burned down.

Both Shakespeare and Ben Jonson lived in Southwark, though where is not known, and Shakespeare's brother Humphrey was buried in St. Saviour's Church, now the Cathedral.

Next the theatres stood the bull and bear baiting rings, a favourite sport which was permitted by the Puritans as being less corrupting to the morals of the spectators than was the theatre. The theatres were even closed on Thursdays as they interfered with the takings of the rings. The sport continued throughout the 17th and 18th centuries and was not finally abolished until 1835.

Pepys was frequently at the bear baiting and gives us some insight into the procedure in his day. Apparently not only was the baiting of bulls and bears carried on, but prize-fighting matches, both with weapons and fists, were arranged. Under the date May 28, 1667, he writes :—

"Abroad and stopped at the Beargarden stairs there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in, so forced to go through an alehouse into the pit where the bears are baited, and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along till by-and-by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand and the butcher, whether or not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But Lord! to see in a minute how the whole stage was full of watermen to avenge the foul play, and of butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him; and there they all fell to it, knocking and cutting down many on each side."

Alleyn, the actor, doubtless made some part of his fortune in 'legitimate' drama, but he certainly made the greater part

as 'keeper of the King's wild beasts and master of the Bear-garden in Southwark,' the profits of this post being as high as £500 a year.

On the site of the Globe stands Barclay and Perkins' brewery. Southwark even in Chaucer's time was famous for its ale, and Barclay's keeps up the reputation. But it has literary associations of its own. The brewery belonged to Mr. Thrale, the husband of Dr. Johnson's friend, and had descended to him from his father. The Thrales, like other merchants, lived at their business premises, and here, as well as at their country house in Streatham, the Doctor visited them.

After Thrale's death in 1781 the brewery was sold by auction, and as Dr. Johnson was one of the executors he was present. Boswell repeats a story that while the sale was going on the portly doctor bustled about with inkhorn and tablets, and being asked his estimate of the value of the property, replied, "Sir, we are not here to sell a parcel of vats and boilers, but the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

The brewery was bought by David Barclay, then the head of the banking firm of Barclays, who placed it in the hands of his nephew and of a Mr. Perkins, who had been Thrale's chief brewer. These gentlemen found the worthy doctor's dictum a true one and the brewery a gold mine.

West of the cathedral is the Liberty of the Clink, marking the site of the old palace of the Bishops of Winchester, and the Bankside, one of the most famous spots in all England.

The buildings of the Priory and the Palace have disappeared, but in Montague Close we have the great courtyard of the former, and in Winchester Yard the courtyard of the latter.

In the Close stood the residence of that Lord Mounteagle who was warned of the Gunpowder Plot, and Winchester House remained until well into the last century. Indeed, much of it may still be seen in the buildings on the left of Clink Street, and the archway by which Stoney Street enters Clink Street reveals both the thickness of the walls and the width of the hall of the Palace. Stoney Street was probably the very ancient causeway which led to the river before the first London Bridge was built. The Clink was more than the bishop's prison, for it included a row of disorderly houses at the corner of Maid Lane

which were under the control of the bishop and outside the jurisdiction of the ordinary justices.

Near by were other prisons of an equally unsavoury character. There was the King's Bench, a prison which originally stood on the eastern side of the High Street, but was removed to the site of the Clink in the middle of the 18th century. It was a prison to which persons judged guilty of offences coming within the jurisdiction of the Court of King's Bench were committed, and consequently to it Gascoigne sent Prince Hal (afterwards Henry V.) when he was guilty of contempt in that judge's court. Here too Wilkes was committed in 1768, and it was destroyed by the mob after the Gordon Riots.

After this the prison was occupied by debtors, and owing to the ease with which prisoners could purchase liberty to work within the 'rules'—that is, to live in certain places outside the actual prison while remaining technically prisoners, and therefore immune from further process—there was considerable competition amongst prisoners committed elsewhere for transfer to this prison. So wide were its 'rules' that prisoners were even permitted to reside in the West Indies! Creditors could claim no dividends from a prisoner for debt, so the system had obvious advantages to a certain type of debtor. The prison officials were non-resident, and moreover so lax was the discipline that there was nothing to prevent escape except the obvious disadvantages of such a step. Dickens gives a picture of life within this prison during its latter days in his 'Uncommercial Traveller.'

The Marshalsea, perhaps the most famous of the Southwark prisons, stood about midway between London Bridge and St. George's Church. It was the court and prison of the Provost Marshal, an official whose jurisdiction over felonies and other crimes of a like nature extended over a radius of twelve miles from the royal palace. With the fixing of the Court at Whitehall this official had his headquarters at Scotland Yard, and when the Metropolitan Police Force was founded it took over his duties. Hence its headquarters and area are the same as his were. The Marshal's court was divided, becoming the Metropolitan Police Courts. In this prison the father of Charles Dickens spent much of his time and his family lived with him, the boy gathering those impressions which he was afterwards

to use so effectively in 'Little Dorrit' and 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Speaking of the time he lived there, Dickens says: "The family lived more comfortably in prison than they had done for a long time out of it. They were waited on still by the maid of all work from Bayham Street, the orphan girl from the Chatham workhouse, from whose sharp little worldly yet kindly ways I took my first impressions of the Marchioness in 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'"

There are still some parts of this prison in existence. Opposite the church of St. George the Martyr is a disused burial ground bounded by a part of the old prison wall in which the window of Little Dorrit's room can be seen, and beyond are the roofs of warehouses which were formerly prison buildings. The old bell turret still remains although the bell has gone, and a walk along Newcomen Street will reveal other parts of the prison in Bowling Green Lane and the Tennis Court.

The oldest building in present-day Southwark is the cathedral, once the church of St. Saviour in the convent of St. Mary Overies. The story of the foundation as told by Stow has been given earlier in this chapter, but we cannot say if it be true. We reach sure ground only with William Pont de l'Arche and William D'Auncy, two Norman knights who founded the Priory in 1106. This building was destroyed by fire in 1212, and during the rebuilding the monks worshipped in a small church which they built on a piece of land on the opposite side of the road. This church was dedicated to St. Thomas and the land became the site of the hospital, which formerly stood on the ground now occupied by London Bridge Station. The chapel still exists in much the same condition as it was during the 18th century and is used as the Chapter House for the diocese of Southwark.

The conventual church was rebuilt in the Gothic style when Westminster was still a Norman building, and again in 1220 another rebuilding took place, and the choir and lady chapel were erected. The present fabric of the choir is substantially that erected then, so it shows us a building earlier than the choir of Westminster, which was put up some thirty years later. The lady chapel, with its beautiful vaulting, was put up at the same time. The nave is but a copy of the original work, although it contains some of the ancient arcading in the west wall and is a very faithful replica of the original.

Space forbids a more detailed history of this glorious old building, one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture in England, but some mention must be made of the monuments. Few of those of medieval times remain, amongst them being the Crusader in the north aisle of the choir and Gower's tomb in the same wall of the nave. John Gower, the friend of Chaucer, a lawyer and a poet, lived in the Priory for some years, and gave much money to the restoration, so he was buried within the church, and his effigy shows him clad in the robes of an Augustinian, with the head resting on three of his works. There are several Stuart tombs, but the most interesting are the simple stones in the floor of the choir marking the graves of Elizabethan actors—Edmund Shakespeare, "a player" brother of William, Philip Massinger and Beaumont, with a modern monument to William Shakespeare, who was a parishioner and attended his brother's funeral.

King James I. of Scotland saw the Lady Jane Beaufort in the gardens of the adjoining palace and describes her in 'The King's Quhair' as :—

"The fairest and the freshest yonge flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour."

They were married in the priory church on his release from prison in 1424. In this church too worshipped the Southwark innkeeper John Harvard, to whose memory Harvard men have built a chapel in the cathedral.

Southwark is justly famed for its hospitals. The older of the two was a religious institution, founded by the Prior of Bermondsey in 1213 on the corner of the priory land which had been lent to the monks of St. Mary's during the rebuilding of their home. It was dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, one of the most popular of London's saints.

At the Dissolution it consisted of a master, six brethren and three sisters, and contained forty beds. Surrendered to the king it decayed until, purchased by the citizens in 1552, it was refounded at their expense by Edward VI. as one of the three royal hospitals—Christ's for educational purposes, Bridewell for correction, and St. Thomas's for the sick—which resulted from Ridley's sermon before the king.

The freehold of the land then cost £50, but when sold to

the railway companies it fetched from £50 to £70 per acre. In all the trustees received some £300,000, with which they built the present hospital at Lambeth. Guy's is too well known to need more than a bare mention. Thomas Guy, the founder, was born in Horselydown, Southwark, in 1645 and apprenticed to a bookseller in Cheapside. Setting up for himself he made a large fortune—some authorities say by the skilful manipulation of South Sea Stock, and by others by the profits on a contract for the printing and sale of Bibles. He was of a miserly disposition, and a story is told that another celebrated miser once called upon him. Not knowing his visitor, Guy lighted a candle and asked his caller's business. "Sir," said the visitor, "I always considered myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money, but being informed that you far exceed me I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you to be satisfied on this subject." "Oh," replied Guy, extinguishing his candle, "if that is all your business, we can talk just as well in the dark." He applied practically the whole of his immense fortune to the foundation of his hospital, which was begun in 1772. Guy himself died in 1774 and is buried in the chapel of the foundation.

One other Southwark institution must be mentioned—the Fair immortalised by Hogarth in his *Southwark Fair*. Practically every village round London had its fair. These had been held from very early times, usually on the day of the patron saint, and they not only gave the villagers a little relaxation, but provided an opportunity of getting in the annual supplies of spicery and finery, of replenishing the store cupboard and linen chest, and of securing such articles as were not produced in the neighbourhood.

These fairs were valuable and much sought after, considerable sums being paid for charters granting them. That of Southwark was one of three principal fairs round London, and had been granted—for a consideration—by Edward VI. It was held on September 7, 8 and 9, immediately following Bartholomew Fair, and was opened in great state by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen with appropriate feasting at the Bridge House.

By the middle of the 17th century these had become purely pleasure fairs drawing representatives of every class. What it was like in the 18th century Hogarth's print shows. For a

description in the middle of the 17th century we turn to the pages of Evelyn and Pepys. The former, writing in 1660, says :—

“ I saw in Southwark, at St. Margaret’s Fair, monkies and asses dance and do other feats of activity on the tight rope ; they were gallantly clad *a la mode*, went upright, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hatts, they saluted one another with as good a grace as if instructed by a dancing master. They turned heels over head in a basket of eggs without breaking any ; also with lighted candles in their hands and on their heads without extinguishing them. I saw also an Italian wench daunce and perform tricks on ye tight rope to admiration ; all the Court went to see her.”

A few years later Pepys says :—

“ To Southwark Fair, very dirty, and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington which is pretty to see ; and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it and even myself too.”

To the north of the City was an area of marshy flats forming the modern Borough of Finsbury. These fields formed the hunting grounds of the citizens, but at their western extremity, where they drained into the Fleet, there had grown up a monastic suburb. Here every inch is classic ground, for round about the open green of Smithfield, where tournaments were held through the Middle Ages and where the martyrs suffered in the 16th century, stood some of the most famous monastic houses in England. First and foremost is the beautiful Norman church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, founded in 1102.

Rahere the King’s Jester had gone on pilgrimage to Rome, and falling sick he got the idea that his illness was a warning to amend his life. He then had a vision, which we will give in the words of a 12th century monk who wrote a biography of Rahere :—

“ It seemed to him to be borne up on high of a certain beast, having four feet and two wings, and set him in an high place. And when he, from so great a height would

inflect and bow down his eye to the lower part downward he beheld an horrible pit whose beholding impressed him with great dread."

The narrator goes on to tell how Rahere trembled at the sight and cried out lustily, whereupon a noble-looking man appeared and asked what he would give to be delivered from this peril. Rahere was ready to promise anything, and the vision then declared himself to be St. Bartholomew. "Know me truly, by the will and commandment of the Holy Trinity and the common favour of the celestial court and council, to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London at Smithfield, where in mine name thou shalt found a church."

The spot chosen was "Right unclean, and as a marsh dunge and fenny, with water almost every time abounding ; and that that was eminent above water, dry, was deputed and ordained to be a gallows of thieves," but it contained the King's Friday market, which would be a valuable source of income. Rahere therefore prepared for opposition and feigned madness, thereby disarming suspicion.

The church was built—the finest Norman work surviving in London—and the hospital opposite was erected, not without the assistance of miracles specially worked by the Saint and the help of Alfun, the architect of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

In 1148 the church was consecrated and the divine favour manifested by many miracles, while the royal favour was shown by a charter granting not only lands and freedom from authority, ecclesiastical and civil, but wide powers of justice, temporal and spiritual.

"Know ye that I have granted, and by my charter confirmed, to the church of St. Bartholomew, London, and to Rahere the Prior....and to the poor of the hospital of the same church that they may be free from all earthly servitude....and have soccage and saccage, and thol and theme, and infangtheof ;....in wood and in plain, in meadow and pastures, in water and mills, in ways and paths, in pools and parks, in moors and fisheries, in granges and shrubberies,....and in all places now and for ever. Wherefore I grant to Rahere and the same church, the breach of peace and skirmish made in the house and the

invasion of house or court and all forfeitures in its own jurisdiction made, and forestall and flemenefermden in the way and without....I also release and acquit Rahere the Prior, and the aforesaid church, of shire and hundred, of pleas and complaints of murders, and scutage and geld and Danigelds and hydages and sarts and assizes, and castle-works....of fordwit and hengwit, of ward-penny and ave-penny and bloodwite and fight wite and child wite, of hundred penny and thring penny and manbratre and mischinige, and schewinge, and frithsoke and westgeilteof, of warden, and outlawry and forefenge and whitfonge; and they be quit in all my land of the tollage and passage and pontage and lastage and stallage and of all secular service in land and water."

Truly a formidable list of privileges. Our ancestors had no income-tax forms to fill, but, as this charter shows, they had heavy claims of payment or service to meet—claims made heavier when abbey and priory were exempted from them.

With such privileges the priory was naturally an object of envy to baron and bishop, and it had a stormy career for nearly five centuries, when it was suppressed and purchased by Sir Richard Rich. The hospital fortunately was purchased by the citizens, but the beautiful priory church with the buildings was destroyed, only the exquisite Norman chancel remaining. This has recently been restored and, with the Lady Chapel and cloisters rescued from desecration as factory premises, is used as a church. There is also the gate-house with a fine timbered house above, revealed as the result of a German bomb which loosened the tiles with which it had been covered.

In the open square opposite is the memorial to the Smithfield martyrs, with the meat market beyond. This meat market is the successor to the old cattle market held here from Norman times and in its last years immortalised by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*.

Below the square is the Snow Hill Goods Depôt, and just by the entrance is the railed-in space where stood the gallows and where the stake was erected. Here, during excavations for a sewer in 1849, were found a pavement blackened by fire and covered with ashes and charred bones; and also parts of

oak posts, one containing an iron ring. The martyrs were of all classes. Catholics were burned by Henry VIII. for denying the royal supremacy, and by Edward VI. for heresy, with Latimer and Cranmer standing by ; Protestants by Mary, and Anabaptists by Elizabeth. We are more tolerant these days, but it is well to remind ourselves that this was less than four centuries ago.



HOUSE FORMERLY STANDING IN
LONG LANE, SMITHFIELD.

In Smithfield and in the priory grounds was held the great annual fair, the most famous in the country. Opened by the Lord Mayor in state, possessing its own court of summary jurisdiction, the Court of Pie Powder, it was the resort of all sorts of people and a source of great wealth to the monks. Literature is full of references to this fair, but perhaps the

best description of it is the whole of Ben Jonson's play 'Bartholomew Fair.' It appears too that John Bunyan derived the inspiration for his *Vanity Fair* in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' either from Bartholomew's or from Ben Jonson's play. By the 17th century the fair had become the resort of mountebanks and strolling players, and was in fact already a pleasure fair. Here in 1727 the 'Beggar's Opera' was acted by the company from the Haymarket under the management of Henry Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*. The fair gradually perished, to vanish completely in 1859, when the Lord Mayor, going in state to declare it open, found that there was no fair to open. Thus one of the greatest events in London's year became merely a literary memory.

Smithfield was also the training ground for the City militia, and during the Middle Ages the scene of many tournaments, and here Wat Tyler was killed by Sir William Walworth the Lord Mayor.

Near by stood other great religious houses—the Priory of the Knight's Hospitallers in St. John Street, the Charterhouse, the Holy Trinity, the nunnery of St. James, Clerkenwell, and the hospital, which was also a priory, of St. Bartholomew the Less.

Of the priory of St. John nothing remains but the outline of the great square, the gateway built by Prior Docwra in 1504, and the Norman crypt of St. John's Church.

The Charterhouse remains, a fine specimen to-day of a 16th century nobleman's house. Founded by Sir Walter Manny as a chantry for the souls of those who fell in the great plague of 1349 and were buried here, it was enlarged to a Carthusian Monastery in 1369, and Manny's tomb may still be seen in the chapel.

At the Dissolution, the Prior, proving more obdurate than most, was hanged for treason at Tyburn and the buildings conveyed to Sir E. North, who passed them on to the Earl of Northumberland, who planned it as a home for his son Guildford Dudley and his wife the Lady Jane. Here in 1558 Elizabeth stayed before her coronation, and again on later occasions.

The school has been removed to the country, but the foundation remains much as it was when Sutton's first pensioners entered it. "An old hall? many old halls, old passages, old

chambers decorated with old portraits," says Thackeray, "walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early 17th century."

The hospital may be visited on Tuesdays, and walking through its halls and chapel or up the great staircase one is transported to the days before Elizabeth when the old monks walked silently up and down, to the days of the noble house where the Queen so frequently was a guest, and to that last pathetic scene where poor old Colonel Newcome met his end, as many another brave gentleman had done within those walls, his passing lightened by the fortune of Thomas Sutton, citizen.

The adjoining district of Finsbury and Moorfields was also part of the same great marsh which formerly defended the City on its northern side. It too was part of the training ground for the military forces of the City and was a popular place of amusement for the London youth. In severe winters the flooded area was covered with ice, and then the Londoners, binding the leg-bones of animals under their feet and taking an iron-shod pole in their hands, pushed themselves forward along the ice. Here at a later date were held wrestling matches, one of which is graphically told by Pepys in his Diary :—

"26th July, 1664. To Anthony Joyce's to dinner. Very merry we were. Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorfields how the butchers did first beat the weavers, between whom there hath been ever a competition for mastery, but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first the butchers knocked down for weavers all who had green or blue aprons till they were fain to pull them off. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten and bruised ; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling out £100 for a butcher."

At the time of the Fire the fields were crowded with the homeless, and on part of the fields was the Bunhill burying ground where Bunyan was interred. Adjoining this burial-ground was the Artillery Field, where the trained bands and their successor the Honourable Artillery Company had their parade ground, still occupied by the latter. This regiment was first incorporated in 1537 and is thus the senior regiment

in England, although not considered part of the regular army. In 1641 Charles, then Prince of Wales, joined, and during the Civil War it went over to the Parliament side, becoming the backbone of the Parliament army under the command of Skippon. It has numbered many distinguished men on its roll, amongst them being John Milton, Sir Christopher Wren, Samuel Pepys, and Theodore Roosevelt, besides most of our sovereigns since James II. and nearly all our great soldiers. The regiment supplied the officers for the London forces raised to resist the Spaniards at the time of the Armada and has played a distinguished part in our military history ever since.

Finsbury shares with Southwark the honour of holding the first theatres in England. Sadler's Wells is nearly a century older than the Globe, but there is still a theatre on the site.

In 1683 Thomas Sadler discovered a medicinal spring in the gardens of a house and exploited it under the name of Sadler's Music House. It became fashionable and was patronised by Royalty, and early in the 18th century it passed to Rosoman, who put up the present building as a theatre. Here played Grimaldi, Mrs. Siddons, Edmund Kean, and here in the middle of the last century was a great revival of Shakespeare under the management of Samuel Phelps.



ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TOWN—KENSINGTON AND MAYFAIR.

As the City of London became the commercial centre of Britain, its neighbour Westminster with the village of Kensington and its neighbouring hamlets became the Court centre. It was not until Tudor and Stuart times that this happened, and even then the process was of slow growth. The sovereign was not the centre of society in medieval times as he is to-day, indeed there was no 'Society' as we understand it. The great nobles formed a military aristocracy and were the king's rivals rather than courtiers, keeping each his own court either in a castle, which gradually became a palace, or in his town house.

At first these were in the City—the safest place for a baron who was not anxious to see the Tower from the inside. Later the nobles built their palaces along the bank of the river towards Westminster, that part to the west of the Temple known as the Strand being their favourite place. The river above bridge, dammed back by the great piers and starlings of London Bridge, was then much wider than now, covering all the ground occupied by the Embankment, the old foreshore being marked by the slight rise of the streets up to the Strand. Essex Street, Arundel Street and Northumberland Avenue remind us of the great houses whose gardens ran down to the river and whose ducal owners kept royal state in their riverside palaces.

With the advent of the Tudors an entirely new class of noble came into existence. Lawyers like the Dudleys took the titles of the old nobility and built themselves new palaces along the Strand, but they were a Court nobility holding their positions by virtue of the personal ties with the sovereign. With the advent of the Stuarts a Court on the French model grew up, and with it an even more pronounced courtier class than had existed in Tudor times. Ben Jonson's plays are full of skits on this new class, the country squire who has changed his acres for fine clothes and a position at Court, and who must have a town house. This process, checked by the Commonwealth, restarted with renewed vigour at the Restoration and has

continued down to our own time, resulting first in Westminster, then Kensington, and finally in Belgravia and Mayfair becoming the centre of society as the Court went from Whitehall to Kensington and from Kensington to Buckingham Palace and St. James's.

The centre of the whole district is the village of Kensington, and the kernel, as it were, of the Old Court suburb is that part of the High Street just by Kensington Church. The district still has an 18th century flavour in spite of the big shops clustered around the Underground Station, and it is not so very long since those shops were themselves dark bow-windowed establishments two steps below the road level, whose proprietors sold sprigged muslins to the maids of honour at Kensington Palace. The High Street itself remained a quiet little country town street until the middle of last century, although it was always a busy place with the constant coming and going between the Palace and Hampton Court on the one side and Westminster on the other.

It is to the pages of Leigh Hunt and Thackeray that we must turn if we would re-create Old Kensington, but the task is an easy one, for there is still the palace with its old gardens, and there is still the old-world Kensington Square hidden away behind the shops, and the High Street itself preserves something of its old-world aspect, for there are even now some old shops and houses left, and the trees of Holland House give an unexpected but altogether pleasant rural touch to the western end.

"There is not a step of the way," says Leigh Hunt in *The Old Court Suburb*, "from its commencement at Kensington Gore to its end beyond Holland House in which you are not greeted with the face of some pleasant memory. Here.... stands a beauty looking out of a window; there a wit talking with other wits by a garden gate.... Here come De Veres of the times of old, Hollands and Davenants of Stuart and Cromwell times; Evelyn peering about him soberly and Samuel Pepys in a bustle. Here advance Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Sir Isaac Newton, Steele from visiting Addison, Walpole from visiting the Foxes; Johnson from a dinner with Elphinstone; Junius from a communication with Wilkes.... and there, from out Kensington Gardens, comes bursting as if the whole polite world were in flower at one and the same time, all the fashion

of the gayest times, blooming with chintzes, full-blown with hoop petticoats towering with top-knots and toupees. Here comes Lady Mary quizzing everybody; and Lady Suffolk looking discreet; there the Bellendens and Lepels; there, Miss Howe laughing with Nancy Lowther; there Chesterfield, Hanbury Williams, Lord Hervey; Miss Chudleigh not over clothed; the Gunnings drawing crowds of admirers."

The centre of all this brilliant world is the little space in front of the Palace Gate at the corner of the High Street. Here could be seen the silent Dutchman, William of Orange, surrounded by his Dutch Life-guards riding in from Hampton Court or out to open Parliament. In the palace the homely Anne lived, and on the green was proclaimed the first sovereign of our present dynasty George, Elector of Hanover, the first sovereign for six centuries who could not understand English.

The scene shall be described in the words of 'Henry Esmond':—

"Early as the hour was there was a bustle in the street and many people moving to and fro. Round the gate leading into the palace where the guard is there was specially a great crowd; and the coach ahead of us stopped while the bishop's man got down to know what the concourse meant. Then presently from out the gate came horse-guards with their trumpets and a company of heralds with their tabards. The trumpets blew and the herald-at-arms came forward and proclaimed 'George, By the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith.'"

The centre of Kensington in the 18th century was of course the palace. It is an unpretentious group of brick buildings of several styles with a good deal of carving by Grinling Gibbons, who was also employed at Hampton Court. Originally the town house of Lord Chancellor Finch, it was purchased by William III. as a town house for use during the Parliamentary Session, Whitehall being ruinous, St. James unsuitable and Hampton Court too far away. William, however, liked the place so well that he had it enlarged to Wren's designs and made it his principal residence. The low red-brick house with its green in front and the flat parklands with the ponds and the Serpentine behind, is certainly more like the Dutch mansion

of some prosperous Amsterdam merchant than the royal residence of an English king, and it was on this account that William preferred it even to Hampton Court.

The quiet surroundings suited the domestic taste of Anne, while the early Hanoverians preferred it as its surroundings reminded them of their beloved 'Yarmany.' Consequently it became the centre of the somewhat homely Court of these sovereigns.

Horace Walpole tells some good stories of the life at this palace, one of which is as follows: One of the princesses pulled the chair from under the Countess Deloraine, their governess, as she was playing at cards. Her fall greatly diverted the King (George II.) who was looking on, and this made the Countess so angry that she determined to pay the king out by serving him as she had been served. Her chance came, the king's chair was gently withdrawn and His Majesty met the floor. "The king," says Walpole, "is mortal in that part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and so angry that the countess is disgraced."

George II. was the last sovereign to reside at Kensington. His successor preferred Kew, and after his wife had bought Buckingham House he lived there, using St. James as his official London palace.

Kensington was then used as a residence for younger members of the family—the blind Princess Sophia, and from 1810–1814 the eccentric and unfortunate Caroline, Princess of Wales. Here she held a sort of rival Court to her husband's at Carlton House, but she seems to have been well aware of the motives which induced her friends to visit her, for she says: "Unless I do show dem de knife and fork no company has come to Kensington or to Blackheath and neither my purse nor my spirits can always afford to hang out de offer of an ordinary."

But to us the palace is perhaps best remembered as the birthplace and early home of Queen Victoria. Here on a memorable early morning in 1837 the Princess was aroused by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain to be told she was queen. After much delay, first at the outer gate rousing the sleepy porter, and then in the palace waking up the equally sleepy servants, the two succeeded in getting their message taken in. Immediately on hearing the news the young

Queen, then just turned eighteen, came out to them clad only in her nightgown and with her feet hastily thrust into slippers. At eleven the same morning she held her first Council in the palace. The story is told by Greville, the Clerk to the Council, in the *Greville Memoirs*. The young Queen was practically unknown even to the Lords of her Council, as she had been brought up quite privately at Kensington.

The times were very trying, for the country was just at the worst period of the dark days following the Napoleonic wars. Everywhere was unemployment, rioting and mutterings of revolution, and the slightest slip on the part of the Queen might easily have resulted in the downfall of the monarchy. How she conducted herself is matter of common knowledge, and although for some years her position was by no means secure, she was able to continue the good impression she made on that occasion.

The scene itself is very familiar from the many engravings made from Wilkie's picture. This picture shows the Lord Mayor of London present. This officer is the only person whose commission does not lapse with the death of a sovereign, and consequently he must be present at the first proclamation of the new ruler, for until this is done, the oaths administered, the new Council sworn, and order taken for renewing commissions, he is the sole executive officer of the Crown.

Kensington Palace is now used as a home for a number of ex-officials of the Royal Household, but the State Apartments are open to the public on Sundays. The pictures have mostly been removed to Hampton Court, and the London Museum which was housed here for a time has found a home at Lancaster House, so the palace is now deserted and quiet.

Although Kensington Church is just across the road, the palace itself is actually in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster.

Holland House, at the other end of Kensington, is almost as famous as the palace. The house was built for Sir Walter Cope in 1607. His daughter married Henry Rich, Earl of Holland and Baron Kensington, the Riches being famous people in the reigns of the first two Stuarts. Henry's elder brother, the Earl of Warwick, was closely associated with the financing of the Puritan emigration to America, being Chairman of the companies of which John Pym was secretary and treasurer,

whilst Holland himself was very friendly with Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. During the troublous times of Charles I., Holland was somewhat of a waverer, but he finally ended his life on the scaffold in 1649 for his adhesion to the king. The house then became the headquarters of the Lord General Fairfax, but after a time it was restored to the late owner's widow and became one of the places where benefit performances were held for the actors when the Parliament had closed the theatres and forbidden stage-plays.

After the Restoration the house was let on short leases and no particular fame attaches to it until 1716, when Charlotte, widow of Edward Rich, Earl of Holland and Warwick, married Mr. Secretary Addison and thereby made the house famous. Addison is supposed to refer to his courtship of the Countess in his description of that of Sir Roger de Coverley and the Widow :—

“ When I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility ; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless....Her confidante sat by her.... They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave.”

The marriage was not a particularly happy one. The lady had a temper and Addison did not exactly shine in society, or for the matter of that as a Minister or a member of Parliament ; but it was at Holland House that he wrote some of his most delightful essays, and as he was friendly with all the great writers, the public men and the politicians of both parties, all the ‘ lions ’ of the day gathered here and shed a lustre over the place which it has never quite lost.

Addison only lived three years after his marriage. His death is said to have been caused by excessive drinking, a habit to which he was driven by his shrewish wife and her profligate son.

The house then came into the possession of Henry Fox, a man whose father is said to have been a footman. Anyhow

the father became Sir Stephen, and his youngest son Henry, after making a fortune as Paymaster of the Forces, bought the house, and being raised to the peerage took his title from it, the old Earldom being extinct. While Paymaster, Fox fought a duel with a Mr. Adam and was hit by his adversary's ball, which however made no impression on him. "Egad sir!" said Fox, "it would have been all over with me had we not charged our pistols with Government powder."

His grandson was the famous Charles James Fox, the opponent of William Pitt the younger. Under the elder brother of Charles James—or rather under the regime of his wife—the house once more became a famous den of 'lions.' Macaulay, Byron, Talleyrand, Lansdowne, Campbell the poet, indeed all the famous wits and politicians of the early 19th century gathered here.

Although so successful in gathering the notables of her age around her, the lady was far from popular and quite overshadowed her husband, a quiet but vivacious man. One of her guests is said to have remarked that while he was prepared to go anywhere, even to Hell, with his lordship, he would not care to go to Heaven with Lady Holland. The house declined in fame after this lady's death, and, as in the case of so many of London's romantic landmarks, we must shortly see the last of this bit of rusticity.

Society in the 18th century naturally congregated round Palace Green and especially in Kensington Square, an old-world square of Jacobean buildings which may still be discovered behind the great stores. It is an oblong structure at the bottom of Young Street and retains much of its old-world atmosphere. Visit it after reading *Henry Esmond*—or better still, wander round it book in hand and you will see visions of sedan chairs, powdered wigs and sprigged muslin gowns quite alien to this present day, whose traffic in the adjacent High Street roars along almost unheard.

It is one of London's earliest squares, dating from the reign of James II., and was thought to excel all others in its beauty and the quality of its inhabitants. At one time it was so crowded that a bishop, an ambassador and a Court physician occupied rooms in the same house. Here in 1692 lived the Duchesse de Mazarin; here also lived Joseph Addison. It is said that while

here Addison read Montaigne's *Essays*, and being asked his opinion of them remarked, "If he had been a horse he would have been pounded for straying, and why he should be more favoured because he is a man I cannot understand."

Amongst other notable residents of the square may be mentioned Talleyrand, Napoleon's minister and subsequently Ambassador to England for Louis XVIII., and James Mill, father of John Stuart Mill. The square, however, derives its greatest fame as being the residence of Thackeray's Beatrix Esmond, and here the novelist pictures James Stuart hiding and waiting until the death of his half-sister Anne should give the Jacobites the chance of making him king.

William Cobbett, in 1830 the leading journalist in parliamentary reform topics and author of *Rural Rides*, lived on the present site of the Underground Station in High Street, and on the grounds at the back established a seed-farm, had a kitchen garden and kept pigs, poultry and cows. So late as 1860, Kensington High Street presented more the appearance of the high street of a country town than of one of London's main roads, but in spite of its rurality it enjoys the distinction of being one of the first streets to be lighted.

To minimise the danger from footpads lanterns were placed in the High Street, and in 1694 these were replaced by glazed oil lamps. Footpads were very numerous even to the early part of the last century.

About 1760, when Kensington was at the height of its fame, many people used to walk out on Sundays across the fields from Westminster. As it was not safe for these people to return except in large parties, a bell was rung at intervals to gather people together, and when a sufficient number had been collected they set off for their homes guarded by an armed patrol of Kensington inhabitants.

Passing to the north we come into another district of literary memories, Camden Hill and the Gravel Pits. At the Gravel Pits lived Swift, while at Camden House, built for Baptist Hicks, Lord Camden, lived the Princess Anne of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne. In the neighbourhood lived Sir J. South, one of the founders of the Royal Astronomical Society. At his house he had several large instruments, one of which was broken up and the parts sold by auction after a lawsuit

with the makers. At Holly Lodge died Lord Macaulay, while in the neighbourhood was the house where Sir Isaac Newton died.

During the early 19th century many famous artists congregated in the Notting Hill district. Here in earlier days the inhabitants of Westminster went nutting. Kensington Gardens are now of course Peter Pan's land. At first quite small, about twenty-six acres attached to the palace and laid out in the formal Dutch manner beloved of William III., they extended no farther north than the conservatory, or more properly ball-room, which can still be seen in this part of the gardens. The portion beyond this house was added by Anne and appears to have been that orchard which was granted by Charles II. to the ranger of Hyde Park on condition that he kept the royal table supplied with 'pippins and redstreaks.' The avenues were planted in Queen Anne's time; before this the gardens were merely a wilderness where foxes could be hunted. Even now the town might be miles away, the gardens are the home of many wild birds which have become rare in country districts, and it would be difficult to find more beautiful prospects of stately avenues and wooded glades anywhere in England. Says Matthew Arnold :—

"The birds sing sweetly in these trees
Across the girdling city's hum ;
How green under the boughs it is !
How thick the tremulous sheepcries come !

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy,
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown days' employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless active life is here !
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass !
An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear."

To the south of Kensington Gardens stood Gore House, the site being now occupied by the Albert Hall. Here lived Wilberforce, and here he gathered Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay and others of

his friends to discuss his projects for abolishing slavery. From Wilberforce it passed to Lady Blessington, in whose salon might be found most of the leading literary men of the second quarter of the 19th century. The house was purchased by the Exhibition Trustees in 1852 as a site for the National Gallery, but instead the Albert Hall was erected on the ground.

When George IV. removed the Court from Kensington to Buckingham House, the centre of society shifted to the present Belgravia. The palace itself stands on the Mulberry Garden, so called because planted with trees by James I., in an endeavour to introduce the silk industry into England. James's project failed and the place became a public garden, described by Evelyn as "the best place about the towne for the quality to be exceeding cheated at." The site was bought by Lord Arlington of 'Cabal' fame, the man who introduced tea into England. This was in 1665 and the tea was bought in Holland at a cost of 60s. per pound, a price which would be equivalent to some £12 to-day. Tea in those days was made as now, but the liquid infusion was carefully strained off and thrown away, the leaves being then spread upon bread and butter and eaten. It was called 'Tay.'

In 1703 Arlington House was demolished and Buckingham House built in its place. This was rented by George III., and in 1775 was given to Queen Charlotte in exchange for Somerset House, which was wanted for the Inland Revenue. Here George III. and his family lived, and the king was visited by Dr. Johnson in 1767. The Doctor, who knew the librarian well, was in the habit of visiting the Royal Library—the collection which now forms the King's Library at the British Museum. George heard of the Doctor's visits and arranged to be told when next Johnson was there. This was done and the king entered the room, where he spent some time in conversation with the Doctor, who afterwards professed himself very pleased to find that the king was "quite a gentleman."

Until the early part of last century Belgravia was a desolate marshy tract of waste known as the Five Fields, a dreary district haunted by footpads and famous as the scene of the first balloon ascent in England in 1784.

The whole area was so marshy that no one thought it would be possible to build there until Henry Cubitt, founder of the

firm of Holland, Hannen and Cubitts, bored into the clay. It was then found to be only a few feet thick and, a special Building Act being obtained, the clay was converted into bricks and the present squares of Belgravia built with them.

The district has few historical associations. In Elizabeth's time it was known as Ebury Farm, and was let to a troublesome person named Wharton, who sublet it to various "scurvy fellows who enclosed the common land to the hindrance of all good hunting and hawking," a matter which caused Her Majesty much concern, the spot being a favourite haunt of the heron and the home of numerous waterfowl.

During the 18th century the fields were the haunt of bull-baiters and the organisers of dog-fights, cock-fights and prize-fighting contests, and it was the notoriety it obtained in these connections which led Henry Tattersall to open his famous sale rooms and betting ring at the north-west corner of the fields. This was in 1773, but so late as 1830, when Lord Hatherton took a house in the newly-erected Grosvenor Square, his servants gave notice, refusing to live in such an out-of-the-way place.

Adjoining Belgravia on the river-side is Pimlico, a decayed district of dreary stucco-fronted houses with heavy porticos and a name which it appears to have inherited from an ale-house keeper. This was another district of marshy flats, the haunt of waterfowl, and even so late as 1834 it is marked as uninhabited market garden ground intersected by the Grosvenor Canal, part of which still exists by the side of the railway—the basin at the end being occupied by Victoria Station. The higher ground where the gardens of Buckingham Palace stand was a favourite spot for tea gardens.

One of the most famous of these, Jenny Whin's, stood near Ebury Bridge. It was "a place much frequented from its novelty, being an inducement to allure the curious by its amusing deceptions. Here was a large garden; in different parts were recesses and by treading on a hidden spring up started different figures, some ugly enough to frighten you outright. In a large piece of water mermaids were showing themselves. Attached to the place were gardens and a bowling green, and parties were frequently made composed of ladies and gentlemen to enjoy a day's amusement there in eating strawberries and cream, cakes and syllabub, of which great variety could be procured. The

gentlemen played at bowls whilst the ladies enjoyed themselves with swings or walked about the gardens admiring the sunflowers and hollyhocks."

Passing across Hyde Park we come to Tyburnia and Mayfair. Tyburn Tree, the famous place of execution, stood in the middle of the road outside Marble Arch. The melancholy office of the hangman was originally performed on a little tongue of land at the junction of the Tybourne and Westbourne streams, where in later Plantagenet days stood a group of elms.

The earliest recorded executions here are those of Judge Tressillian and Nicholas Brembre, Lord Mayor, in 1388. During the later Tudor and Stuart periods Romish priests suffered here, and a procession still wends its way along Holborn and Oxford Street to Tyburn, where prayers are said. A list of those who ended their lives at this spot would require a volume. It would contain literally all sorts and conditions of men—those who, however misguided, preferred death to the renunciation of their cause, highwaymen, murderers, forgers, robbers, sheep-stealers and many lesser felons, for in the 18th century hanging was the almost universal penalty.

" Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'nt better company
'Neath Tyburn tree "

sings Macheath in the ' Beggar's Opera,' and he certainly would have had no cause for complaint a few years later.

The condemned spent their last days in Newgate, the cell being preserved in the London Museum, and were drawn along Holborn and Oxford Street through crowds of spectators. On the night before the execution the parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's was charged with the duty of ringing a handbell beneath the prisoner's window and exhorting the unhappy wretch to repent, while next morning the cart was delayed at the church while nosegays were presented to the condemned. The highwaymen generally made their last journey carelessly and jauntily as they had lived. Swift, in his *Tom Clinch*, pictures the scene :—

" As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,

He stopped at the ' George ' for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it—when he came back ;
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were white,
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie it,
And the maids to the doors and the balconies ran
And cried, ' Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man.' ”

Beneath the gallows the bodies of Ireton, Cromwell and others of the ' Regicides ' were buried on the Restoration of Charles II. In the reign of William IV. the district became a rival to Belgravia.

A little farther west are the districts of Bayswater and Notting Hill, formerly pleasant country hamlets where the citizens went a-nutting in the lanes or fishing for trout in the many streams.

It was from this district that London's first organised water supply came, and for many years the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs made an annual tour of inspection to the springs, streams and well-heads, ending up with a grand banquet at the Bayswater conduit.

CHAPTER XVI.

EAST LONDON.

East London—what does the name bring to our imagination? Not many associations perhaps, either literary or historical. It is a crowded populous district of small houses unrelieved by anything much higher than two storeys except factory chimneys, warehouses, schools and public houses. Stretching from the river by Wapping and Poplar right round to the higher ground by Islington, and from the City boundary eastward to the Lea and beyond, the district is without any rise in the ground and is filled entirely by factory and warehouse premises, and between them row upon row of small houses, their monotony hardly relieved by any open spaces except disused burial grounds and Victoria Park in Bethnal Green. Yet it contains one of the finest main roads in the world, the magnificent Roman road into the City, which is now Whitechapel High Street, and until quite recently it was a district of pleasant little country villages—Stepney, Bethnal Green, Hackney, Hoxton and Haggerston—nestling in their trees, surrounded by farms and cornfields, and in the 17th and 18th centuries the homes of prosperous City merchants—a quiet pastoral countryside without much history until later years, but then teeming with associations both literary and historical.

The history of the whole area has been told by Besant in his *East London*—less a history perhaps than a romance; and the lives of its people during the middle of the 19th century have been drawn by the same writer in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*—less a romance than a history, a remarkable book not only in the accurate picture it draws of the gray lives of the East End, lives which often reveal much noble self-sacrifice, but also in the fact that its dreams have been partially realised in the People's Palace at Mile End.

Leading out from Roman London were two great roads bordered, as all town exits were in those days, by the memorials to dead citizens. The one left London by Aldgate and passed

away across the Essex marshes to Colchester and the coast, while the other going out by Bishopsgate passed away in a north-easterly direction to the Fens and up to the east coast.

During medieval times the district from the river right round to Moorfields was occupied by great monastic institutions. Next the river by the Tower were St. Katherine Cree, St. Clare Minories, the great Eastminster and the priory of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate, while beyond these around Bishopsgate was a crowded suburb of vagrants, casual labourers, vagabonds, foreign traders, and indeed all manner of people who by the strict medieval law might not live within the City, but were suffered to crowd without under no sort of regulations until the nuisance became so great that they were formed into the Ward of Bishopsgate Without and an alderman appointed to preserve some sort of law and order. Their bodily welfare was attended to by the Hospital of St. Mary Spittle and the monks and nuns of the convents. Beyond was open country, with farms and villages and quiet country convents like the great Abbey of Barking or the nunnery from which came Chaucer's Prioress, the Lady Eglantyne, whose French was that of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

Stretching out along the river are the sailors' districts of Poplar and Wapping, the latter in the old parish of Stepney—a parish whose land area is comparatively small, but whose water area is the largest in the world, for every death, birth or marriage taking place on a British ship is technically within this parish.

The actual hamlet has little history, for it was a quiet country village. At one time Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, was rector of the parish and resided in Stepney at the end of White Horse Street. He was rector when Sir Thomas More offered him the Deanery, and one of the arguments used by the Chancellor to overcome his friend's reluctance to undertake this office was the ease with which the Cathedral could be reached, so that he need not give up his quiet country rectory.

"If the discommodities of the City offend you," wrote Sir Thomas, "yet may the country about your parish of Stepney afford you the like delights to those which that affords you wherein you now keepe."

Near the Green are the Trinity almshouses built in 1695,

and to these went Angela Messenger, the heroine of Besant's novel, to engage Nelly Sorensen as her assistant in the dressmaking business she was setting up in a house on the Green. On the Green too stood Mrs. Bormalack's, where Angela lodged and where she met that ardent democrat Harry Goslett, whom she married.

The church, dedicated to St. Dunstan, is a 14th century building and contains many interesting monuments. One in particular should be noticed—that to Sir Thomas Spert, commander of the 'Harry Grâce à Dieu' and founder of Trinity House.

The whole district along the river-side from Whitechapel through Poplar is one of extreme squalor, more alien than English in parts, and with as great a number of strange faces and as great a babel of strange tongues as can be met in a voyage round the world.

It has been a sailors' quarter from very early times. Here Chaucer's shipman went to get his crews, and here by the Galley wall the great Venetian and Genoese galleys tied up, and their crews, recruited in strange Levantine ports, came ashore. The road by the river—Ratcliffe Highway—was built upon in Stow's time, as was the riverside hamlet of Wapping, then called Wapping-in-the-Wash, and "the usual place for the hanging of pirates." These were lodged in the Marshalsea prison in Southwark, and taken by water to Execution Dock just below Wapping Old Stairs. Here was a gallows erected just at low-water mark on which pirates were hanged. The high water covered them and they were left for three tides, by which time there was usually another candidate for the post. Footpads and highwaymen were hanged in Whitechapel Road, our ancestors having a cheerful way of ornamenting the approaches to their towns with the bodies of those who could not respect the freedom of the roads.

Dibden, of course, is the literary monarch of Wapping, and pictures a life now quite lost. The flavour of modern Wapping can be got best in the Underground Station. Above ground, cranes and steamships have replaced porters and wooden sailing vessels. For the old Wapping with its life and bustle one must read Dibden. *Wapping Old Stairs*—the tairs are still there, but deserted—*Poor Jack*, *Tom Bowling*,

Blow High, Blow Low, and many another of his songs gave a picture of sailormen and of Wapping not true certainly, but one which gave to his contemporaries as well as to ourselves a more vivid idea than any more accurate description, and for that reason more real than reality.

Dibden has gone. Wapping is dead, although neighbouring sailorland is much as it was when Dibden wrote. Ships sailed and sailormen were sailors then, but Wapping is still the centre of the sea-world and the Mecca of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Shadwell, a little further east, has little about it of saintliness to-day, but it was St. Chad's Well, one of those holy wells which abounded around medieval London. In 1745 springs impregnated with sulphur, vitriol and iron were discovered in the neighbourhood, so there may well have been medicinal springs used in medieval times.

Whitechapel, just outside Aldgate, probably takes its name from a church conspicuous for the purity and whiteness of its stonework. It has a history going right back to Roman times when the great eastern road ran through it, and right out to Mile End it was bordered by the sepulchral monuments of Roman Londoners.

Being outside the City it became in medieval times the abode of all those casual workers and irregular trades which were not permitted within the City, and it has retained this character. Immediately beyond the walls were the great monasteries and beyond these the hovels of the dock and riverside workers. When the Reformation came the monasteries were destroyed and tenement houses erected to house the throngs of labourers who were being attracted by the growing port. Then when Cromwell permitted the Jews to return, they settled in the same area and have gradually displaced the original population, which has shifted to Poplar.

Whitechapel is now mainly concerned with clothing, both new and second-hand. Stand on the platform of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, on almost any day and you will be struck by the number of people carrying clothes covered with a piece of black lining material. They are the Whitechapel trouser and waistcoat hands who are taking sewing for the London tailors. This work is done in the homes or in workshops,

containing a few machines run by the feet of the operatives, or increasingly in larger workshops, better lighted and better ventilated, where the machines are run by electric power. Until recently this was one of London's worst sweated industries, and even now conditions are appalling. Many of the poorer families live, work and sleep in one room and take but a miserable pittance for their labour. It is mainly these whom we meet carrying home their work, for that of the larger works is delivered in bulk.

The centre of the old clothes trade is in Middlesex Street—more familiarly known as Petticoat Lane. Here can be bought almost anything second-hand, but especially cast-off clothing. The scene on Sunday mornings is a memorable one.

Much might be written about London's open-air markets. Cheapside is no longer lined with booths and stalls, but Farringdon Road, Caledonian Market in Islington, the New Cut or Lower Marsh, Lambeth, and many others testify to the Londoner's love of chaffering at stalls and barrows. Each of these markets is well worth study, but not one of them quite equals Middlesex Street. The street is lined with stalls heaped high with cast-off clothing and boots, with misfits, with new goods made specially for these markets. The shops are filled with the same type of goods, and even the air is thick with them, for they dangle on poles thrust out of upper windows. The street below is wedged tight with a jabbering, gesticulating mob, which appears to speak every language on earth but English, and to be made up of almost every nationality other than British.

It is Bartholomew Fair in a more modern setting, and has been described in innumerable plays and novels, but is well worth a visit if only to discover how strange a guise London can wear. The old clothes market was originally in Royal Mint Street further south. Formerly this was Rosemary Lane, a name which carries the mind back to pleasant country scenes and scents which have been long absent in this district. In the 18th century it was popularly known as Rag Fair. Here came the cast-off clothes of the fine lady and gentleman to be bought by London's poor. Occasionally great bargains were picked up, as in 1756 when a poor woman bought a pair of breeches at Rag Fair for 9d., and on taking them to pieces

to cut down discovered a £30 note and eleven Queen Anne guineas sewn into the linings.

Petticoat Lane was a pleasant country district in the days of James I., but building had already commenced, for it was becoming a residential suburb on account of the sweetness and purity of the air. Stow's account written some three hundred years ago is particularly refreshing to those who know the district to-day. "This Hog Lane," he says, "stretcheth towards St. Mary Spittle without Bishopsgate and within these forty years it had on both sides fair hedgerows of elm trees, with bridges and easy stiles to pass over into the pleasant fields, very commodious for the citizens to walk about and otherwise to recreate and refresh their dull spirits in the pure and wholesome air."

The only trace of the country to be found in Whitechapel to-day is the hay market held in the middle of Whitechapel Road.

It was at the Bull Inn, Whitechapel, that the coach driven by Tony Weller stopped; it was to Whitechapel that David Copperfield came, and the genius of Dickens is over the whole district. One must not forget too that it was just within the City here at Aldgate that the scene of most of the *Old Curiosity Shop* is laid, and in the neighbourhood too are still one or two old houses which may well have been in the author's mind when describing the office of Mr. Sampson Brass.

Further on by the old City wall is Shoreditch, just outside Bishopsgate.

Down to the time of Henry VIII. this was open country dotted with windmills and, like the neighbouring Islington, famous for its archery butts and its dairy farms. Archery was the great pastime for the Londoner in the Middle Ages, and the City archers were conspicuous amongst those who withstood the charge of the French at Crecy and Poitiers. It is said that on one occasion Henry VIII. jocularly gave the title of Duke of Shoreditch to the winner in one of the archery competitions which were held in this parish, and from that time the leading archer used the title, his companions taking similar titles from the neighbouring districts.

The chief claim to distinction, however, lies in the fact that the first theatres in England were built here, and in the parish

church of St. Leonard were buried Will Somers, jester to Henry VIII.; Richard Tarleton, the famous clown of Elizabethan times; James Burbage, the builder of the theatre, and his son Richard, who was Shakespeare's partner in the Globe; Gabriel Spenser, killed by Ben Jonson in a duel; Sly and Cowley, two of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and several other actors of the early days.

The Theatre was the first real theatre to be built in England and was erected within the precincts of the old Holywell Priory, where the players were outside the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor, for stage plays were forbidden by puritan London. Companies of players, however, were springing up all over the country, generally under the protection of some nobleman. Amongst these were the Earl of Leicester's Servants, with James Burbage, a joiner, as their manager. Burbage leased the barn on the old Priory lands, borrowed £600 from his father-in-law and built the Theatre, a round wooden structure, which was afterwards carefully pulled down by his son Richard and re-erected in Southwark as the Globe. Richard was the original creator of most of Shakespeare's great characters, including Hamlet, and appears to have been one of the greatest actors on the English stage. The site of this theatre has recently been determined by a careful survey and is found to have been a few yards away from the Curtain Road School, partly on the site of the furniture factory at the corner of Curtain Road.

The Curtain was a rival house and was so named from the fact that it had the stage shut off from the auditorium by a curtain. This theatre has associations with Burbage and Green, players from the town of Stratford-on-Avon, and later with the son of a Stratford butcher named Will Shakespeare, who was a boy at school when the theatre was built.

This lad came to London and was employed at the Curtain in minor parts, but his chief work was adapting plays, from which he proceeded to writing them.

Not far away, in the Barbican, was another theatre, the Fortune, a property aptly named, for it was owned by Alleyn the founder of Dulwich College, and he made his money from it.

Beyond are Hackney, Hoxton, Haggerston and Bethnal Green—dull districts, row upon row of little houses crowded into little streets with here and there a glimpse of a railway

siding or an oily-looking canal. Not so long ago these also were pretty little villages set in green fields and dotted over with the country houses of the higher civil servants and prosperous City merchants.

At Bethnal Green lived that great Quaker, Sir William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. Here too lived Sir W. Batten and other notables of the Navy, when garrulous old Samuel Pepys was Secretary to the Navy, and with King Charles II. and his brother James was building up the first line.

Sir W. Batten lived in the house which was reputed to have been the home of the famous blind beggar, whose history and whose pretty daughter Bessie are the subject of an old Elizabethan ballad recorded in the Percy Reliques as *The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green*.

Local legend records that Henry de Montfort, son of Earl Simon, was lying wounded on Evesham Field when he was aided by a baron's daughter. The lady married him, and to preserve his life assumed with him a beggar's attire and came to live on the Green. Their daughter was the Pretty Bessie of the ballad. Pepys records the legend in his account of his first visit to Batten's new house. The inhabitants used to point out an old house on the Green as the Beggar's House, but they were wrong, as the house was built by a rich merchant of Elizabeth's time.

For a time Bethnal Green was a Huguenot settlement; these, however, were more numerous in the neighbouring Spitalfields nearer to London. Here was founded a Priory and Hospital which at the Dissolution contained 180 beds. It was closed with the other monastic institutions and the site converted into a fashionable quarter. The great square of the Priory remained, and here were preached the famous Spital sermons which were attended by the Lord Mayor and Corporation in state. It is said that on one occasion the preacher, Dr. Barrow, held forth for three hours. The Spital sermons continued, until 1642 when they were discontinued, to be revived at the Restoration. After the Fire they were removed to Christ Church, Newgate.

Hackney and its neighbouring hamlets was a rural spot until well within the 19th century. During the 18th century, however, it and its neighbouring hamlet of Agostane (Haggerston)

became the seat of several merchants, some of whose houses are still in existence and may be distinguished from their humbler neighbours by their size, and sometimes by the fact that they still possess a considerable area of grounds.

Strype in his edition of Stow describes it as a pleasant and healthful place where in former times many noblemen lived, amongst others the Earl of Northumberland, while another writer at the end of the 18th century says: "Hackney is a large and populous village inhabited by such numbers of wealthy persons and merchants that it is said there are near a hundred gentlemen's coaches kept."



PELHAM STREET, SPITALFIELDS, 1820.

Until well into the 19th century in fact the place was just a large country village whose staple industry was nursery gardening. It contained four streets of cottages, Church Street, Mare Street, Grove Street and Wells Street, and was separated from London by open fields intersected by watercress beds. Only one portion of the old village is left, the tower of the church, which dates from the 16th century, the older church on the site having been pulled down then. The present church, which is not quite on the site of the old, dates from 1810.

Amongst the more important residents of old Hackney

may be mentioned Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charterhouse School, whose house is now marked by Sutton Place ; Strype, the continuator of Stow's *Survey*, who was a lecturer at Hackney Church, and several of those concerned in the trial of Charles I. At the corner of Mare Street, near to Dalston Lane, lived the miserly and wealthy John Ward, M.P., satirised by Pope in the lines :—

“ Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres and the Devil.”

After his death there was found amongst his effects a paper containing a prayer :—

“ O Lord, Thou knowest I have mine estates in the City of London, and likewise I have lately purchased an estate in Essex. I beseech Thee therefore to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake ; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire I beg of Thee likewise to have an eye of compassion upon that county ; and for the rest Thou mayest deal with them as Thou art pleased.”

Daniel Defoe also probably lived at Hackney for some time, for his son and daughter were baptised in the Parish Church, while John Howard the philanthropist was born in the adjoining hamlet of Lower Clapton, and at one time was living, for the benefit of his health, in Stoke Newington.

Amongst more notorious but less reputable people were the highwaymen who infested the roads, Dick Turpin amongst others. The name of the place passed over in last century to the Hackney Cab, said to have been invented here. Even Maitland lends the weight of his authority to this statement, stating :—

“ The village of Hackney being anciently celebrated for the numerous seats of the nobility and gentry, occasioned a mighty resort thither of persons from the City of London whereby so great a number of horses were daily hired in the City that at length all horses to be let received the common appellation of Hackney horses, which denomination has since communicated itself both to public coaches and chairs, and though this place at present be deserted by the nobility, yet it so abounds with merchants and

persons of distinction that it excels all other villages in the kingdom and probably on earth for the opulence of the inhabitants."

Maitland may have been right about the wealth of the people, but certainly he was wrong about the derivation of 'hackney' as applied to horses, for both Chaucer and Froissart use the word to mean an ordinary riding horse, an ambling horse or pad [hackenaie in *Romaunt of the Rose*] as distinct from a war-horse.

The whole area abounded in almshouses; amongst them we may specially mention those of the Ironmongers' Company, known as Geffeyre's, in the Shoreditch end of Kingsland Road. They were founded by an ironmonger named Geffeyre in 1703, but as the district is now anything but a suitable resort for old folks the houses were closed. The L.C.C. bought them and converted them into a museum of genuine 'Period' furniture. Here may be seen not only an 18th century house fronted by an old English garden, but genuine old furniture arranged in suitable surroundings. It is open free daily, and should be an inspiration not only to the cabinet-makers of the neighbourhood, but to all who wish to see exactly how our ancestors furnished their homes.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NORTHERN BOROUGHES.

Islington, St. Pancras, Hampstead, Marylebone, the Northern Boroughs of London, occupy ground which until recently was open meadow and woodland, intersected with clear streams which, joining about Clerkenwell, made the famous Fleet River.

Every inch of the ground teems with literary associations, for it is still one of the favourite residences of authors, and almost every character in the great mass of London fiction has at some time or another been within this area.

Out through Aldersgate and across the low-lying fields of Hoxton, Haggerston and Hackney ran the great road to the north, and to the west of this road, on land gradually rising to the heights of Highgate and Hampstead, were the villages of Islington, Holloway and Highbury, which with their hamlets and farms have been swallowed up in the modern borough of Islington. Even to-day the district is closely connected with the task of feeding London, for here is the Agricultural Hall where is held the great Christmas cattle show. In earlier years the borough was pleasant open meadow and cornland interspersed with woodlands and supplied London with much of its corn, its milk and its beef.

Fitzstephen, writing in the reign of King Stephen, describes it as "fields for pastures and open meadows, very pleasant, into which the river waters do flow and mills are turned with a delightful noise. The arable lands are no hungry pieces of gravel, but bring plentiful corn and fill the barns of the owners with a dainty crop."

As London became populous the fields between Islington village and the City became an archery ground for the citizens, and were dotted over with archers' marks. An Act of Edward III. forbids able-bodied citizens "wasting time over football, handball, bandy (a kind of hockey) and such like vain and profitless plays," and commands them to exercise themselves with bows or crossbows on Sundays, holidays, and at all times of leisure.

Later Acts relieved all persons practising archery at recognised

public butts from any action for damages arising out of such practice, even if their marksmanship resulted in the wounding or death of passers-by. Unpopular Aldermen must have given Islington Fields a wide berth on Sundays and holidays.

The practice of archery died out with the coming of firearms in spite of repeated attempts to revive it, but right down to the close of the 18th century the Honourable Artillery Company had an Archer company—as well as those using the more modern arms.

The historical associations of Islington are few until the 16th century, when it became part of the royal hunting grounds. Henry VIII. went so far as to prohibit all hunting of game or hawking of pheasants, partridges, hares or herons in any district between Westminster and Islington, Highgate, Hornsey and Hampstead, and he also possessed a hunting lodge at Newington Green. Indeed Henry, Anne Boleyn and their daughter Elizabeth seem to have been everywhere around London. Almost every district has a Lovers' Walk, each of which, according to local legend, was a favourite with Henry and the Lady Anne; while as for Elizabeth, if local tradition is worth anything at all, she patronised every public house for miles round London. In every district are to be found Queen Elizabeth's Heads, Queen's Heads, Roses and Crowns, at some of which she slept, at most of which she called at some time or another for a draught of mine host's prime October.

With the accession of the Stuarts the district became more famous, for it was on the direct road to Scotland, and it was to Islington that the Lord Mayor and citizens went out to meet the king on his return from his northern visits.

The fields around the village were intersected by numerous brooks and so became a favourite resort with City anglers, and especially with good old Izaak Walton, who was often to be found hereabouts.

That most famous of all London's water supplies, the New River, is closely connected with the village. From quite early times London had been supplied with water from the Thames, the Fleet River and the Walbrook, which with their numerous tributary streams gave a plentiful supply of excellent water. As the City grew in size, and the outer districts became agricultural land, supplies began to fail. The Walbrook was covered

in, the Thames no longer served, while the Fleet became more and more noisome, defying all the efforts of the citizens to keep it clean. Towards the close of the 12th century the Corporation took the matter in hand, and the water from certain springs about Paddington was led into a covered reservoir at Bayswater, and from thence to the conduit in Cheapside. The arrangement benefited the farmers and villagers on the route, but very little water reached the City, so in 1216 the merchants of Ghent and Bruges subscribed for a six-inch leaden pipe to be laid from the reservoirs (which stood in what is now Stratford Place) direct to the conduit. Some portions of this leaden main were discovered in Islington in 1875.

So jealously did the City guard this supply that the king had to petition for leave to lay a pipe to the royal stables which stood about the site of the National Gallery. He was given permission to tap the City's main "so long as his pipe be no larger than a goose quill"—not a very generous allowance.

Unless one was the fortunate possessor of a private well all water had to be obtained from the conduits or bought from water carriers, who drove a lucrative trade even down to the 18th century. There were, however, many who tried to steal a march on their fellows by drawing water direct from the main, especially when the latter ran by the door and the conduit was at a distance. In 1478 certain tradesmen in Fleet Street tapped the main, and being discovered were condemned to parade the City carrying a model of the conduit, possibly that they and their friends might recognise it more easily in future. These conduits were in fact the daily resort of the neighbourhood. Here the maids and prentice-lads gathered morning and evening with their water jars; here as the most public place in the district was placed the pillory. Here too, as to a sort of Labour Exchange, came the day labourers and the masters who wished to engage hands, and an old author tells us how in the year 1700 an old countryman solved the problem of the wickedness of London. Going along Cheapside, he saw the chimney sweeps waiting for orders round the conduit in Chepe, and wrote home that he knew the reason for the terrible wickedness of the City. It contained the entrance to Hell, and he had actually seen the Devil and his imps lounging about the doorway in broad daylight.

By the beginning of the 17th century the water supply was again inadequate in spite of the waterworks on London Bridge erected by the Dutchman, Peter Morice, and the endeavours made by the Corporation to bring supplies from Hampstead and from the River Lea through Hackney, then a pleasant country village given up to dairy-farming. It remained for the public spirit and private fortune of a London citizen, Sir Hugh Myddelton, supported by King James I., to supply the need.

The Corporation had obtained powers to bring water from Amwell in Herts, but nothing was done until 1609 when Myddelton offered to undertake the work at his own cost, and the New River Company was formed. The course was surveyed and work started, but progress was delayed for some time owing to the opposition of local landowners, who actually introduced a Bill to stop the work. This was defeated, but Myddelton had spent £3,000—about £30,000 in present values—and was now so short of money that he could not proceed with the work. However, King James came forward with an offer to meet half the cost in return for half the profits, and London merchants raised the rest and the work proceeded.

In 1613 it was finished, and the water was allowed to flow into the great reservoirs at Islington, whence it was conveyed to the City in wooden pipes made from the trunks of elms hollowed out, the narrow end of one being fitted into the butt of the next, and the joint made tight with a luting of clay. Several of these pipes, perfectly preserved, were dug up in Bishopsgate only a year or two ago, and may be seen in the Guildhall Museum.

The undertaking was a marvellous piece of engineering, the canal following a course of over forty miles, passing over or under numerous brooks and streams, and being carried over the deep cleft of the Highgate valley by a huge wooden aqueduct supported on brick piers. The opening ceremony is thus described by Stow:—

“ A troop of labourers to the number of sixty or more, well apparelled and wearing green Monmouth caps all alike, carryed spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such-like instruments of laborious employment marching after

drummers twice or thrice about the cisterne, presented themselves before the mount, where the Lord Maior, aldermen and a worthy company beside stood to behold them ; and one man in behalf of all the rest delivered this speech :—

‘ Long have we laboured, long desired, and pray’d
For this great work’s perfection ; and by th’aid
Of Heaven and good men’s wishes, ’tis at length
Happily conquered, by cost, art and strength.

‘ And after five yeeres expence in dayes,
Travaile, and paines, beside the infinite wayes
Of malice, envÿ, false suggestions,
Able to daunt the spirits of mighty ones
In wealth and courage.

‘ Now for the fruits then ; flow forth precious spring,
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
Comfort to all that love thee ; loudly sing,
And with thy chrystal murmers strook together,
Bid all thy true well-wishers welcome hither.’

At which words the floodgates flew open, the streame ran gallantly into the cisterne, drummes and trumpets sounding in triumphall manner and a brave peale of chambers gave full issue to the intended entertainment.”

In the 17th century Islington became a great dairying district famous for its clotted cream and its pretty milkmaids, while by the middle of the 18th it had become a part of outer suburbia where prosperous City merchants half retired, coming up to business once or twice a week.

As in other outlying districts there was considerable danger from footpads and highwaymen after dark. These not only stopped travellers, but even broke into houses and became so dangerous that pedestrians, returning to the City, collected into well-armed parties before setting out. In spite of an offer of £10 for every robber caught, the danger increased so much that finally the inhabitants of the village formed a military society, and well-armed parties patrolled the roads all night.

As the beginning of the last stage to London, Islington was

the place where the cattle collected before being driven up to Smithfield for sale and slaughter. This association of Islington with cattle is perpetuated not only in the Agricultural Hall with its Cattle Show, but in the great home cattle-market and abattoirs established in 1855, since when Smithfield has been reserved for dead meat.

To Islington come practically all the English and Scottish sheep and cattle for the London market, and here they are slaughtered. The scene is very different now that the cattle come in by rail. Formerly they were driven in on the hoof, and the roads from the grazing districts were congested for miles by the great droves of oxen, herds of sheep and geese, and, just before Christmas, flocks of turkeys, being driven up to market. Before setting out the feet of the birds were dipped in tar to protect them on the roads, and they were driven slowly up to town grazing on the stubble and the grassy sides of the roads on their way.

Naturally the village became famous for its ales and its inns. Practically all the old inns have gone, either destroyed or converted into modern public houses with nothing but the name to remind us of former greatness. There was 'The Queen's Head' pulled down in 1829. Queen Elizabeth's Head it was, of course, and here, according to tradition, she used to meet Sir Walter Raleigh, who was said to be its owner. Raleigh got a living in several ways, and amongst others he held a monopoly of sweet wines. Consequently any alehouse owner wishing to sell these wines had to get a licence from Sir Walter. Hence the connection.

'The Red Bull' behind Frederick Place was, however, either the residence or the property of the great Elizabethan adventurer. At one time there was here a stained-glass window containing what were supposed to be Raleigh's coat of arms. These arms consisted of two mermaids each crested with a globe, two sea-horses bearing bunches supposed to be tobacco, and green and gray parrots. There is a tradition which says that it was at this inn that Raleigh first introduced tobacco into England.

'The Angel,' of course, everybody knows, though the familiar inn has long since disappeared, and the celestial visitant now appears in the guise of a Lyons' teashop. For centuries

it was the most famous amongst Islington's inns. It is not in Islington, but just across the border in Finsbury.

Travellers leaving London in the afternoon could, with luck, reach Islington by the evening—too late, however, to go further until next morning. Those too who reached the village from the north found it advisable, especially in the winter, to complete their journey in the morning. In either case, there stood the 'Angel' and her sisters ready to shelter the traveller after (or before) braving the perils of the City Road and Goswell Road. The old 'Angel,' established nearly three hundred years ago, was the usual type of coaching inn, with tiers of wooden galleries round a courtyard. It was a famous coach stop, as



THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN.

was its successor, erected in 1819. Gradually the railway superseded the coach, and the 'Angel' became an ordinary public house, familiar to all Londoners as the 'Hangel' of the bus conductors.

Islington of course abounds in literary associations. First, naturally, comes Charles Lamb, who lived in 'a little white box' in Colebrook Row. In a letter dated September 2, 1823, he says: "When you come Londonward you will find me no longer in Covent Garden. I have a cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington—a cottage, for it is detached—a white house with six good rooms in it. The New River, rather elderly by

this time, runs, if a moderate walking pace can be so termed, close to the foot of the house; behind is a spacious garden. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining room all studded over and rough with old books. Above is a lightsome drawing room, three windows, full of choice prints."

Not far away is the City Road. Now this is classic ground, for does not our nursery rhyme celebrate it—

"Up and down the City Road,
In and out the 'Eagle,'
That's the way the money goes,
Pop! goes the weasel."

and doubtless it did in the olden days, when merchant, artizan and prentice alike walked out to Merrie Islington. Now it is the dullest of London's thoroughfares, but it is Dickens' Land quite as much as Southwark, and Dickens' characters are real Londoners, although Somerset House could not produce their birth certificates. The 'Eagle' stood and stands at the corner of Shepherdess Walk, near St. Luke's, and to it Mr. Wilkins, in *Sketches by Boz*, took his inamorata, Miss Evans of Camden Town, one memorable afternoon. A little farther along is Windsor Terrace, still but little changed from what it was when 'Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies' occupied one of its houses. No young ladies boarded there, but David Copperfield lived in the house during the time he worked at the blacking factory, and here also Mr. Micawber condescended to exist whilst waiting for something to turn up.

In Upper Street, Islington, was 'The Imperial Restaurant and Luncheon Bar,' where Clara Hewett, in Gissing's *The Nether World*, obtained a situation as waitress. Upper Street is still dotted with similar establishments to-day.

Coming to more real residents, we have Dr. William Hawes—founder of the Royal Humane Society; and for visitors, old Izaak Walton, who loved its quiet brooks, and doubtless Milton, Bunyan, Dr. Johnson and others from Clerkenwell. Within the borough is Canonbury, a manor which belonged to the Priory of St. Bartholomew. Here is an ancient house with the rebus of Prior Bolton and an underground passage to Smithfield. In spite of tradition this passage is probably

no more than a water conduit, for the old monks took care to have efficient drainage and a plentiful supply of good water centuries before any one else thought of such things. At the dissolution Canonbury went to Thomas Cromwell, and eventually passed to Sir John Spencer, an Elizabethan millionaire. His daughter, a favourite with Queen Elizabeth, eloped, and was disinherited by her father. Later the Queen persuaded him to stand godfather to a boy whose parents had been disinherited. He consented to this, and after the ceremony declared he would adopt the child in place of his disinherited daughter. Later he was told by the wily Queen that he had adopted his own grandson.

The lady seems to have possessed considerable business ability, for in a letter to her intended husband she says she



THE OLD BRITISH MUSEUM, MONTAGUE HOUSE,
BLOOMSBURY.

must have £1,600 a year pin money, £600 for charity, three saddle horses, two maids, three gentlemen-in-waiting, two four-horse coaches, two footmen, twenty gowns a year, £2,200 to pay her debts, and £10,000 worth of jewels. She concludes by saying that as she is so moderate in her demands she thinks he should pay for the children's schooling, wages for her servants, furniture for her houses, and in addition double attendance and an additional £1,000 per year when he succeeds to an earldom.

Parts of Bolton's house still exist in the houses of Canonbury Place. In the latter part of the 18th century the house was let in tenements, and here lived Chambers, the founder of

the *Encyclopædia*, Mr. Speaker Onslow, Woodfall, printer of *Junius*, Oliver Goldsmith and Newbery his publisher.

Continuing north from Islington are Highbury on the hill and Holloway in the valley. Both belonged to monastic houses, that of Highbury to the Hospitallers. Their house here was burned by the Essex rebels during the peasant revolts, and consequently became known as 'Jack Straw's Castle.'

To Holloway as to Islington came the City folk on holiday jaunts and the place became famous for its pleasure gardens and tea gardens.

Battle Bridge, King's Cross, is in this district. Here, says tradition, was fought the great battle between the Romans and the British under Boadicea. We cannot say whether this is the site, although it may have been, as many Roman remains have been found in the neighbourhood. Included amongst these are weapons both Roman and British, also the bones of elephants, which animals we know were used by the Romans. In the neighbourhood are also traces of Roman camps, and it is quite possible that there was some outpost or even a considerable summer camp, though there is not sufficient evidence to support the theory of the antiquary Stukely, who claimed to have discovered a complete camp at the Brill by Old St. Pancras Church.

In Holloway, just at the foot of Highgate Hill, stands Whittington's Stone. The original stone is said to have been placed in position by Whittington to mark the place where he had rested as a lad. In 1795 this stone was removed by an over-zealous parish officer, was cut into two pieces and placed on either side of the gateway of the 'Queen's Head Inn' at Islington. Later, a memorial surrounded by iron railings was erected to mark the spot.

St. Pancras itself is so named from the Phrygian martyr, who became a favourite saint with the English. The old Church dates from very early times—indeed local tradition claims that it is the first Christian church to be built in Britain, and a German antiquary of the 18th century makes an even greater claim. Writing of St. John Lateran in Rome, he says, "This is the head and mother of all Christian Churches, if you except that of St. Pancras under Highgate." Until the coming of the railways this, with the neighbouring Kennistoune

(Kentish Town) and Camden Town, was quite a country spot, but it had been a settlement from very early times. Many Stone Age and British relics found here point to the bluffs above the Fleet River having been a home of the early Britons, while a stone engraved Leg. xx. and other Roman remains seem to indicate some sort of station in the neighbourhood.

The churchyard has some notable tombs, amongst them that of Pasquale di Paoli, the Corsican hero, who was driven out by the French and took refuge in England. There is a story that Chatterton three days before his death walked into an open grave here, and in this churchyard Shelley met Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, whom he subsequently married. Near the church was one of the many holy wells which are to be found in and around London.

Highgate itself has many literary associations, although so late as the 13th century the woods were infested with wolves, and until the close of the 18th highwaymen were numerous.

Lauderdale House, now the convalescent home for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was formerly the property of Lord Lauderdale, who lent it to Charles II. for the accommodation of Nell Gwynn. Adjoining the grounds on their northern side was Andrew Marvell's cottage. Here Marvell lived and wrote. According to an old lady who was living there in 1850, says Mr. S. C. Hall in his *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, Marvell wrote sense in a little room in the cottage, but wrote poetry in a summerhouse in the garden.

Doubtless it is this garden to which he alludes in the verse—

“ I have a garden all my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.”

Directly opposite lived Bridget Ireton, the favourite daughter of Oliver Cromwell. The house is still standing, being used as a convalescent home by the Great Ormond Street Hospital. Its staircase is a remarkably fine one, ornamented with wooden figures of the various ranks in Cromwell's army, from the private upwards. Two are missing and are said to have been portraits of Cromwell and his second-in-command Ireton.

At Highgate was formerly enacted the ceremony of "Swearing on the Horns," and to be sworn at Highgate indicated a knowing fellow. The ceremony took place at the 'Red Lion' and also at other Highgate inns, and its essentials were the kissing of the horns, swearing an oath and providing liquid refreshment of mine host's best for the company. Various versions of the oath are extant, but the vital point appears to have been an extra emphasis on 'that' by which the initiate might be known. We give one form of the oath—

"Upstanding and uncovered: Silence! Take notice what I now say to you for *that* is the first word of the oath, mind *that*. You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father. I must acknowledge you my adopted son. If you do not call me father, you forfeit a bottle of wine; if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through Highgate and you have no money in your pocket, you may call for a bottle of wine at any house you may think proper to enter and book it to your father's score.... You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, unless you like brown best; nor must you drink small beer while you can get strong, unless you like small best; you must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress unless you like the maid best, but sooner than miss a good chance you may kiss both."

There was more to the same effect, after which the novice was required to kiss a pair of horns, sign a book, and of course suitably moisten the throats of the company.

Although the ceremony has now fallen into disuse, departing with the mail-coaches of last century, several of the principal inns had the pairs of horns, but the register books have disappeared. We have not been able to find whether any of the horns still exist.

In the church of St. Michael, Highgate, is a tablet erected to the memory of S. T. Coleridge, who was buried in the old church from which the tablet was removed. In the Grove, almost opposite the old church, Coleridge lived under the care of Mr. Gillman, an apothecary. Here he was visited by Wordsworth, Lamb, and other friends. Here too he met "A loose,

slack and not well-dressed youth in a lane near Highgate. He was introduced to me and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way he ran back and said, 'Let me carry away the memory, Mr. Coleridge, of having pressed your hand.' 'There is death in that hand,' I said, when Keats had gone, yet this was, I believe, before the consumption had showed itself."

On the opposite hill is Hampstead, until recently a district of wild open heath and forest, part of the great forest of Middlesex, where the citizens hunted the wolf and wild boar. The Heath still retains something of its original aspect and Ken Wood is still a tree-covered space; but in St. John's Wood the trees have given place to villas. The manors belonged to Westminster Abbey, but were seized by Henry VIII. and formed part of the great royal chase of which we have already spoken.

The literary associations of Hampstead would themselves fill a book, and we can only indicate a few of them here. Everywhere from Tottenham Court Road northwards one meets with authors or the characters created by them. Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub* (not to be confused with Swift's) is placed in the neighbourhood of Kentish Town, Tottenham Court, and Marylebone, while Defoe's 'Colonel Jack' robbed coaches here. The characters in *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Pickwick*, Wilkie Collins' *Woman in White*, *The Newcomes* and *Vanity Fair*, to mention only a few, are constantly to be met with, while most of the great writers have patronised Hampstead at one time or another.

In the Vale of Health stood Leigh Hunt's cottage. Here he was visited by Shelley and Byron, the latter of whom wrote these lines from Cowper on the window—

" Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade
Where rumour of depression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Shall never reach me more."

Here, too, Keats was a constant visitor, and here he wrote some of his finest verses—inspired by the view from the Heath.

The lines beginning—

“ To one who has been long in city pent
 ’Tis very sweet to look upon the fair
 And open space of heaven—to breathe a prayer
 Full into the smile of the blue firmament ”

were suggested by this view, and the verses on ‘ Sleep and Poetry ’ by a night in Leigh Hunt’s cottage. Goldsmith, too, considered the view the finest in the world.

At the corner of Heath Mount and East Heath Road stood the ‘ Upper Flask ’ made famous in *Clarissa Harlowe*. Here met the Kit Cat Club—with Addison, Steele, Pope and others as members. The whole of the neighbourhood, indeed, is sacred ground to devotees of Richardson. We know not if *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison* are read nowadays—they deserve to be—but at one time they had a vogue proportionately far greater than the ‘ best sellers ’ to-day, and distinguished foreigners used to visit Hampstead merely to walk along Flask Walk and see the spots mentioned in Richardson’s books.

At Erskine House next the ‘ Spaniards ’ lived Lord Erskine, the brilliant advocate and witty chancellor—the man who remarked when Parry, the explorer, was telling how he lived on seals, “ And very good living too, if you keep them long enough.”

Charles Dickens was very partial to Hampstead Heath and its neighbourhood. Mrs. Bardell and Tommy go to take tea at the ‘ Spaniards ’ and Dickens himself was very often at ‘ Jack Straw’s Castle.’

In the town itself lived Joanna Bailey the poetess, whom Scott considered the highest genius of her country, and Byron said was the only woman who could write a tragedy. In Well Walk Keats wrote the ‘ Endymion,’ ‘ St. Agnes’ Eve,’ and ‘ To a Nightingale.’

In Hampstead also lived Dr. Arbuthnot, physician to Queen Anne and friend to Swift, Pope, and Gay ; for a short time Samuel Johnson, and at a later date Lucy Aitken and Hannah Lightfoot, the Quakeress, whom George III. is said to have married at Peckham.

During the 18th century Hampstead, in common with many

other places round London, derived considerable popularity from its springs, which are slightly charged with mineral matter. Hampstead, indeed, became quite a fashionable resort, rivalling Epsom and Tunbridge Wells. Local physicians wrote elaborate treatises describing the water as a "stimulant diuretic, very beneficial in chronic diseases arising from languor of the circulation, general debility or laxity of the solids, or in all cases where tonics and gentle stimulants are required. The season for drinking is from April to the end of October."

The usual adjuncts of concerts and dances were added to the attraction of the wells, and later there was the further attraction of marriages performed expeditiously without inquiries, and for a time it was as popular as Mayfair or the Fleet.

To-day the popularity of the Heath has declined. The neighbourhood is still a home of artists and writers, but the Heath is practically deserted except on Bank Holidays, when its popularity returns for a brief space. Then it is once more crowded—not with the fashionable world, but with that section of London which gets so little pleasure that it takes its joys seriously and strenuously, if perhaps somewhat noisily. For a brief space the Heath is crowded and the literary English of its usual denizens is swamped by the more virile Cockney. For a time the cocoa-nut shy, the roundabout and the donkey reign supreme. But 'Arry and 'Arriet have to go to work next morning, and until the next Bank Holiday the Heath becomes once more a place of rural quiet, disturbed only by parties of boys and girls from London schools botanising or studying at first hand the formation of springs, hills and river valleys.

Stoke Newington to the east of Islington is a small district which still keeps some of its former rural character, thanks to the settling beds and filter works of the New River. Down to Tudor times it was quite a small hamlet, and towards the close of the 18th century it was described as a pleasant place near to Islington in which a great number of citizens had built themselves houses.

At the time of the Great Fire the district was very well wooded, but the timber was cut down for use in rebuilding the City, and many of the fine old houses still to be met with

in the borough date from this period. Some, however, are earlier, that of Sir Thomas Mildmay dating from the days of Charles I., and another with the monogram and bearings of James I. is said to have been a hunting lodge of Henry VIII. In the neighbourhood lived Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Percy, Earl of Northumberland, in the days of Henry VII.

The old church on the north side of the road is a building of some interest, although the present parish church stands on the opposite side of the way. The old building contains a pew said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth when she was a prisoner at Hatfield House and the young Dudley was at Newington. The church also has a memorial to Mrs. Sutton, wife of the founder of the Charterhouse, and contains the grave of Bridget Fleetwood, the widow of Ireton.

The chief fame of the district rests upon its literary celebrities. These include Daniel Defoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe* in a house at the corner of what is now Defoe Road. He was elected churchwarden in the same year in which the book was published, but as he was a dissenter he could not hold office, so was excused on payment of a fine of £10.

In the same district lived D'Israeli, the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield. At a later date the house was inhabited by Evans, of the firm of Bradbury and Evans, the publishers of *Punch*. Here he was visited by Thackeray and Dickens, and a few doors away an American lad, Edgar Allan Poe, was living.

In Abney Park Cemetery stands Abney House, where Dr. Watts stayed for thirty years, writing most of his famous hymns. The cemetery was formerly the grounds of Abney House, and of the adjoining Fleetwood House where the son-in-law of the Protector lived. Some of the trees in the cemetery are said to have stood in the grounds when Fleetwood lived there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WESTERN VILLAGES.

Each part of London has an individuality of its own, and possesses characteristics which extend not only to its people but to the buildings and the very appearance of the streets.

These characteristics are so well marked that a stranger taking a long bus ride across the county, say from Plumstead in the extreme south-east to Hampstead in the north-west, could not fail to be struck by them. Any one who knew London at all intimately could tell pretty accurately which district he was in by the general appearance of his surroundings. There seems to be a tendency for people of similar occupations to congregate in the same area, for all the houses of a district to wear a similar air, and for other points of resemblance to mark off each district from its neighbours. This is particularly noticeable in those districts which now form the western suburbs—Chelsea, Fulham, and their neighbours. There is a brightness, a touch of Bohemianism in the air, especially of Chelsea, which has for centuries made this district the home of the creative arts.

Chelsea has long been the home of the artist, the musician, and the author, who are still in the earlier stages of their careers, and the borough gives us the nearest approach to a students' quarter that business-loving London will permit.

A low gravel patch rising but a few feet above high-water mark, and in early times entirely surrounded by streams and marshes, marks Chelsea—an ideal site for a settlement. The present name, however, is quite modern in spite of its Saxon appearance. It appears to have been adopted in the 16th century and not spelled as it is now until the 18th.

Whatever its Saxon name, the Norman scribes of the Domesday Survey could not get hold of it accurately, for they spelled it variously as Cercehede, Chelched, and Cealchylle,

while Sir Thomas More calls it Chelcith. Perhaps it is the same word as that which has given us Selsey and Chesil, both pebble ridges on the South Coast.

Like nearly all the arable land to the west of London, the manor belonged to the Abbey of Westminster and had an entirely uneventful history until Henry VIII. gave it to Katherine Parr and Sir Thomas More came to live there, and even at the end of the 17th century it was a quiet country village boasting about a thousand people.

This village grew up round the old church, which is still standing close to the river. The present building is not the oldest on the site, and is of various dates. The chancel and part of the north aisle are the oldest portions and date from the 14th century, when the Lawrence family became tenants of the manor and built the eastern end of the aisle as a private chapel; the south aisle was built by Sir Thomas More, while the tower belongs to the 17th century, and the windows to the early part of the 19th. The communion plate, which is still in use, was presented by More.

The most interesting feature of the church is its monuments. On the south wall of the chancel is a black marble tablet erected by Sir Thomas More some three years before his death and containing a Latin inscription written by him. Sir Thomas, however, is probably not buried here, but at St. Peter ad Vinculum in the Tower. His head we know is preserved at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, where his favourite daughter Margaret Roper lies.

The church also contains a desk on which are an old chained Bible, a copy of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, and other books. In the porch is a bell with a somewhat romantic history.

In 1679 the Hon. William Ashburnham was walking along the river bank one very dark night. Thinking deeply, he had not noticed where he was going, and had actually stepped into the river, when Chelsea clock struck nine and recalled his wandering thoughts. He discovered his peril and got to land so thankful for his escape that he left some money to pay for the ringing of the bell every evening at nine o'clock, a custom which was continued until 1825.

In this church is the memorial to Henry James, the

American novelist, who for many years lived at 21 Carlyle Mansions. But his epitaph shall speak for itself :—

In memory of Henry James, Novelist.

Born in New York, 1843. Died in Chelsea, 1916.

Lover and interpreter of the fine
amenities and of brave decisions and generous
loyalties : resident of this parish, who
renounced a cherished citizenship to give his
allegiance to England in the first
year of the Great War.

Chelsea has had many famous residents, some of whom we shall mention, but its fame really rests upon its being the home of Sir Thomas More, one of the greatest of England's long line of Immortals.

More's house, variously known as Buckingham House and Beaufort House, occupied the site of the present Beaufort Street and had gardens sloping down to the river. "It was," says Erasmus, "neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent and commodious enough."

In the gardens More erected a private chapel, a gallery and a library, and here he gathered round him a brilliant company of Renaissance scholars, including Erasmus, the greatest of them all, and Hans Holbein, a Dutchman, but the father of English painting.

At Chelsea More lived very simply with his children and his friends, attending service in the parish church, where he frequently donned a surplice and sang in the choir.

"God's body, my Lord Chancellor," said the Duke of Norfolk one day, finding him thus engaged, "a parish clerk! a parish clerk! You dishonour the king and his office." "Nay," replied Sir Thomas, "you may not think your master and mine will be offended with me for serving God his master, or thereby count his office dishonoured."

Erasmus, who knew More intimately and lived at Chelsea with him, gives a charming picture of the life there.

"There he converses with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so

affectionate as he, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid. You would say there was in that house Plato's Academy ; but I do his house an injury in comparing it to Plato's Academy, where there were only disputations of numbers, and geometrical figures and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for though there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue ; there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard ; none seen idle ; that worthy gentleman doth not govern with proud and lofty words, but with well timed and courteous benevolence ; everybody performeth his duty, yet there is always alacrity, neither is sober mirth anything wanting."

Besides being a patron of learning, More was also a supporter of the Drama, then in its earliest infancy, and was himself no mean actor. He could come in to a company of players by surprise and without rehearsal fall into a part, supporting it by his own extemporaneous invention, and at Chelsea he often entertained Heywood, the father of English drama.

To More's Chelsea house came Henry VIII., dropping in informally to dinner and afterwards walking in the garden with his host. In many respects Henry was peculiarly fitted to be More's companion, for he was no mean scholar, and besides was a discerning patron of the Arts. But Sir Thomas seems to have had a true insight into his master's imperious and ambitious character.

After one of these visits his son-in-law Roper remarked how happy he was to be treated so familiarly by the king ; to which More replied that he had no cause to be proud of the friendship, for if his head could win for the king a castle in France, Henry would not scruple to have it off—a prophecy which was afterwards fulfilled. More's house has been demolished, but on part of the site has been erected a portion of Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate, which for a time was his town house.

After More's death his house became Crown property. Here died Anne of Cleves ; Katherine Parr occupied it after

Henry's death and while she was guardian of the Princess Elizabeth, who must have lived there, and it is said that Mary Stuart was kept there for a time.

During the 17th century Chelsea gradually became a fashionable resort, developing towards the north-west, and a new road—the King's Road—was made for the use of King Charles the Second. In a house which still exists within Chelsea Gas Works lived Nell Gwynn, and in Paradise Row, now Ormonde Court, lived and died in poverty the Duchesse de Mazarin, niece of the cardinal and one of the many mistresses of King Charles.

In Chelsea also lived many of the 17th and 18th century writers. Addison was at the Old Manor House. Sir Robert Walpole, Dean Swift, Fielding and Smollett, all lived in Chelsea at one time or another; and here too Robert Boyle, one of our earliest scientists, lived in Odell Place, Little Chelsea, and was visited by John Evelyn, to whom he demonstrated his method of weighing air. In the same neighbourhood lived John Pym, John Locke, Sir Richard Steele, and Woodfall, printer of the Letters of Junius. Smollett lived in Lawrence Street near the church, in the house where John Gay, the author of the *Trivia* and the *Beggar's Opera*, had been secretary to Ann, Duchess of Monmouth. Smollett placed one of the scenes in *Humphrey Clinker* in this street.

But literary and artistic Chelsea derives its greatest fame from the residence in it of the great Victorians. Foremost amongst these was Thomas Carlyle, who for forty years lived in Cheyne Row—first at No. 5, and later at No. 24—coming there in 1834 and remaining until his death. Here he wrote most of his books, including the *French Revolution*, *Cromwell*, and *Frederick the Great*, and here he was lionised, especially by Americans. All sorts of devices were resorted to in order to get a sight of the interior of the house, and many were the visitors who hung about the neighbourhood hoping for a glimpse of their hero. The house (No. 24) is now kept as a Carlyle museum, where his devotees may worship to their heart's content.

The new church of St. Luke, built in 1820 to replace the old one which was inconvenient for the growing town, has one literary connection in that one of its former vicars was the

father of Charles Kingsley, author of *Westward Ho!* Charles was born in the old rectory still existing in Church Street.

One of the most striking features of present-day Chelsea is the magnificent embankment, which runs the complete length of the river from Battersea Bridge to Chelsea Bridge. This forms part of a larger scheme which would have carried on the embankment to Millbank. Only a portion of the scheme was ever completed—part by H.M. Commissioners of Woods and Forests in 1846, and the western portion by the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1874. Had it been completed and the very unsightly Millbank included, London would have had one of the finest riverside promenades in the world—a broad embankment stretching from Battersea Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge, and broken only by the Houses of Parliament almost in the centre.

The Chelsea Embankment is separated from Cheyne Walk by a line of elms which mark the old river bank. Behind these stand the old Queen Anne houses of red brick—houses which have for many years been favoured by artists and literary celebrities.

Here lived the Italian Dominicetti who introduced medicated baths and incidentally fell foul of Dr. Johnson. Boswell tells the story: "There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnson was in a very good humour, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Dominicetti being mentioned he would not allow him any merit. 'There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, Sir; medicated baths can be no better than warm water; their only effect can be that of tepid moisture.'"

At No. 4 lived Maclise, where later he was succeeded by George Eliot. Rossetti and Swinburne were at No. 16, Turner the painter at 118. Mrs. Gaskell was born at No. 93, Whistler lived at Nos. 96 and 101 and also at the White House in Tite Street, while Turner spent his last years at a small house near Cremorne Pier.

In the middle of Cheyne Walk there stood Don Saltero's, a coffee house and museum which attained great fame in the 18th century and was not pulled down until 1866.

It was founded in 1690 by John Salter, an old servant of Sir Hans Sloane, who gave him many curiosities. Many other gentlemen added to his collection, which appears to

have become well known through the *Tatler*, for Steele mentions it in several numbers. The collection does not seem to have contained anything of real importance, and was disposed round the walls and on the ceiling very much as a similar collection at the 'Marquis of Granby,' New Cross, is disposed to-day. Steele says, "When I came into the coffee house I had not time to salute the company before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the walls and on the ceiling."

A few extracts from the catalogue may be of interest. One case contained, besides a model of the Holy Sepulchre, the heads of the Evangelists, a handkerchief of asbestos and a number of coins and medals. Another case held a piece of Solomon's Temple, Queen Katherine's shoes, a Chinese book, the hand of an Egyptian mummy, a giant's tooth, "Job's tears that grow on a tree whereof they make anodyne necklaces," and other similar things.

In other places it displayed Queen Elizabeth's strawberry dish, the Pope's candle, a set of beads made of the bones of St. Anthony, Oliver Cromwell's sword, a curious flea-trap, and many other exhibits of a like nature.

The chief features of Chelsea in the 18th—19th centuries are the Gardens, the Buns, the Pottery and the Pensioners. Of the place of gardens in the scheme of 18th century amusements we shall have more to say when we are dealing with Lambeth. In Chelsea there were two—Cremorne in the west and Ranelagh in the east.

Ranelagh was a comparatively small place occupying a site near Chelsea Bridge, where part of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital stand now. It contained, however, a large concert hall—the Rotunda—which in 1740 was considered the finest place of entertainment in Europe. It provided the usual illuminated vocal and instrumental concerts, with dancing and masquerades, and was a resort of the fashionable world until outshone by Vauxhall Gardens nearly opposite.

Horace Walpole describes Ranelagh as a "Vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring or crowding is admitted for twelve pence. The buildings and disposition of the gardens cost £16,000. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it." Later, however, he says, "Every night

constantly I go to Ranelagh, which has totally beat Vauxhall. Everybody goes there, nobody goes anywhere else." Masked balls in which Royalty took part were a feature of its entertainments, and no doubt contributed largely to its success as a Society rendezvous.

Cremorne was of a similar nature, but its patrons were lower in the social scale and its entertainments less grand. It stood on the river bank to the west of the church and occupied the ground about where the Lot's Road generating station stands now. Its most flourishing period was in the early part of the 19th century.

Chelsea buns—what visions do they call up! But we who get our Chelsea buns from the local baker have no idea of the Old Chelsea Bun-house, with its takings of £250 in a day and its queue of 50,000 people. It stood at the end of Pimlico Road, not far from Grosvenor Row, and was regularly patronised by George II., George III., their queens and princesses, and of course by Society. So popular was it that in 1793 Mrs. Hands notified the public that, in consequence of the annoyance to her neighbours caused by the crowds who assembled at her house, she would not be selling Hot Cross Buns on the forthcoming Good Friday.

The old Chelsea Bun-house was demolished in 1839, and with it the secret of the bun disappeared. At any rate, although any baker will supply Chelsea buns, none seems to get a lineup which would do credit to a Cup final.

Chelsea pottery was manufactured in a row of buildings in Lawrence Street, and although the industry was started in the reign of Queen Anne, it was not for another half century that it was brought to perfection.

There was then no other manufactory of porcelain in England, and even our fine deposits of china clay were unknown, for the clay for the Chelsea works had to be smuggled out of China. The process was kept a secret, and even when Dr. Johnson, who thought he could improve on it, was allowed to work there, he was carefully kept out of the mixing room. Some of the most famous artists of the time, including Thornhill, were employed on it, and when petitioning for a subsidy the directors claimed that they trained thirty or forty boys annually as painters and designers.

At the end of the embankment on the site of part of old Ranelagh are two places of very great interest. On a piece of ground by the embankment is the Chelsea Physic Garden, originated by Sir Hans Sloane as a place where medicinal herbs might be grown. On the adjoining ground, still called Ranelagh, is held the summer show of the Royal Horticultural Society, and during this show the Physic Garden is open to the public. It contains two very fine specimens of the Cedar of Lebanon, which are now over two hundred years old, and in the centre is a statue of Sloane, who lived in the neighbourhood and from whom the neighbouring Sloane Street and Sloane Square take their names. On the river bank here stood the 'Old Swan Inn.' This was the finishing point in the annual race of the Thames watermen for Doggett's Coat and Badge.

Farther back lies Chelsea Hospital, founded by Charles II. and erected to the designs of Sir C. Wren. The site was originally occupied by Chelsea College, a Divinity College under Royal patronage founded in 1609. This college was to consist of seventeen divines who were to devote their time to the study of theology, and two laymen who were to record the historical events of their day. The foundation was never completed and is remarkable only in the fact that Camden was its first historiographer.

It is said that the present hospital originated through an old soldier stopping the coach of Nell Gwynn when she was on her way to Chelsea, and asking alms. The idea of an old soldier so moved Nelly that she persuaded the king to found a Royal Hospital for soldiers similar to that already planned at Greenwich for sailors. The buildings were then in the possession of the Royal Society, and John Evelyn was deputed to arrange their transfer to the king for £1,300.

Charles said he would spend £20,000 in building and settle an endowment of £5,000 per annum, but all he did was to pay the Royal Society out of the original endowment and pocket the rest, leaving the nation to erect and maintain the hospital. In the central courtyard is a statue of Charles II. said to be by Grinling Gibbons.

To the west of Chelsea lies Fulham, whose name means the abode of birds. This district is now a densely populated Metropolitan borough, but until recently it was an isolated

country village grouped around the old parish church and the palace of the Bishops of London.

The church has little of architectural interest except the 14th century tower, which balances that of Putney across the bridge. It, however, contains one of the finest peals of ten bells in the country and has many interesting monuments. It has also a very handsome set of communion plate, some pieces of which date from pre-Reformation days.

In the churchyard are buried many Bishops of London and also Theodore Hook, the witty editor of the original *John Bull*, who lived at Egmont Villa, a building which stood on the left-hand side of the church but has since been demolished. After spending a whole lifetime in entertaining the wealthy and contributing in no small measure to the upholding of the Tory party, he died in poverty, deserted by all his wealthy friends.

The ancient Manor House of Fulham, known as Fulham Palace, has been the summer residence of the Bishops of London since the 13th century. The oldest part of the present house, however, dates only from the time of Henry VII., and most of it is much later. The site is said to have been a Danish camp in 879, and these invaders are credited with the digging of the moat.

The most interesting features of the Palace are the library and the grounds.

The library—one of the best of its kind in the country—was begun by Bishop Porteus and contains some rare black-letter Bibles, besides a great many theological works. It has also a complete series of portraits of all the occupants of the See since the Reformation.

The gardens have been famous since the days of Grindall, who, according to Fuller, introduced the tamarisk into England, the marshy soil of Fulham suiting it admirably. Compton, however, planted most of the stately trees for which Fulham is justly famous. Compton disagreed with James II. and was banished to Fulham for two years, so employed his enforced leisure in beautifying his grounds.

Many bishops besides Dr. Ingram have complained of the size of Fulham Palace, its distance from the centre of the diocese and the cost of keeping it up ; but big as the place is, it is smaller

than it was in 1715. Bishop Robinson, who held the See then, complained that the house was ruinous and far too large for his needs, and a committee consisting of Vanbrugh, Wren and others, was appointed to investigate. They reported that if the bakery, pastry house and all the buildings beyond the great dining-room were demolished, there would be left the chapel, hall, kitchen and sixty other rooms, which they thought would be ample accommodation. Accordingly the other buildings were demolished and the sixty rooms were left, but most of the occupants have found even these far more than they need.

A little to the west of the Palace lies Craven Cottage, the home of Bulwer-Lytton.



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, 18TH CENTURY.

The whole district, just far enough away to be out of London but near enough to be easily reached, was a great resort of the 18th century courtiers, among whom the most famous was the brilliant but eccentric Earl of Peterborough, who commanded the Allied forces in Spain during the Spanish Succession War, and whose victories, though entirely barren, were quite as brilliant as the better known victories of his colleague Marlborough in the Netherlands.

Beyond Fulham lies Hammersmith, the last of the London boroughs on this side. Beyond and actually joining are the districts of Ealing, Acton and Chiswick, but these are outside the county of London so we cannot deal with them here. Like the whole of this district, Hammersmith has only recently been joined to London, although from its position on the main road from London to Bath it was a busy place, especially

during the Regency. Down to 1834, however, it was not even a separate parish, but was part of Fulham.

The parish church of St. Paul was erected in 1628 as a chapel of ease to Fulham and was a very elaborately decorated building. It was defaced by the Puritans and has few features of interest except some reputed carvings by Grinling Gibbons on the altar-piece, which is said to have been erected by Laud.

In this church is the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, who largely contributed to the cost of the church. The church also contains the tombs of Samuel Morland and Sir Elijah Impey.

Crispe lived in a house which was afterwards known as Brandenburg House. Crispe's successor sold the house to Prince Rupert, and in 1748 it became the residence of Bub Dodington, and here Dr. Johnson visited him.

In 1792 the Margravine of Brandenburg-Anspach came to live there and was followed by Queen Caroline, who kept here a rival Court and was scurrilously lampooned by Hook and of course lionised by the Whigs.

" All kinds of addresses
From collars of SS
To vendors of cresses
Came up like a fair,
And all through September,
October, November,
And down to December
They hunted this hare "

wrote Hook in *John Bull*, and his lines seem to be true in fact if not in intention. From here, too, her body was carried to Harwich to be transported to Germany, and on the way the populace, who had idolised her and insisted on the procession going by way of the City, came into collision with the troops.

The Mall—a riverside walk—was the fashionable quarter, and here lived and died Thomson, author of *The Seasons*, Sir Samuel Morland, and at a later date Leigh Hunt, who had a collection of locks of hair from Milton's to Browning's.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SOUTH-WESTERN BOROUGHES.

From Putney in the west to Woolwich and Plumstead in the east is a strip of flat land bordering the river. In early days most of this was marshland, and parts of it remained marsh until comparatively recent times. Other parts of it were drained at an early date and became monastic lands. In this marshland there were, however, the important towns of Deptford and Greenwich, Lambeth with its old Archbishop's Palace, and the cross road district of Camberwell and Kennington, while beyond amongst the hills were dotted innumerable villages and hamlets in a pleasant countryside, such as can be still seen to-day fifteen or twenty miles out of town.

Most of the south-west is of fairly recent origin betraying the original marsh in every street. Across it stretched two important roads and around these much interesting history is grouped. Coming up from Kent was the great Roman road from Dover to London Bridge, with a continuation across the fields of Newington and Kennington to the ferry head at Lambeth almost opposite the royal palace. Crossing this, probably at Newington or Kennington, was another route which ran up into the hills and led down by way of Epsom and Guildford to Portsmouth. There was a little group of houses round about Newington and another round the ferry head at Lambeth, but beyond these Aggas' map, published in 1560, shows practically nothing. Even when the bridges at Vauxhall, Westminster and Blackfriars were built and the new roads to them from St. George's Circus laid out, the surveys show that the whole district was rough common, while it was not until after the middle of the 19th century that Lambeth Marsh, Kennington Common and St. George's Fields were built over.

The main feature of Lambeth until the early part of the 18th century was the great palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury. There was also some sort of royal palace in Kennington, but this does not seem to have been an important one. The

history of Lambeth is therefore mainly the history of the Palace, but the place itself has some associations worth noting.

The Palace of Lambeth dates from the time of King John, although there had existed a manor house used by the archbishops as their town house, in which lived those great prelates Hubert Walter and Stephen Langton, but no part of this house remains, the oldest part of the existing buildings being built by Boniface of Savoy about 1216. It was the time of King John and of his son Henry III., and foreign influence was paramount at Court. In both Church and State the chief offices went to aliens, Provençals and Savoyards, and how they behaved can be read in the story of the new Archbishop, Boniface of Savoy. He claimed the right to 'visit' all ecclesiastical institutions in his province, and in consequence attempted an official visit to the great Priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield. The Prior was away, but the aged sub-prior and his monks resisted the Archbishop as long as they could, gradually retreating to the high altar, where one of them was killed by the followers of the turbulent archbishop. The citizens had been warned by this time and drove out Boniface. Both parties hastened to the Pope, but the Archbishop lost his case and was condemned amongst other things to rebuild his house at Lambeth. The portion of the present building which he built is probably the beautiful chapel which resembles the Temple Church, and therefore dates from about 1247. This chapel has undergone several restorations, the most notable being by Archbishop Arundel in 1407 and by Archbishops Tait and Benson more recently.

Beneath the chapel is a crypt which is considered the oldest part of the building, dating probably from the days of Hubert Walter.

The main gateway with its flanking towers is by Archbishop Morton, in whose service was a lad, Thomas More, afterwards Lord Chancellor. This is the prelate known to history as the inventor of 'Morton's Fork.' The lead-work over this gate is marked with his rebus—a 'tun' with an M on it.

Within the gateway is a little green court, grouped round which are the chief parts of the older portion of the palace. Just within the gateway on the right another archway leads

into a second courtyard, one side of which is formed by the wall of St. Mary's churchyard, another by the great hall, the third by a range of stables and offices, and the fourth by the archbishop's private apartments.

Returning to the first courtyard we will make a brief survey of the buildings. Standing with our backs to the gate we have on our right the Great Hall, the roof and lantern of which can be seen from the street. This hall was built by Boniface of Savoy, but being destroyed by the Puritans, it was rebuilt by Juxon in 1660.

In the old days the archbishops were expected to keep great state, and hospitality was daily given to all comers in this hall. It is now the library and contains many rare and valuable manuscripts and books, amongst which may be mentioned *The Chronicles of Great Britain*, printed by Caxton in 1480, and *The Golden Legend*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. There are also several illuminated MSS.—one, a little MS. known as the Gospels of MacDurnan, presented to the monks of Canterbury by King Athelstan.

The library was founded in 1610 by Bancroft, who bequeathed his private library to his successors, provided they kept the collection intact; otherwise it was to go to St. John's College, Cambridge—a fortunate provision, for when the Commonwealth Parliament seized the buildings the college claimed the books, to return them at the Restoration. With the exception of Laud's books, which went to St. John's, Oxford, the library was restored by Juxon and has been added to by his successors, most of whom have left it their books. The room has a beautiful roof with a louvre and a fine oriel window.

Passing out of the library by a passage in the north-east corner one enters the Laudian room, beyond which, after ascending a flight of stairs, is the Post room—so called because of a central wooden post used to support the roof. This room is really the middle floor of the Water Tower, so called because it contained the entrance from the river by a flight of steps immediately below the window. It is now the vestibule to the chapel, which is entered through a very fine 13th century doorway, immediately beyond which is a screen erected by Laud and forming an ante-chapel containing the cenotaph of Archbishop Tait, to whom the decorations of the chapel are

due. Within the chapel in front of the communion rails lies Dr. Parker, the only archbishop buried here. These rails are of considerable interest, for they were first erected by Laud. Later they were removed to Addington, but were replaced in Lambeth by Dr. Davidson when the Croydon palace was demolished. On the north side of the Sanctuary is the organ chamber, which occupies the interior of a red-brick tower known as Cranmer's because he is said to have lived there, the rest of the palace being dilapidated. From the Post room a flight of stairs leads by narrow stone steps to the Lollards' Prison—a square oak-lined room occupying the top floor of the Lollards' Tower. This was erected by Chicheley in the early part of the 15th century, and from the rings on the wall and the inscriptions cut in the wood it was certainly used as a prison, though whether for Lollards is rather uncertain, for in all probability these people were chiefly dealt with by the Bishop of London, and would therefore have been imprisoned at St. Paul's. As a prison it could have been rather a nice place, for it has a spacious fireplace; the windows, although rather narrow, have good outlooks, and a flight of stone steps leads to the roof, from which a remarkably fine view can be obtained.

Returning through the Post room and passing along a corridor containing a fine engraving of old London, the shell of a tortoise said to have lived in the gardens for over a century, and many other objects and pictures of interest, we enter the Guard Chamber, now the State dining room. This formerly contained the arms of the Archbishop's Guard, now an unnecessary adjunct, but in former and more turbulent times an indispensable feature of the household. The last time an armed guard was stationed at the palace was when it was threatened by the Gordon rioters.

In the Guard room is a collection of portraits of the archbishops. This is of very considerable historical interest, for it contains an unbroken sequence of the occupants of the see from Cardinal Pole. Many of these portraits have an added value from the fact that they are by the greatest artists of their day, and are the only existing pictures of their originals. They afford a unique study of the development of episcopal robes. In the grounds of the palace under the library are some fig-trees which in favourable seasons bear a good crop.

These trees were grown from slips of two trees planted on the terrace by Cardinal Pole, but removed when the present private apartments were restored by Dr. Howley (1828-1848).

Adjoining the palace, and appearing from across the river to be a part of it, is the parish church of St. Mary, a red-brick structure of quite ancient appearance which was erected in 1851 on the site of the old church. The tower is part of the old building and much of the original church was incorporated in the new structure, which seems therefore to belong to the 14th rather than the 19th century. The building consists of a nave with aisles and chancel, but has no transepts. On either side of the chancel and continuing the aisles are chapels—that on the north belonging to the Howards and on the south to the Leighs.

Being so near the palace, St. Mary's Church has been the burial-place of many archbishops, whose monuments are to be found within and whose graves in some cases may be discovered in the churchyard. There is also a tomb to the old Lambeth family of Tradescant.

John Tradescant, gardener to Charles I. and one of England's earliest naturalists, lived at Kennington near the Oval, and his collection of plants and other curiosities he left to Elias Ashmole, who bequeathed them to Oxford University, forming the nucleus of the Ashmolean Museum. The interesting epitaph on the tomb is worth transcribing :—

“ Know, Stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye John Tradescant, Grandsire, Father, Son.
The last died in his Spring, the other two
Lived till they had travelled Art and Nature through
As by their choice Collections may appear
Of what is rare in land, in sea, in air
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous antiquarians that had been
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here ; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men
And fire shall purge the world, these thence shall rise,
And change this garden for a paradise.”

Old Izaak Walton in his *Compleat Angler* mentions Tradescant's museum as proof of some of his fisherman's stories, while Evelyn says that on one occasion he dined with Tradescant.

In December, 1688, Mary of Modena, fleeing before William of Orange, crossed to Lambeth with her infant son. A coach should have met her but it was not there, so while her companions searched for it the unfortunate queen sat on a stone in the angle of the walls, sheltering herself and her baby as well as she could from the storm.

Of Kennington Palace not a trace remains. It stood at Kennington Cross and was the residence of Edward the Black Prince, the route by which he reached it from the river being marked by Princes Road.

Much of the neighbourhood is still the property of the Duchy of Cornwall and therefore part of the estates of the Prince of Wales. The palace was bought by Alleyn the actor for £1,065, and sold by him to James I. for £2,000, but the buildings were never used and the last piece disappeared in 1875.

The manor was granted to Sir Noel Caron by Charles I. Caron built a new house and made a park around it, part of which is now the Oval, opened as a cricket ground in 1846. Near by, at 8 Bolwell Street, was born Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Between Kennington and Camberwell formerly stretched Kennington Common, a dreary waste which, with St. George's Fields, separated the riverside settlements from their inland neighbours, and part of which now remains as Kennington Park. Here the Surrey gallows stood, on the spot now occupied by St. Mark's Church. On this common Whitfield preached to as many as 50,000 people, and here he persuaded Wesley also to preach.

Stretching along the river between Lambeth Palace and Southwark was an embankment known as the Narrow Wall, behind which was a piece of land called the Pedlar's Acre or Church Osiers, said to have been left to the parish of Lambeth by a pedlar on condition that his portrait was placed in the church. Accordingly a stained-glass window in the church contains the portrait of this worthy with his dog. The spot has an additional interest as part of the County Hall stands upon it.

The fame of the district rests chiefly upon its pleasure gardens, which flourished in the 18th and early 19th centuries. Near the Pedlar's Acre stood the Belvedere Gardens, apparently about where the Lyons' tea-shop stands at the corner of Belvedere Road. Across Westminster Bridge Road is the site of Astley's amphitheatre, and in evenings about 1780 and afterwards Mr. Astley stood on the south side of Westminster Bridge in full military uniform pointing with his sword to the riding school—and distributing handbills. We hardly know what a circus means to-day except perhaps as a place where patient, long-suffering policemen spend the day straightening out traffic tangles, but to the boys of 1820 it meant Astley's. Here performing animals, clown and columbine, feats of horsemanship and many another marvel delighted juvenile eyes and ears.

Like the Vauxhall Gardens, Astley's has some claim to literary fame, for it forms the subject of one of Boz's *Sketches*, and is mentioned by Thackeray in *The Newcomes*.

Astley's still survives. In 1873 it was taken by Sanger, and although the actual building, after being remodelled in 1863 by Mr. Dion Boucicault, has disappeared, Sanger's Circus is still with us as a travelling show.

On much of the ground of Waterloo Station stood Cuper's Gardens, a noted place of entertainment in the early 18th century. The company here was not drawn from the fashionable world but from lower down the scale, and the place was famous for its secluded nooks rather than the excellence of its entertainments. Some of the plane trees behind St. John's Church, Waterloo Road, probably belonged to these gardens.

On the site of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, stood the Hercules Gardens, and opposite, built on piles on the marsh, were the Apollo Gardens; while in Lambeth Fields, now commemorated by Lambeth Walk, was one of the medicinal wells with which London abounded. This well was a very popular one, its water being hawked in the streets at a penny a bottle. At the wells there were the usual adjuncts of music and dancing, while in the neighbouring fields the City maids and prentice lads amused themselves with the sport of 'hocking.' This consisted in catching the passers-by with a rope, those caught having to pay a fine before release. It is said that this sport was introduced to commemorate the death of Hardi-

canute, the last of the Danish kings, which took place in his palace at Kennington.

The most famous of the gardens are those at Vauxhall—officially known as the Spring Gardens. There is no record of the opening of these gardens, but they certainly existed in 1661, for in that year Evelyn mentions the “New Spring Garden at Vauxhall in Lambeth, a prettily contrived plantation belonging to Sir Samuel Morland.”

A few years later Pepys was there and describes the place in his Diary May 28, 1667: “Went by water to Fox Hall and there walked in the Spring Garden. A great deal of company, the weather and gardens pleasant, and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will or nothing at all; all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew’s harp and there laughing, and there fine people walking is very diverting.”

The place had become one of the sights of London in the next century, for we find the *Spectator* (No. 383) taking Sir Roger de Coverley there. The old knight is by no means wholly pleased with the place. “When I considered the fragranciness of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise.”

Sir Roger, however, is interrupted in a daydream of his widow by a masked girl tapping him on the shoulder, and is so displeased that on his departure he “told the mistress of the house that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer improper persons.” This was in 1712. In 1732 the grounds were remodelled, decorated with paintings and statues—notably one of Handel by Roubiliac—an organ installed and a fine band engaged. They then became a fashionable resort noted for the nightingales, both feathered and human, and for the intricacy of the ‘close walks,’ whose windings and turnings were so deceptive that the most experienced mammas were known to lose themselves while looking for their daughters.

Here came Dr. Johnson, to describe the gardens as “That excellent place of amusement which must ever be an estate to its proprietor as it is peculiarly adapted to the taste of the

English nation, there being a mixture of curious show, gay exhibition, music, vocal and instrumental, not too refined for the general ear, for which only a shilling is charged, and though last, not least, good eating and drinking."

Here too came everybody both in real life and in fiction, and a book might be filled with extracts from all sorts of writers from the Restoration dramatists to the novelists of the 19th century, most of whom were frequent visitors themselves and brought their leading characters there, and probably found them there.

Goldsmith in his *Citizen of the World* has a description of the gardens. Fanny Burney's *Evelina* was also a visitor. Dickens pictures 'Vauxhall by Day' in the *Sketches by Boz*, and Thackeray has two scenes laid there which give an admirable picture of the place in his day. In *Pendennis* Arthur goes there out of the season with a press order and meets Captain Costigan and Fanny Bolton. The Captain of course has lost his purse and Fanny is in tears, so Pendennis procures admission for them and Fanny is overcome with delight at the lamps, the music and the company. Jos. Sedley too from *Vanity Fair* paid the gardens a visit in company with Becky Sharp, George Osborne and Amelia Sedley. Jos. ordered the waiters about, made the salad, uncorked champagne, carved the chickens, got gloriously drunk and insisted on finishing up the evening with rack punch.

Of course the newspapers, the magazines and the guides of the time are full of descriptions of the gardens, and there is scarcely a book of reminiscences of the first half of the 19th century which does not mention them.

We will quote one of the shorter descriptions, from Mackay's *Thames and its Tributaries*: "Famous is Vauxhall in all the country round, for its pleasant walks, its snug alcoves, its comic singers, its midnight fireworks, its thin slices, its dear potations, its greedy waiters, and its ladies fair and kind."

The gardens flourished until the close of the Regency, when the prestige began to fall off. In attempts to regain the lost popularity the prices were lowered and the bill of fare made coarser. From being the resort of Society they now became the resort of very questionable characters. Meanwhile factory chimneys were replacing trees and rows of squalid

houses the hedgerows of former days, and finally the auctioneer stepped in for the last time in 1859, when the whole property fetched only a few hundred pounds. Rows of Lambeth cottages were erected, a church occupies the centre of the old gardens, and the manager's house has become the vicarage. The place is now a mere memory, lost in the Nine Elms railway works amid the multitude of other industries which have made the district their home and the miles of working-class dwellings which have covered the spot.

Returning towards Southwark we cross the district formerly known as St. George's Fields, across which ran the channel known as Canute's Trench. Here Charles II. was entertained by the City on his return from exile, and here many citizens encamped when London was destroyed by fire in 1666. At Newington Butts were archery grounds, and half a mile away was the 'Dog and Duck' with its ground, now covered by Bethlehem Hospital. The grounds, on the edge of Kennington Common, were resorted to, we are told, by thieves and other low characters. The old stone sign of this inn—representing the arms of the borough with the date 1716 and a dog bearing a duck in its mouth—may be seen in the garden wall of Bethlehem Hospital, and the place is mentioned in Hannah More's *Cheapside Apprentice*. About here gathered the Gordon rioters, as we are told in *Barnaby Rudge*, also Jack Cade's men and the 'Wilkes and Liberty' mob when John Wilkes was in the King's Bench prison for seditious libel.

On the site of the clock tower, which stands at the centre of the circus made by the radiating roads, formerly stood an obelisk erected in 1771 to Brass Crosby, the Lord Mayor of London, who released Wilkes' printer when the latter had been imprisoned by order of the Commons, and who was himself committed to the Tower for his action.

The connection of Wilkes with the affair is commemorated by two similar obelisks at Ludgate Circus. That at St. George's Circus was removed to the front of Bethlehem Hospital to make room for the present clock tower which commemorates the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

Bedlam and King Edward's School adjoining we can only mention.

On the Fields stands also the St. George's pro-Cathedral

with its attendant buildings, a striking proof of the growth of the spirit of toleration since the days of the Gordon rioters. There was a chapel here so early as 1793—standing where is now the South London Palace.

The district is also famous for the strength of the non-conformists. The Ring, an ugly octagonal building devoted to boxing, was built for the witty and original Rowland Hill. Hill had originally intended entering the Established Church and did indeed take Deacon's Orders, but was refused admission to the priesthood on account of 'irregularities,' the said irregularities consisting mainly in visiting the sick and preaching in the open air.



SURREY CHAPEL, NOW "THE RING."

The chapel was erected in 1783 and for years was filled to overflowing with a congregation drawn from all classes. His sermons were frequently enlivened by flashes of wit—as on one occasion when several persons crowded into the chapel during the sermon to escape the rain, "Well," exclaimed Rowland Hill, "I have known people make a *cloak* of religion, but I've never heard of it being made an umbrella before."

In 1876 the lease terminated and, unable to secure a renewal, the congregation built the very fine chapel known as Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. The tower and spire of this building were erected at the cost of Americans to commemorate the sympathy shown by this congregation for the

Northern States during the Civil War; the tower is named after Abraham Lincoln, and the spire is decorated with the Stars and Stripes. Hill's old building was used by the congregation of the present Surrey Chapel for some years.

Another noteworthy building in the neighbourhood is the Borough Polytechnic, formerly the Normal School, attached to the Lancasterian Schools.

Two men claim the honour of making popular education possible and of supplying efficient trained teachers for this work. There is a dispute amongst authorities as to which invented the monitorial system, but certainly Joseph Lancaster deserves the credit of applying the system to England. Born in Kent Street, Borough, Lancaster was early led to see the educational needs of the poor, and before he was nineteen had begun to teach. Out of his experiences arose a system of teaching by monitors, and to carry out this system the British and Foreign Schools Society was founded in 1813. Meanwhile the National Society was founded in 1811 for the establishment of schools where the teaching of the Church of England should be the rule. This Society established colleges at Chelsea (St. Mark's) in 1841 and at Battersea (St. John's) in 1843, taking over the college established there by Sir Kay Shuttleworth in 1840.

During the early part of the 19th century the gardens in the neighbourhood were gradually superseded by theatres mainly devoted to melodrama. Amongst the more famous of these may be mentioned the Surrey Theatre and the Coburg. Few people would recognise in the latter the very familiar 'Old Vic,' now the home of Shakespeare. Formerly as the Coburg and as the Royal Victoria it staged the most melodramatic of Surrey Side plays.

Not far from the 'Elephant and Castle' and stretching towards Kennington Common were the Surrey Gardens, now a dreary waste of model dwellings called the Surrey Gardens' Estate, with nothing but the name to remind us of the music and laughter, the feasting and gaiety that made a home here. Wild animals were kept and for a time the collection rivalled that at Regent's Park. In the gardens stood the Surrey Music Hall, and here for some three years Mr. Spurgeon preached.

Out along the Kennington Road, itself part of that great Roman way which led up from Portsmouth to cross the river at Stone Street in Southwark and lead on to the north as the Ermine Street, were several little country villages which have long since been absorbed in London. Much of the country to the east of this road was forest, moorland and hunting grounds, stretching away into Surrey and still commemorated by Norwood, the Northwood belonging to the episcopal palace at Addington ; Gipsy Hill, famous as a haunt of gipsies, even so far back as the time of Charles II., when they were visited by Samuel Pepys and his wife ; Stockwell, where there was a notable well and a district which even yet has some fine trees left from the old woodlands ; and Brixton, once the home of the great chieftain of all this area. Brixi, from whom the place takes its name, seems to have been a sort of minor king, for the Hundred of Brixton extended as far as Deptford. The district has little to remind us of the days when it was country, although it has not been built over long, but in Cornwall Road is the Old Mill built in 1816 by John Ashby. The sails were removed in 1864 but the building is still used as a mill, the power now being obtained from a gas engine. Apart from this the building and its surroundings are much as they were a century ago, the cottage in the yard being that originally occupied by the founder.

Further out still we have the districts of Streatham, Balham, Tooting ; all in Wandsworth borough and all retaining much of their rural character. So recently as 1880 Streatham was described as a large rambling village on the Brighton road, containing a large amount of unenclosed heath, and on Streatham and the adjoining Tooting Commons we can see what this heath was like.

Historically the district is chiefly famous as the site of the Streatham Spa, a medicinal spring which was famous so early as 1659 and retained its fame well into the last century, its water being sold to the chief London hospitals in 1810.

Its literary associations are connected with Dr. Johnson. His friend Thrale, the Southwark brewer, had a country house here, and Johnson, who had met him in 1764, practically lived there from 1756. The Doctor generally went down on Monday morning and remained until Friday, returning to his

house in Gough Square for the week end, and at Streatham he gathered all the wits and literary people of his day. The earlier history of this and the neighbouring manor of Tooting was apparently very quiet and uneventful, being made up of such incidents as this, recorded in the manorial records of 1590: "Robert Wympole of Stretcham did unjustly and without right enter into the lord's lands called Tooting Heath and did take and carry away certain fish, to wit eels, being in the ponds there." For which grievous crime one hopes he was duly punished, probably by being placed in the stocks.

Clapham, on the other side of the road to Brixton, is a place of more note, especially at the beginning of the 19th century, when it is described as "a village four miles from London and consisting chiefly of many handsome houses surrounding a handsome common which was formerly a morass and the roads almost impassable. The latter are now in excellent state and the common itself is so beautifully planted with trees, both native and exotic, that it has much the appearance of a park. At the north-east corner of the common is the church erected in 1776, and on the spot formerly occupied by the old church is a chapel. The manor house, now a boarding school for young ladies, is situated near this spot."

Such is the description of Clapham in a London guide book of 1830, and it would fit much of the old town to-day, although what were then pleasant fields surrounding the village have now become rows of suburban houses. Many of the mansions of the substantial City merchants, however, still stand, and near the church in Clapham Old Town may yet be seen the village stocks. A few doors from the 'Plough,' a noted bus stop, is the house where the youthful prodigy, Thomas Babington Macaulay, shocked Hannah More by offering her a glass of wine one day when she called and found the baby the only member of the family at home; at No. 28 North Side, Clapham Common, is the house where he went to school, and a few doors further on, at No. 22, the school where Tom Hood went, and where he says—

"There was I birched, there was I bred,
There like a little Adam fed
From learning's woeful tree."

Gauden Road marks the site of Gauden House, said to have been built by Sir Dennis Gauden for his brother the Bishop of Exeter, the reputed author of *Eikon Basiliké*. The house was sold to Will. Hewer, who had been Samuel Pepys' clerk, and here Pepys lived in 1688 when he retired from the Navy Office on Tower Hill. At Cavendish House, which was at the corner of Cavendish Road, there lived that eccentric scientist Cavendish, so shy that he would never allow any woman to come near him. He ordered his meals from the housekeeper by letter and had the food placed outside his door, any servant who allowed herself to be seen being instantly dismissed.

The chief fame of Clapham is as the home of the Clapham Sect, that body of wealthy City men who were the backbone of the old Evangelicals. Their leader William Wilberforce lived at Battersea Rise House with Thornton, the instigator of the anti-slavery movement, until the latter married, when Wilberforce moved to Bromfelde House. Here the members of the sect met and here was founded the Anti-Slavery Society, the Bible Society, and other societies of the movement. At Clarence House, now the Clapham School for Girls, lived Captain Cook, the discoverer of Australia and New Zealand.

Westwards along the river from Lambeth we reach Battersea or Patrick's Eye, a marshy tract stretching from Chelsea Bridge to Wandsworth Bridge and practically uninhabited until the last century. During the Middle Ages the manor belonged to Westminster Abbey and was used mainly as grazing ground and water meadows. The village was at the western end of the manor round about the church, which is almost opposite to Chelsea Church and was originally its twin-sister, like so many of the churches on this part of the river.

Here in early days was a ford, and tradition says that Julius Cæsar, after defeating the Britons in the hills about Keston and the headwaters of the Ravensbourne, followed up their retreat and crossed the river by this ford to attack London.

But Battersea's chief claim to fame lies in its having been the residence of the St. Johns, the most famous of whom was that Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, who was the friend and patron of Alexander Pope. The house stood on a site near Wandsworth Bridge and has been converted into a

distillery since 1778. Part, however, was left standing as a dwelling-house, and in this part was a cedar-panelled parlour where Pope is said to have written the *Essay on Man*.

On the site occupied by Price's candle factory stood York House, the property of the See of York and traditionally a residence of Cardinal Wolsey. A little farther down the river stands the house of another St. John—Sir Walter, founder of Sir Walter St. John's Grammar School. This house still exists, being the principal's lodge of St. John's College.

The parish church is close by, but is of no particular architectural merit. It has, however, many interesting monuments, mainly to the Bolingbrokes.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of modern Battersea is the Park. Formerly this was the notorious Battersea Fields, a dismal swamp covered with reeds, the haunt of foot-pads and roughs, and famous as a place for dog-fights and duels. The last of these took place between Wellington and Lord Winchilsea in 1829, the cause being Catholic Emancipation. On these fields stood the famous Red House, immortalised by Dickens in the *Sketches by Boz*.

Here too was invented bottled beer, the manner of its invention being thus told by Fuller in his *Book of Anecdote* :—

“ Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's and Master of Westminster School in the reign of Queen Mary, was a supporter of the new opinions and also an excellent angler. But while Nowell was catching of fishes Bishop Bonner was after catching of Nowell, and would have done had not a good merchant of London conveyed him away safely upon the seas.

“ It so happened that Nowell had been fishing upon the banks of the Thames when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing that he dared not even go back to his house to make any preparation for his flight. Like an honest angler he had taken with him provisions for the day in the shape of some bread and cheese, and some ale in a bottle ; and on his return to London he resolved to look for them.

“ The bread and cheese of course were gone, but the ale was still there in its bottle ; yet no bottle but rather

the sound of a gun such was the sound of the opening thereof."

Beyond Battersea lies Wandsworth, a long straggling borough stretching from Putney right round to Streatham. Wandsworth proper is on the Thames at the mouth of the Wandle and became of some importance on account of its accessibility to the iron deposits of Surrey, having an important iron industry many years before the great districts of the North and Midlands became famous. This industry, together with the manufacture of paper, was founded mainly by French refugees who came there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and were joined a century later by many others who were fleeing from the Terror in the days of the French Revolution. In Isaak Walton's time the place was a quiet little village famous for its trout stream, that same Wandle whose banks are now occupied by paper mills and coal wharves, but which is still a most picturesque stream higher up. Before the war with Napoleon the village attained some fame from the election of the "Mayor of Garratt." This official had originally been elected to look after the commonage rights of the villagers, but as the election happened to coincide with the Westminster election made famous by Wilkes, it was made an excuse for caricaturing the latter. Foote, Garrick and Wilkes wrote election addresses and the 'jack-boot' played a prominent part in the proceedings, which drew a great concourse, but lapsed during the Napoleonic Wars and were never revived. The village too is memorable in the history of British railways, for here in 1801 was laid the first railway in the world, the Surrey Iron Tramway, a line running out to the Merstham Quarries and worked by horse power.

Putney, further up the river, has rather greater claims to our notice. Here was a ferry to Fulham and also a famous salmon fishery. The fish here were said to be of remarkably fine quality and the fishery continued right down to the beginning of the last century. Smelts were caught in great quantity and occasionally a sturgeon or a porpoise, which had to be delivered to the Lord Mayor.

The district is chiefly notable for the many houses of historic interest which it possesses. Some of these have only recently

been demolished and others still remain. Many of them naturally date from Tudor times, when the royal palace at Richmond was one of the favourite residences of the sovereign and Court officials found Putney very suitable as a residence. Fairfax House is Elizabethan, and Essex House—the home of Devereux, Earl of Essex—is said to be panelled with wood from the Armada. In the village smithy, if tradition be true, lived a lad who attracted the attention of Cardinal Wolsey on one of the latter's many journeys through the village.

The lad entered the Cardinal's service, became his secretary, was recommended by him to the King (so Shakespeare says), and after the Cardinal's fall became the chief instrument in the Dissolution of the Monasteries. He was eventually executed for treason after rising to become Earl of Essex, and in reading of his fate one cannot help but think of Wolsey's charge to him just before his own fall.

Another Cromwell—the great Oliver—is also said to have lived at Putney when the army headquarters was there at the time when Charles I. was threatening London, and his son-in-law Ireton lived at Campion House at the same time.

The literary associations of the district, like those of Fulham across the river, are numerous. Leigh Hunt lived at Chatfield House, Gibbon the historian was born in Lime Grove, Douglas Jerrold wrote the *Candle Lectures* at West Lodge, William Pitt the younger lived at Bowling Green House, and next door lived Mrs. Siddons.

The church is a modern building with the tower remaining from the 15th century, and is twin sister to that of Fulham on the other side of the bridge. Its chief literary association is with Samuel Pepys, who was there in 1665. In those days and for long after the place was famous for its schools for young ladies, and these seem to have been the chief attraction to the Diarist: "After dinner by water...to Putney Church where I saw the girls of the schools, few of which are pretty...Here was a good sermon and much company, but I mighty sleepy and a little out of order at my hat falling down through a hole beneath the pulpit!"

CHAPTER XX.

CENTRAL SOUTH LONDON.

Central South London falls into well marked areas, the old marsh upon which are Bermondsey, Rotherhithe and North Camberwell, and the hilly country to the south containing Dulwich and Sydenham. To-day the northern district is covered with close packed streets of small cottages and factories dating from the days of the industrial revolution, whilst the southern has the residences of City people and is still very largely open country, but it is the northern which has the more interesting history.

Down to the days of Henry VIII. this is largely concerned with the Cluniac Priory of St. Cross or St. Mary, a foundation dating almost from the time of the Norman Conquest, which played a considerable part in English history, but of which hardly a trace now remains, its memory being kept alive only by a few street names.

The original settlement appears to have been on a small patch of comparatively dry land down by Dockhead, the rest of the area being so low-lying that the tide flowed right up to the Kent Road, where the marsh was intersected by numerous streams draining the hills. On this site Alwyn Child, a citizen of London, founded a tiny community of four monks of the Cluniac Order, then just introduced into England by William de Warenne, and out of this little foundation grew the rich Priory surrounded by its meadows and cornlands won from the marsh by the skill of the brethren.

Bermondsey never secured the place in English or London history held by Westminster, St. Bartholomew's or some other foundations, for it was an alien house subject to a foreigner and containing mainly foreign monks; but it was an establishment of considerable size, stretching right back from the river to the Kent Road and containing a magnificent church and other buildings.

It was particularly favoured by the early Norman kings

and citizens, who made many magnificent gifts, and its sanctity, while not able to match Westminster's with its miraculous consecration or St. Bartholomew's with its miracles of healing, was yet considerable.

As an alien priory it was sequestrated by Richard II., but the monks secured their release upon payment of 200 marks, the mark then being of considerably greater value than it is to-day. The establishment was also raised to the dignity of an abbey and its prior Dunton became the first abbot. The foundation was often patronised by royal and other distinguished visitors, many of whom became permanent guests. Katherine of France, queen of Henry V., ended her days here.

Some years later came Elizabeth Woodville, queen of Edward IV., sent here a prisoner by Henry Tudor. The two ex-queens must have met in the Abbey, and as the son of one—Katherine—had married Elizabeth, daughter of the other, before sending her mother here, we can imagine their feelings.

The Queen-Dowager's arrest was ostensibly on account of her alleged complicity in Perkin Warbeck's rebellion. She lingered in the abbey until 1492 when she died, leaving a will which bequeaths nothing more substantial than her blessing: "Item, Whereas I have no worldly goods to do the Queen's Grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children, according to my heart and mind, I beseech Almighty God to bless Her Grace."

Some time after this Henry erected a chapel and arranged for masses to be said for his prosperity while alive, and the repose of his soul and of the souls of his father, his wife and his ancestors, but not a word is said about his unfortunate mother-in-law. Such was the English Machiavelli, the man who could give five shillings to Cabot "for discovering of a new world."

At the dissolution the lands and buildings went to Sir Thomas Pope, who pulled down the church and convent and erected mansions in which for some years fellow courtiers lived. In the new manor house, known as Bermondsey House, died Thomas Radcliffe, Earl of Suffolk, who appears in the pages of *Kenilworth* and who was visited by Queen Elizabeth.

Although Sir Thomas Pope demolished pretty thoroughly, much of the old building was left, especially those parts which

had been dwelling houses for monks and lay brothers and could be adapted as houses. Quite a large portion of the buildings was preserved in this way until the 19th century, and even now there are some portions left. Amongst these is the gate-house or porter's lodge at the western end of Grange Walk. The front has been hidden behind a coat of cement and the space where the gates hung filled in, but the staples for the hinges are still to be seen in the wall, marking where the gateway was. Some small portions of wall may also be seen in the present churchyard, the present parish church of St. Mary Magdalene standing on the site of the old priory church, but itself dating only from 1680.



The church possesses one interesting relic of the priory in its offertory dish, a fine 14th century silver salver. The most interesting feature of the old building, however, has disappeared. This was a piece of wood said to be a portion of the True Cross which a monk of the convent found floating in the Thames in 1117, and which, according to the *Chronicle of Bermondsey*, liberated the Earl of Morton from the Tower. We do not know what happened to the Cross finally, although there is an account of what may well have been the final scene in the diary of a London citizen preserved amongst the Cot-

tonian MSS. in the British Museum. The diary is giving an account of the proceedings at St. Paul's Cross when the Rood of Kent was destroyed, and says: "Mr. Gresham Mayor. On Saint Matthew's Day, the apostle, the 24th day of February, Sunday, did the Bishop of Rochester preach at Paul's Cross, and had standing before him all sermon time the picture of Rood of Grace in Kent, and was greatly sought with pilgrims, and when he had made an end of his sermon was torn all in pieces; then was the picture of Saint Saviour that had stood in Barmsey Abbey many years, in Southwark taken down."

But if the buildings have gone, their sites can be traced by the existing streets. Bermondsey Square was the great courtyard of the abbey; Grange Road marks the boundary of the home farm, Willow Walk, Pages Walk, Grange Walk, Woodland Road and other streets the positions of other portions of the buildings, and there must be considerable remains underground waiting to be discovered when the excavator gets to work.

Down on the river at Dockhead is St. Saviour's Dock, formerly leading to the Neckinger Stream and permitting ships to go right up to the abbey walls.

On this stream stood the mill, now marked by Mill Street, and in the district behind Bermondsey Wall was the sanctuary, that village of down-and-outs which grew up near every abbey, because here one was free from arrest for anything except proved murder. This sanctuary never quite equalled Westminster or Alsatia, but it became a nest of bad characters which was unequalled for its squalor.

What it was like in the early 19th century may be read in Dickens' *Oliver Twist* :—

"A stranger standing on one of the wooden bridges thrown across this ditch in Mill Street will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows buckets, pails, and domestic utensils in which to haul the water up; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him.

"Crazy wooden galleries common to the backs of half-a-dozen houses with holes from whence to look upon the

slime beneath ; windows broken and patched, with poles thrust out on which to dry the linen that is never there ; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter, wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud and threatening to fall into it, as some of them have done ; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations—all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch."

Such was the district some seventy years ago. Since then the streams have been filled in and the rookeries demolished, but the district still leaves much to be done.

The opening of the Tower Bridge and the road leading to it, while sweeping away much of the district round the precincts of the abbey, has also effected a great improvement in this neighbourhood.

Modern Bermondsey is a place of smells, for it is still the centre of the leather trade and such allied industries as glue-making ; and passing into London Bridge Station, where formerly stood the old hospital of St. Thomas, the traveller gets the full benefit of the tanneries, glue works, vinegar works and breweries which go to make up the distinctive odour of this corner of London. In Stow's time the land hereabouts was a grazing ground for horses and is still known as Horsely-down.

Coming out from the station and down to London Bridge the traveller sees on his right a narrow street hemmed in between tall warehouses and a high range of railway arches—the famous Tooley Street, given over almost entirely to cases of eggs, cheeses and sides of bacon.

" Lord, what a dirty walk we had," said Pepys, speaking of this street in January, 1666, and he would have to say the same of it to-day. On a wet day mud appears here as if by magic, as it does wherever an old marsh has been hidden, for a marsh, in London at any rate, may be drained, built over, covered with paving stones and granite setts, but at the first hint of rain it will re-assert itself.

Tooley Street gets its name from St. Olave, the Olaf of the sagas, friend and ally of Ethelred the Redeless and the man who pulled down London Bridge—a hard-hitting, muscular

Christian to whom no less than four London churches are dedicated. His church, hidden by tall warehouses, stood in Tooley Street near where the old bridge crossed the river to the church of his son, Magnus the Martyr. The church is now demolished, only the tower and a small open space being left to remind Londoners of the site.

Formerly this street was filled with great houses belonging to famous barons and learned abbots, but these have gone long since. In Tooley Street too lived those three tailors whose petition to Parliament began "We, the people of England, etc."

South Bermondsey, and indeed the whole of South Rotherhithe and the parts of Deptford adjoining, was market garden ground until recently, and here and there pieces of it still remain, but most of it was absorbed by the extensive goods yards and carriage sidings of the Bricklayers' Arms and Willow Walk depots. The former was at one time the West End terminus of the old South Eastern Railway. Here royalty came and went on its journeyings to the Continent and hither was brought the body of the Duke of Wellington. It was by this station that the Princess Alexandra of Denmark reached London for her marriage. The district around has become a maze of streets, largely occupied by railway workers.

At one time an attempt was made to convert the area into a health resort, and for a short time Bermondsey Spa became famous. In 1770 near the present Spa Road Station a chalybeate spring was discovered and bought by an artist named Keyse, who boomed its waters, erected the usual adjuncts of an orchestra and picture gallery adorned with his own paintings, and for a time Bermondsey Spa rivalled Vauxhall itself. Its popularity was, however, only transient.

The neighbouring Rotherhithe, now almost entirely given up to docks and dockers, was also an agricultural area with a narrow street of wharves, warehouses and sailormen's taverns running along by the waterside. It is now remarkable to the keen observer for the Norse appearance of its native residents.

In Roman times it was famous for its vineyards, but more recently it became famous for Brunel's splendid engineering feat—the Thames Tunnel. One of the wonders of the world in our grandfathers' day, this tunnel was meant to provide a means of communicating with the northern bank of the river,

but the boring took so much money that none could be raised to make the approaches, and it remained derelict until 1871, when the railway took it over. It now carries the East London line between Rotherhithe and Wapping. In spite of its failure it was a necessary undertaking, for it has been found since that not only the Tower Bridge, but three tunnels—at Rotherhithe, at Greenwich, and at Blackwall—with a vehicular ferry at Woolwich are to-day inadequate for the traffic between East London and the opposite bank east of London Bridge.

Rotherhithe was an important shipping centre so early as the days of Edward III. and has been closely connected with the sea ever since. Many a gallant ship set out from here, and many a gallant sailor came here to rest. Most famous amongst the ships perhaps was the old 'Fighting Temeraire,' brought here to be broken up and some of her timbers used for the altar rails and sanctuary chairs of St. Paul's Church, Rotherhithe; whilst amongst the men we have Sir Cloudesley Shovel, born in the parish and buried there in 1720. Rotherhithe too was the home of Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon, who visited Lilliput and other wonderful places in the days of Queen Anne. Here also the first docks in London were made. In 1696 the first was dug for the use of the ships in the Greenland whaling trade, and in 1725 the South Sea Company took them over for the whale fishery, which was one of the most profitable parts of their business. After changing hands several times the docks passed into the possession of a company in 1807, when docking accommodation in London was being seriously considered for the first time. They have been enlarged several times since then and are now largely used in the import of wheat, timber and similar products.

Beyond Bermondsey to the south lies the borough of Camberwell, comprising the old villages of Camberwell and Peckham nestling at the foot of the hills, with Dulwich on the hills above and a number of other interesting villages continuing the line westwards through the boroughs of Lambeth and Wandsworth.

Camberwell village was grouped round a holy well at the foot of the hills leading up to Dulwich. Without entering into the controversy as to the meaning of the name we may assume that there was a well of more note than the usual village pump,

around which the village was grouped, and that as the church is dedicated to St. Giles, the patron of cripples, the well was credited with miracle-working powers of benefit to those who were crippled.

At any rate at the Domesday it is described as a populous place "large and well inhabited, with sixty-three acres of meadow and so much woodland that it produced a large number of fat hogs yearly." The district is still exceptionally well timbered for London, and a portion of the old wood survives in Dulwich Wood. Being so well timbered the place was particularly well supplied with caterpillars. The Camberwell Beauty is now only to be found in the cabinets of collectors, but it is not long since this caterpillar flourished so abundantly that the overseers paid the constable £10 for "apprehending the said caterpillars," at the rate of 6*d.* per bushel. Four hundred bushels of prisoners was not bad on one warrant.

On the Green was held the Camberwell Fair. This was originally one of those village fairs common throughout medieval England, but like most of the others during the 18th century it degenerated into an ordinary pleasure fair with acrobats, wild beasts and the usual 'Fun of the Fair,' and although it never attained the celebrity of Southwark or Greenwich, it was yet well attended.

During the 18th century Camberwell became the country seat of many prosperous City merchants, and although most of their houses are destroyed, some remain, and the parts about Camberwell Grove still retain their 18th century air. Here is a street of fine old Georgian houses set back from the road by long gardens and separated from it by old wooden railings. Here was born Joseph Chamberlain, while on the neighbouring Grove Hill lived Dr. Lettsom, the witty and famous physician whose favourite signature I. Lettsom gave rise to the epigram

"When any patients call in haste
I physics, bleeds and sweats 'em ;
If after that they choose to die—
Why, what cares I

I. Letts 'em."

Lettsom's house stood on the top of Grove Hill, overlooking Camberwell on the one side and Lord Thurlow's seat at

Knight's Hill on the other. Here the worthy doctor was frequently visited by Boswell, who celebrated his visits by writing some doggerel verse :—

“ Yet are we gay in every way
 Not minding where the joke lie,
 On Saturday at bowls we play
 At Camberwell with Coakley.
 Methinks you laugh to hear but half
 The name of Dr. Lettsom,
 From him of good, talk, liquors, food
 His guests will always get some.”

Amongst other old families who lived near were the Bowyers, whose manor house stood in what is now Wyndham Road, but was swept away to make room for the railway ; the De Cheries, now Cherrys, descended from Sir R. de Cherie, Elizabeth's ambassador to Rome ; the de Crespigneys, a Huguenot family who settled here during the reign of William III. ; and the Drapers, descended from Richard Draper, page of the jewels to Henry VIII.

It is said that Sir Christopher Wren lived in a house on the Green while building St. Paul's, and there is a Wren Road and a Wren Chapel to perpetuate the tradition, while the wife of John Wesley was buried in St. Giles' Church. Jas. Blake, who sailed with Captain Cook, lies in the churchyard.

In former days the parishioners were in the habit of entertaining the bishop with cakes and wine when he came to preach, but in 1809 they seem to have treated him upon a somewhat more lavish scale, for there is a record in the parish accounts for that year which says, “ Paid for meat and drink for the Bishop 2s. 6d.”

Camberwell has many literary associations. Dickens deals with it in one of his Boz sketches ; Gissing makes Nancy Lord in *In the Year of Jubilee* live in the Grove ; while almost the whole scene of William Black's *Madcap Violet* is laid in and about Camberwell. Tom Hood, best known for his *Song of the Shirt*, lived in the Camberwell New Road and later in the High Street ; while Ruskin, as every one knows, lived on Denmark Hill, for his house stands yet, its gardens being converted.

into Ruskin Park. Mendelssohn's Spring Song was inspired by the rural beauties of the district and was originally called 'Camberwell Green.'

The history of Peckham is chiefly compounded of Queen Elizabeth, King John, Nell Gwynn, Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Hannah Lightfoot, George III., and a few local celebrities. Scattered over the country-side were some fine old mansions, most of which have disappeared, but those who care to travel along the road from Camberwell towards New Cross may still see a few old timbered houses of the olden days. In Meeting House Lane are others, whilst Albert Road has some early Victorian dwellings built in the days when this was a short road leading to pasture lands and known as Cow Walk. Many Peckham street names remind us of its bygone glories. Peckham Park Road is a dreary thoroughfare in a wilderness of bricks and mortar—about as unlike a park as could be. Yet here, less than a century ago, was the park attached to the manor house of Peckham which stood on the present Hill Street, and the Orchard near by was, as its name implies, planted with fruit trees.

Marlborough Road and Blenheim Grove mark the site of Blenheim House, and Collyer Hall commemorates the famous Dr. Collyer, the Nonconformist preacher whom George III. used to travel down to Peckham to hear.

Peckham too has always been strong in Quakers. Meeting House Lane reminds us of this, and they still have a house in the district. Here too lived the pretty Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, the captivator of George III., who is said to have secretly married her.

Like Camberwell, Peckham had its fair—originated according to local tradition by King John in gratitude for a successful day's hunting. Certainly when the Court was at Eltham and Greenwich the monarchs did hunt the stag across these hills, and John may have granted a fair even as Elizabeth may have stopped for a drink at the 'Queen Elizabeth's Head' in Asylum Road, and almost certainly did rest under the oak whose stump may still be seen in Honor Oak Park, on the top of the hill. Here also a tradition says Boadicea poisoned herself after her defeat by Suetonius Paulinus in the neighbourhood of Peckham Rye. Whoever founded it, there the fair was until suppressed

in 1827. A few extracts from one of its show-bills may be of interest :—

“ To the lovers of Curiosities.—To be seen during the time of Peckham Fair, a grand Collection of Living Wild Birds and Beasts, lately arrived from the remotest parts of the world.

“ 1. The Pelican that suckles her young with her heart’s blood—from Egypt.

“ 2. The noble Vulture Cock, brought from Archangell, having the finest tallons of any bird that seeks his prey. The fore part of his head is covered with hair, the second part resembles the wool of a Black ; below that is a white Ring having a Ruff that he cloaks his head with at night.

“ The he Panther from Turkey, allowed by the curious to be one of the greatest rarities ever seen in England, on which are thousands of spots no two of a likeness.

“ 4. Two fierce and surprising Hyænas from the river Gambia. These creatures imitate the human voice and so decoy negroes out of their huts and devour them. They have a mane like a horse and two joints more in their hinder legs than any other animals.”

At Peckham too was written the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Goldsmith being usher in Dr. Milner’s school which stood in Southampton Street near the Peckham Road.

To the south and south-west lie the pleasant suburban areas of Dulwich, Streatham, Balham and Clapham. It is only recently that these districts have been joined to London, and even now there is much which is quite rural. Dulwich in particular has still much open country, and from the summit of Dog Kennel Hill, within half an hour’s tram ride from the City, one may look across meadow and woodland and see cows grazing in the fields. So recently as 1880 there was no other communication between Camberwell and the City than two coaches which together made five journeys daily.

For many years Dulwich with the neighbouring Sydenham was a famous spa. The Sydenham wells were saline, while Dulwich wells were chalybeate. A little further out, just beyond the present county boundary, was the even more famous Beulah Spa in Norwood. In 1831 a pump-room was

erected, gardens laid out, an orchestra engaged and all the appurtenances of a fashionable spa were collected, and for a time the place rivalled Bath. The neighbourhood was a dangerous one infested with gipsies, who have left their name in Gipsy Hill, and spas were going out of fashion, so the place had but a brief period of popularity.

Dulwich of course is most remembered for its famous school, endowed and founded by Edward Alleyn, the actor, in 1619.

Alleyn, who was one of the few actors to make a fortune and who was considered by his contemporaries, and especially by Ben Jonson, to be the greatest actor of his day, would be comparatively unknown had he not purchased the manor of Dulwich and used his fortune to found the school and college. Tradition goes that Ned was drunk enough to see Mephistopheles, whose part he had been acting. His visitant warned him that a change of life and outlook was advisable if Ned's acquaintance with the locutor was not to be more intimate—with the result we know.

The college (or almshouse) was to consist of a master, a warden, four fellows and twelve poor persons, while the school was to contain eighty boys—the foundationers to be composed of twelve poor boys from the four parishes of St. Luke, Old Street, St. Saviour, Southwark, St. Botolph Without, and St. Giles, Camberwell, and in addition the children of Dulwich. Besides these, 'Forreigners' might be admitted on payment of fees.

Alleyn did not believe in schools being dry, for he ordained that the boys should have a cup of beer for breakfast and 'beere without stint' at dinner.

Alleyn himself lived at the Manor House near the Old College. The house was a Tudor building of considerable size and had probably been the summer house of the Abbot of Bermondsey, for the estate was formerly part of the lands of that foundation. Here Alleyn played the part of country squire, entertaining the distinguished men of his day, buying up land in the neighbourhood until he owned an estate stretching from the top of Denmark Hill for about three miles to Sydenham, seeing to the erection of his College, and fighting the opposition of James I. who wanted some of the money for himself, and of Lord Bacon who wished to divert some to other educational purposes.

The buildings of the Old College are only in part those of Alleyn's day, for the work was so badly done that the tower fell after only nineteen years. The Chapel is of some interest as it contains the founder's tomb and a font with a Greek inscription which forms a palindrome and reads the same from either end. It may be translated

Wash sin, not the face only.

The College possesses several old pictures of historical interest, amongst them a portrait of Martin Frobisher, several of actors who were the companions of Alleyn and Shakespeare, and a pen sketch on the back of a letter which is supposed to be a portrait of Shakespeare by his colleague Henslowe.

Under the control of the College governors is Dulwich Picture Gallery, a small collection, but of its kind one of the best in Europe. It was formed towards the close of the 18th century as the nucleus of the National Collection for Poland, but the kingdom disappeared, so the pictures remained on the dealer's hands. By him they were bequeathed to his friend, Sir F. Bourgeois, R.A., who left them to Dulwich. It is particularly rich in examples of the Flemish, Dutch and Spanish schools, and contains, amongst others, a Murillo's 'Madonna.'

The literary associations of Dulwich itself are few; but its neighbour Sydenham, where also was a popular spa, has the poet Campbell, while Streatham has acquired fame from its connection with Dr. Johnson.

Lying partly within Lewisham and Camberwell is the district of Sydenham, where in 1804 the poet Campbell lived.

The district was then so deserted that the poet and his guests could go for a morning walk across the hills and through the woods to Dulwich without meeting anyone, and those who wanted to get a public conveyance to London had to walk over to Dulwich Village for the coach.

Right on the boundary but just outside the County of London is the Crystal Palace, the building removed from the great Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851 and re-erected at Sydenham by private enterprise in the next year. Its opening was one of the events of the year and was celebrated in verse by Thackeray, amongst others, but it has hardly the success that was hoped. Its erection coincided with a wave of enthusiasm for science,

and it was intended as a place of popular education in the industrial sciences, but it was too far from London and too big to be successful as a museum, so it became famous rather for its huge 'Festivals.' It still possesses many interesting features of a museum nature, notably a fine geological model near the lake in the grounds. This model, which is constructed in imitation of the strata at Clay Cross Collieries and from materials drawn from the actual strata, is designed to show the structure of the earth's crust from the most recent deposits down to the Old Red Sandstone and with coal measures in their actual position. Near by is a landscape of the Reptilian Age with full scale models of the great reptiles.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN SUBURBS.

South-east London is practically unknown either to Londoners or to visitors. The Londoner, unless he happens to live there, rarely visits it ; the visitor thinks of it as an area of low-roofed houses seen from the train as he runs over the viaduct between the City and New Cross, or as a series of cuttings and short tunnels alternately until he emerges in the country. Should he elect to visit it by tram or bus he is little better off, for his conveyance keeps to one of two main roads, and he is either hemmed in by tall shops or, on the Woolwich route, travelling over one of the most dreary stretches of road in England.

Yet the district is one of the most interesting in the whole of the county. To the north, as one passes along the great Kent Road lie the ancient riverside towns of Deptford, with its dockyard ; Greenwich with its royal palace and world famous Observatory ; and Woolwich with its great arsenal and the home of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. To the south, until recently the land was all open cornland, pleasant meadows and quiet woodland stretching away across the hills into the Downlands of Kent and Surrey. So recently has it been built upon that many of its people can recall the days when it was countryside. Even now there is much open country, and cornfields may still be seen in parts of the boroughs of Woolwich and Lewisham.

Through its very midst, dividing the uplands from the riverside towns, goes the Kent Road, that great highway to the continent along which has rolled the whole tide of English history.

Along it, when merely a trackway on the edge of the marsh, came the Keltic Britons making for the ford below Ludgate Hill ; the Romans in pursuit of the Britons ; and up and down it for four centuries flowed the tide of the Roman occupation.

Followed the Saxon and on either side are his -steads and -tons and -hams. After the great battle at Crayford, he drove the Britons across the wilds of Blackheath and over the Ravensbourne at Deptford, planting a great entrenched camp at Charlton and colonising the whole countryside.

The Danes came up the river, and the Norman at his first landing struck up across the hills, but ever after he used the road. Knight and man-at-arms, bishop and abbot came up and down it, foreign princesses travelled it to their weddings, French kings and nobles as prisoners of war. Along it, as Spring began to stir men's blood, passed the pilgrims from London town to the shrine of London's Saint at Canterbury, and we have that wonderful picture gallery of 15th century England in the prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

The twenty-four pilgrims are typical of the great stream crossing the ford where now is Deptford Bridge, toiling up the long slope to Blackheath and the still longer slope of Shooter's Hill, where the solitary traveller went in fear of highwaymen and even well-armed parties rarely escaped.

It was at Gadshill on this same road that Poins and Bardolph, Falstoff and Prince Hal, robbed the travellers, and similar deeds were common even on Shooter's Hill itself.

Up this hill went Henry VIII. a-maying, and down it came Charles II. on his restoration to the Crown.

Blackheath, now but a ghost of its former self, has witnessed some stirring scenes.

The Danes encamped here during their attack on Ethelred, and it later became a favourite gathering ground of insurgents. Wat Tyler's men in 1381 and Cade's men in 1450; Henry VI. in 1452 and Falconbridge in 1471; the Cornish men in 1497 all gathered on the heath, to be defeated by the Royal Forces. The low mound known as Whitfield's mount, which may still be seen, is said to mark the site of the forge set up by Henry's armourer on the last occasion.

Kings, queens, and emperors too have met on this heath—no less a personage than Manuel Palæologus, Emperor of Constantinople, touring Europe in 1400 to secure allies against the Turks, being received here by Henry IV., whilst fifteen years later Henry the Fifth was met by the Londoners on his return from Agincourt.

On Blackheath also was held a fair which was established in 1683, but it seems to have been rather a rough and tumble affair even then ; for Pepys, who went to see the opening, says there appeared nothing but an innumerable assembly of drinking people. The fair was abolished in 1872, but something of it may still be seen on Easter Mondays and on the Bank Holiday in August, when the road across the Heath is lined with booths.

Separating Blackheath from the country towards London runs the Ravensbourne, and in the angle between this river and the Thames is Meretun—the town in the marsh—now Deptford ; taking its name from the ford where the road crossed the river.

Old Deptford—or Meretun—is to-day part of the borough of Greenwich, as it had been part of the manor of Greenwich from late Saxon days, when it belonged to Harold and was called Deptford Strond to distinguish it from its neighbour, the manor of Deptford, which belonged to Brixi and is still in the Hundred of Brixton—St. Nicholas parish being in that of Blackheath.

Save for a group of taverns round the old Roman fort guarding the ford, a group of taverns which stood between the top of Church Street and the present High Street, this end of Deptford was open country. Some thirty feet below the present road Roman remains were found at the top of the High Street, and other remains have been found at various points proving the existence of buildings here, and the group of taverns has its successor in the modern public-houses—one still called the ' Centurion '—which probably occupy the sites of the inns.

After the Conquest Deptford went to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, from whom it went to Gilbert de Maminot and eventually passed into the hands of the Says of Seal Court, near Sevenoaks. De Maminot had built a castellated manor house down by the Thames which for many years was known as Saye's Court. Every trace of this building has long since disappeared, although in 1828 there was discovered in the storehouse in the Dockyard a window bearing the date 1513, and the cypher H R. This window is generally supposed to have formed part of a monastic building, but it may have been part of the original manor

house, or of the first dockyard which was founded by Henry in that year.

Somewhere in this neighbourhood was an ancient building called the Stone House, at which King John is said to have lived, and in Brookmill Road is a piece of ancient stone wall said to be part of some stables or kennels erected here for that monarch. According to Rymer, Edward III. frequently lived here, as did Henry IV. when suffering from leprosy, and there are two charters dated from it in July, 1412.

The other manor—that of Brockley—was for several centuries a possession of the Premonstratensians or White Canons, who had a house here, but were suppressed with the alien priories in the time of Henry IV.

The lands were settled by Wolsey on his new foundation at Oxford. Cardinal (New) College and the buildings disappeared, until early in the last century when some foundations were discovered in a meadow belonging to the Manor Farm, which stretched from the Lewisham High Road up to the hills where now is the Hilly Fields Park. When the foundations of St. Peter's Church were being dug in 1868 a well was uncovered which is supposed to have served the convent, and consequently the present church must stand very near to the site of the old conventual church.

The chief interest in the old manor of Sayes Court lies in its having been in the possession of John (Sylva) Evelyn, the Diarist, who built the house. In 1693 Evelyn moved to Wotton and the house was let to Admiral Benbow, who proved a very unsatisfactory tenant. Later it was let to Peter the Great, who was an even worse one.

“ There is a house full of people and right nasty [wrote Evelyn's servant]. The czar lies next your library and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night and is very seldom at home the whole day.”

He spent most of his time in fact in the Royal Dockyard, which had been founded on the site of the old royal residence by Henry VII.

This yard was one of the largest and best equipped establishments in Europe, complete with forges and workshops.

capable of constructing and equipping the largest warships with everything but their guns. Here also was the largest accumulation of naval stores in the world, and during Tudor and early Stuart times the anchorages could accommodate the greater part of the Royal Navy. The Dockyard was in use until 1869 when it was closed after the launch of the twin-screw corvette 'Druid.'

During its existence some of the most famous ships in the Navy were built here, and the most noted naval constructors, some of them Deptford men, lived in the town. During the Commonwealth and Restoration periods Deptford was very busy. Cromwell, and afterwards Charles II. were busy, with the assistance of Mr. Shish—"a plaine honest carpenter, master builder of this dock, but one who can give very little account of his art by discourse and is hardly capable of reading, yet of great abilitie in his calling"—Peter Pett, the great constructor for Charles II., and others, building ships for that new Navy which the Earl of Sandwich and garrulous old Samuel Pepys were organising.

Many were the scenes taking place at Deptford during the years of its activity.

Sir Martin Frobisher sailed from the town in 1576 on his expedition in search of the North-west Passage, and in the next year Drake set out on that memorable voyage round the world. On his return his ship, rechristened the 'Golden Hind,' was brought round to Deptford where Elizabeth dined on board, knighted Drake, and commanded that the ship should be preserved at the Dockyard as a memorial of the voyage. This was done, and for many years she was one of the sights of London. The cabin was converted into a dining room for the accommodation of visitors and is mentioned by Ben Jonson in a comedy, *Eastward Ho!*

When the ship fell into decay it was broken up, but a chair was made from its timbers and presented to Oxford University, where it is kept in the Bodleian Library. Cowley the poet, a frequent visitor to Deptford, wrote an ode to the ship while sitting in this chair:—

"To this great ship, which round the world has run,
And matched, in race, the chariot of the sun ;

This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,
 Without presumption, so deserved a name,
 By knowledge once, and transformation now)
 In her new shape this sacred port allow.
 Drake and his ship could not have wished from fate
 A more blest station or more blest estate,
 For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
 To her in Oxford and to him in Heaven."

From Deptford too sailed Sir W. Raleigh in 1589, and in 1776 Captain Cook left the Dockyard with 'Resolution' and 'Discovery' on his ill-fated third voyage.

Although we have no record of Nelson ever having been in Deptford, his fleets were largely fitted out in its dock, and such famous ships as 'Goliath,' 'Neptune,' 'Blake,' 'Colossus' and others were built there.

Besides the Royal Yard there was at Deptford the yard and slips of the East India Company, and it was from Deptford and with three Deptford ships that the first venture of the Company was made. There were also several private docks, one of which, Deadman's or Dudman's Dock, still exists.

Deptford may also claim to be the pioneer in the steam shipbuilding industry, for here in 1822 was formed the first steamship company—now the General Steam Navigation Company, and some of the earliest steamships were built at their yards on Deptford Creek.

The town too was a pioneer in mechanical transport, and a Deptford man, Mr. F. C. Hills, in 1839 was the inventor of a steam carriage which made several successful trips to Sevenoaks, Tonbridge and Hastings. The venture failed, but not before it had been caricatured by *Punch* in a drawing of a huge tea-kettle on wheels.

We have not yet exhausted Deptford's connection with the sea, for here in 1512 Sir T. Spert founded the 'Guild or Fraternity of the Holy Trinity in the Parish Church of St. Nicholas for the Encouragement of the Study of Navigation and Seamanship.' Spert was commander of the 'Great Harry,' and his action in founding the Trinity House probably contributed more than that of any other individual to the advancement of the study of seamanship. The Corporation, which

has charge of lighthouses, buoys and navigation marks round the English coasts and performs many other important duties, now meets at Trinity House on Tower Hill, but formerly it met at Deptford, where were its Hall and almshouses, since demolished.

Trinity Monday was a great day at Deptford. The Warden, Master and Brethren met at their Hall, walked in state to St. Nicholas Church, and after service here they returned to their Hall for a banquet. Since 1852 both the banquet and the meeting have been held in the Tower Hill premises and a picturesque feature in Thames' life—the water procession—has disappeared.

The most ancient building existing in Deptford to-day is the tower of St. Nicholas Church, which dates from the early 15th century, the church itself being of more recent origin and dating from the beginning of the 18th century. It is an unpretentious brick structure with some very fine carving in the chancel by Grinling Gibbons, a native of Deptford.

Speaking of Gibbons, Evelyn says :—

“ This day I first acquainted his Majesty with that incomparable young man Gibbon, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place, by a mere accident, as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish, near Saye's Court. I found him shut in ; but looking in at the window I perceived him carving that large cartoon or crucifix, of Tintoretto, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice.”

Within the church also are memorials to Peter Pett, described on the stone as the Noah of his age ; several of the Evelyns ; William Hawkins, brother of Sir John, the Elizabethan seaman, and to others, while in the churchyard are tombstones to Captain Geo. Shelvocke, the original of Robinson Crusoe, and many other naval heroes, including Admiral Hughes and Admiral Benbow.

Kingston, Jamaica, claims the honour of having Benbow's body, but according to Charnock's *Biographia Navalis* 1794, it was brought home and interred in the north-west angle formed by the projection of the tower beyond the body of St. Nicholas Church.

The parish registers contain the extremely interesting entry, "1st June, 1593, Christopher Marlowe slain by Francis Archer." It is not known where Marlowe was killed, but some authorities consider it to have been upon the 'Golden Hind' then lying off Deptford on show.

There is plenty of romance about Deptford; but although Scott places some of the scenes in *Kenilworth* and Besant's *The World Went Very Well Then* is based upon the registers of St. Nicholas, but little of it has found its way into fiction. Deptford also claims the honour of originating the rag and bottle business—still a flourishing trade in many parts of the borough, but known generally as 'Marine Stores'—the shops being distinguished by having a black doll hung out as a sign.

One account of the origin of this sign says that a young woman one day went across the sea in search of her lover. After a few years she returned to England bringing a black baby, but finding it had no value in England, she wrapped it in a bundle of old rags and sold it to a Deptford rag-dealer. On opening the bundle and finding the baby the dealer handed it over to the parish, who brought the child up. The girl, for so it was, married; and opening a ragshop, made a fortune in this trade. She became the ancestress of all the rag-dealers in London, and they hang out the doll in gratitude to her for founding so lucrative a business. Of course we do not vouch for the truth of this story, but certainly the business is a popular one if not profitable, and the lady's descendants are now widely scattered.

The newer part of the borough lacks the interest of the old, and indeed has only recently ceased to be cornland, but through it runs part of the great road from Kent, and crossing this some of London's first railways. In the earliest years of the 19th century a canal was made connecting Croydon with the Thames at Rotherhithe, climbing up into the hills by a veritable staircase of locks. A little bit of this canal still exists in Peckham as the Grand Surrey Canal, but most has gone. Its channel still remains, however, as the cutting which carries the Brighton section of the Southern Railway up to Croydon. On either side of the cutting are the mounds thrown up when the canal was made, at the top of Shardeloes Road still stands

the old lock-keeper's cottage, and a little farther on beyond Brockley is the square white house built for the district engineer.

Above the site of the old lock is Telegraph Hill, with a wonderful view across the whole of the London basin. Here was the semaphore which transmitted messages to and from the Admiralty during Nelson's campaigns before the electric telegraph or wireless had been invented.

Greenwich, in the modern borough of which old Deptford is included, has been more written about as it contained the Royal Palace and Park of Placentia, the favourite residence of the Tudors. It was originally a fishing village with little of note except the martyrdom of Alphege the Archbishop by the Danes in 1012. Captured in the previous year the old archbishop was sent to the camp at Greenwich and tortured in order to make him pay a heavy ransom. This he refused, and after an imprisonment of seven months was killed in the camp by being pelted with oxbones. "Then after his death," says the chronicler, "an old rotten stake was driven into his body, and those who drove it said that if on the morrow the stake was green, and bore leaves, they would believe; whereupon the stake flourished and the drivers thereof repented, and the body, being buried in St. Paul's Church in London, worked miracles."

The palace appears to have first become a regular royal residence in the days of Henry IV., who dated his will from there, but the subsequent palace of Placentia, the favourite residence of the Tudors, was built by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who also enclosed the park and built a tower on the hill where now is the Observatory.

Edward IV. rebuilt and beautified it and Henry VII. made it one of his favourite residences. Here Henry VIII. was born, as were all his children, each of whom spent a great deal of time here. The palace, however, was not very popular with Mary, as on one of her earlier visits the captain of a ship inadvertently fired a loaded gun in saluting the Royal Standard, and the ball passed through the room in which Mary was sitting.

The palace in the time of Henry VIII. was a magnificent building with a large flat space behind it. This space was used for tournaments and may be seen in the park with the raised banks for the spectators still clearly marked. Within

the palace itself many splendid scenes were enacted, and according to Hall's *Chronicle* it was at Greenwich that the 'masque' was introduced into England from Italy.

In the tournament ground in the park was held that tournament at which Anne Boleyn learned that the King's fancy had turned to a fresh face. During the display Anne let her handkerchief fall to Norris, with whom she had been conducting a flirtation for some time. Henry, who knew of and had condoned the previous flirtations, chose to regard the handkerchief incident as serious, left the palace for Whitehall, where he called a Council and formally accused Anne, whose subsequent fate is well known.



GREENWICH PALACE—PLACENTIA—IN TUDOR TIMES.

Elizabeth, who had been born at Greenwich and baptised in the Franciscan Church which has now disappeared, made the palace her favourite residence.

Here Sir Walter Raleigh sacrificed his new cloak to make his fortune, an incident which Scott uses with much effect in *Kenilworth*, placing it at Deptford, and in the adjoining park Nigel Olifant met James I. in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

Although James did not live much at Greenwich he commissioned Inigo Jones to rebuild the palace—the result being the two blocks joined by a colonnade which still exist on the park side and are occupied by the boys of the Naval School.

Here also was placed the royal collection of armour begun

by Henry VIII., who had established a manufactory of German armour in Greenwich. This collection was broken up by the Commonwealth, but some pieces from Greenwich are to be seen in the Tower.

Charles I. also did much to beautify the palace, and the park was laid out by the celebrated Le Notre, the designer of the gardens of Versailles. This famous gardener laid out the avenues of chestnut for which the park is still noted, and also planted many of the existing elms.

During the Protectorate, Cromwell resided occasionally at Greenwich, but much of the palace had been sold, and soon after the Restoration it was found to be so dilapidated that repairs were impossible and a start was made with rebuilding.

Sir J. Denham, the poet, was the architect, and under his direction the west wing, now occupied by the Seamen's Hospital, and across the road the Infirmary of the school were built.

John Evelyn of Deptford also played a very important part in the erection of the new buildings both at this time and subsequently.

He had a very poor opinion of Denham, whom he describes as a better poet than architect. The designs for the 'King's House,' the western block on the river front of the present building, are believed to have been by Webb, from some of the plans made by his father-in-law Jones.

The building went on very slowly, and although Charles did live in this block it was but seldom used and entirely deserted by his successors, William III. preferring Hampton Court, and the palace would have become derelict but for Queen Mary, who proposed a Hospital for Seamen similar to that at Chelsea for soldiers.

Nothing much was done until the Queen's death, when commissioners were appointed with Evelyn as treasurer, and a start was made with the building as a memorial to the Queen—surely the most magnificent memorial ever European Queen had.

The general design is by Wren, who gave his services without fee, and it comprises four blocks of buildings ranged on three sides of a square. The river terrace forms the fourth side and the opposite side is only partly closed by the corners of the blocks of buildings there—the side being filled by the old

building of Inigo Jones and the Observatory on the hill beyond. As usually seen from the land the buildings are in detached blocks cut up by the road, but seen from the river or from the embankment on the Isle of Dogs they fall into their places and make one of the finest architectural groups to be seen anywhere in the world.

On the river front are the two smaller blocks—King Charles' building by Webb, and Queen Anne's building begun in 1698, and containing the Naval Museum.

Behind King Charles' building is King William's building, the foundation stone of which was laid by Evelyn, and in this is the Painted Hall. This magnificent structure was originally the refectory of the Hospital and its ceiling is decorated by paintings executed by Sir James Thornhill.

This hall proved too small for its original purpose and remained empty until 1823, when a previous suggestion made by a Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Locker, and revived by his son, was carried into effect, and a collection of pictures illustrative of the Navy was made. King George IV. set an example by presenting pictures from the collections in other royal palaces, and many private donors followed, so that here is a collection of paintings representing the Navy and its commanders from the days of the Tudors, while in the Naval Museum is an equally complete collection of models and other exhibits.

The Hospital was opened in 1705 with forty-two pensioners—a number which gradually increased until there were about 3,000 resident and 32,000 non-resident pensioners on the books.

In 1869 the Hospital was dissolved, and four years later the Naval College at New Cross, housed in the building now known as Goldsmith's College, was transferred to Greenwich, where it is still.

The parish church of St. Alphege is a building of some interest. It is dedicated to that Alphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered here by the Danes. When the original church was built no one knows, but there certainly was an old church on the spot in the days of Edward I. From its proximity to, and its position as the parish church of, the palace, the connection between the two was naturally very close. Here were baptised both Henry VIII. and his daughter Mary, and here were many memorials to royal servants,

amongst them Tallis the composer. Henry's sister Mary of France was remarried in this church to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Brandon had been sent to carry her brother's condolences on the death of her husband, Louis XII., and he made such an impression on the young widow that two months later they were secretly married. Henry was furious when he heard the news, but relented later and a public ceremony was held at Greenwich.

Here too in the 17th century a very fashionable congregation gathered from the neighbouring Circus and Gloucester Place—streets which still retain something of their old 17th and early 18th century atmosphere. Pepys, who had a keen eye for such things, has a note in his *Diary*: "By coach to Greenwich where a good sermon, a fine church and a great company of handsome women."

The old church collapsed in 1711 and the present building was erected in 1718 from the designs of a local architect. The interior is very handsome, with carved oak fittings and an organ by Thomas Tallis, which came from the original church and was erected in 1543. The old keyboard, in use until recently and doubtless played upon by Tallis, is still preserved in the church. Upon the walls of the church there used to hang portraits of Elizabeth, Charles I., Queen Anne and George I., that of Charles I. it is supposed being by Lely, but becoming dirty they were taken down and stowed in the organ loft for some time. Finally they were sold—that of Anne to Greenwich Hospital for £10; the others were sold to a New Cross dealer for £20 15s., and all trace of them has been lost. There were also several ancient charters and papal bulls formerly preserved in this church, but these too disappeared some time after 1816.

In the church are buried General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, and Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, the original 'Polly' of Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*. She lived in the manor house of West Combe on the other side of the park, a district still called Westcombe Park.

Greenwich too appears to have been one of Dr. Johnson's favourite spots. When he first came to London with David Garrick, bringing the unfinished tragedy *Irene* in his pocket, he took lodgings in Church Street, Greenwich, and it was in the park that his tragedy was finished. Afterwards, when

established in and about Fleet Street, he was a frequent visitor to the park, coming down by water as did most visitors then, the road being unsafe except for well-armed parties.

Pepys and Evelyn too were frequently here, while it was a favourite spot with the Victorians, who were largely attracted by the fish dinners for which the town was famous. Whitebait were then caught in the Thames off Greenwich and were a famous delicacy at least so early as the time of James I. The fish, however, acquired its chief fame from its being the subject of the 'Ministerial Fish Dinner'—that end of session feast which had its origin in the dinner in honour of William Pitt given at Dagenham by Sir R. Preston, to be transferred later to Greenwich at the 'Trafalgar Hotel,' where whitebait were introduced.

Others besides Cabinet Ministers held dinners at Greenwich, notably one to Charles Dickens in 1842 on his return from America, and another in 1856, which proved to be the last meeting between Dickens and Douglas Jerrold.

Here too Thackeray took Major Pendennis and his party, Greenwich being a close rival to Richmond for such functions. At this time too Greenwich was at the height of its popularity. From London to Greenwich came the first railway in London, and a little later another line from Victoria was built through South London. The big terminus of this line with several platforms still stands, but the whole line is now closed and its platforms are deserted.

The Pier too, once alive with passengers coming off the steamboats from London, now only wakes up when the Margate steamers arrive and depart. But it still possesses a delightful promenade, which with a few feet of pebble beach and the bow-windows of the old hotels gives a quaint 18th century touch to the everchanging life of the river and that most beautiful of sights, a Thames sunset.

The great attraction of Greenwich was the Fair, held in the streets around the church for three days at Easter and Whitsun. On these days every possible vehicle was pressed into service on the roads and every craft on the river from steamboat to wherry was loaded down to the water's edge. The scenes were very different from anything to-day. "On each side of the road," says a contemporary writer in 1820, "four or five deep,

a line of human beings extended as far as the eye could reach : men and women, boys and girls, yelling, screaming, dancing, fighting, playing every conceivable antic, making every inconceivable noise." Dickens also has a very spirited description of Greenwich Fair in one of his Boz sketches.

Part of Thackeray's description, from his essay on Greenwich Whitebait, shall be quoted :—

" About the frequenters of Greenwich and the various classes of ichthyophagi, many volumes might be written. All classes of English Christians, with the exception of Her Majesty and Prince Albert (and the more is the pity that their exalted rank deprives them of an amusement so charming), frequent the hospitable taverns....There are the annual Ministerial Fish Dinners....There are the private banquets....There are the lawyers' dinners, when Sir Frederick or Sir William is advanced to the honour of the bench or the attorney-generalship and where much legal pleasantry is elicited. The last time I dined at the 'Ship,' hearing a dreadful bacchanalian noise issuing from the private apartment, I was informed 'It's the gentlemen of *Punch*, sir.' Even missionary societies and the converters of the Quashimadoo Indians come hither for a little easy, harmless amusement after their labours, and no doubt the whitebait slips down their reverend throats and is relished by them as well as by the profane crowd."

The centre of attraction in Greenwich to-day is the Park, as popular as ever, though far more orderly even on a Bank Holiday. Although small, Greenwich is one of the prettiest of London's parks, and the view, either from the crest of the Observatory Hill or from the neighbouring One Tree Hill, is a very fine one. On a fine day one may see right across London to the Hampstead Heights in one direction and to the Laindon Hills in Essex in the other, while the picture immediately in front, with the College below, the river and the ships in the docks opposite, is one which other places would find it hard to beat.

On the top of the Observatory hill stood Duke Humphrey's Tower, originally a fortified building which later gave way to a hunting lodge. This was pulled down in 1675 to make room for the Observatory, placed here on the advice of Sir C. Wren,

then living at Greenwich. Flamsteed, who had previously been appointed Astronomer Royal at a salary of £100 a year, out of which he had to provide his own instruments and assistants, came here from the Tower. Flamsteed House was built by Wren and the Observatory set going. Its purpose, according to Charles II., was "to rectify the tables of the motions of the heavens and the places of the fixed stars so as to find out the so-much-desired longitude of places for perfecting the art of navigation," and this, rather than sensational discoveries of new heavenly bodies, has been its work ever since. Wren's building remains with its great north window overlooking the river.

Round the park are some old houses of considerable interest. At Chesterfield House lived Lord Chesterfield and later the Duchess of Brunswick. At Montague House lived Caroline, Princess of Wales, and on the summit of Croom's Hill stood a large house where General Wolfe lived, while at West Coombe, on the other side of the park, lived Lavinia Fenton (Polly Peachum). In the same neighbourhood lived Vanbrugh (his house still stands) and Flaxman the sculptor.

At Charlton also, in the Manor House, lived Prince Henry, son of James I. The house, one of the finest specimens of early Jacobean architecture in the country, was built for the Prince it is said by Inigo Jones. It is now used as offices for the Borough of Greenwich.

"See where the river in branches divides,
Cut in two all the same as a fork,
How proudly the Commerce with Industry rides
Then the Blarney, O she's bound for Cork."

So Dibdin introduces the lower Thames which begins at Woolwich. Here the river first takes on something of a sea flavour and here Henry VIII. founded the second of his three dockyards. The lower part was then and for long after a very unhealthy site, but on the slopes of Sandy Hill had been many settlements from the days of the Britons onwards. These, however, had never achieved fame, and the district has no special history until the slips were laid out and the 'Great Harry' and her sisters put in hand.

For many years this dock was engaged in the building of

the larger ships of the Navy, and it was not until the days of the great ironclads that it declined. The yard indeed has a very close connection with the famous Shipmoney dispute, for here was laid down the 'Sovereign Royal,' a magnificent vessel of 1,600 tons, for the building of which Charles I. made the imposts which Hampden resisted. It was in 1637 that the ship was launched and in the same year Hampden was tried. She was a very famous ship in her day and did tremendous execution against the Dutch, who called her the 'Golden Devil.'

The yard was to see other stirring scenes during the reign of Charles II. when the Dutch sailed up the Thames and Woolwich was fortified. Besides mounting batteries after the danger was over, ships were sunk in the river to the great disgust of Pepys, who would much rather have seen them equipped and sent against the enemy.

The yard was in continual use right down to 1869, when it was closed as the river did not supply sufficient room for launching the newer warships then coming into use.

The works at the Dockyard were then turned over to the military as part of Woolwich Arsenal. This, the chief arsenal of the British Army, is too well known to need description here. It seems to have come into existence in Elizabeth's time as a stores, and to have become the main ordnance factory about the year 1700, when it was called 'The Warren,' from the quantity of rabbits which lived there.

At the time of its foundation it is recorded that the army had but two 12-pounder guns fit for service and not a single 18- or 24-pounder.

Besides the manufacture of guns and ammunition the Arsenal is concerned with testing them, for which purpose extensive proof butts are provided. Accidents at these are rare, although some amusing stories are told concerning the tests.

On one occasion a new invention was being tested. It was a mountain gun to be used on a mule, but a properly trained mule not being available a donkey was pressed into service. The gun was strapped to the animal's back, loaded and a slow fuse set, while officers and men stood back in case of accidents. Finding himself left free the donkey began to frisk about, turning his gun first upon one and then upon another of the company, who immediately took such cover as they

could find. The charge exploded and the recoil bowled the poor donkey over, but of the ball no trace could be found when the distinguished company had crawled out from its hiding places to view the results of their experiment.

Woolwich has few literary associations, but amongst them is Lovelace the Cavalier Poet, author of 'Lucasta' and 'To Althea, from Prison.' Grimaldi, the clown who delighted London juveniles in the early 18th century, also lived in Woolwich.

Eltham, still a country village, shows to-day the process by which the inner ring of villages was changed into London a century ago. Its chief interest lies in the old palace, parts of which still exist.

Begun in the reign of Henry III. it was a large moated mansion consisting of a hall, a chapel and the usual lodgings, some of which still exist incorporated in cottages. The palace was the favourite abode of several kings, including Edward II., and it is said that the Order of the Garter was instituted in its hall during the celebrations for the successful conclusion of the Crecy campaign. Here too Richard was banished by Henry of Bolingbroke.

The beautiful hall which still stands was part of the new palace built by Edward IV., and when finished, with its magnificent proportions, its twenty-two Perpendicular windows filled with stained glass and the great oriels at the west end, it must have been one of the glories of Europe.

Under the Tudors it became one of the favourite palaces, and here Wolsey was made Chancellor, occupying the Chancellor's lodgings which are still in existence, but after the death of Henry VIII. it was permitted to decay, although both Vandyck and Rubens were lodged there. Its real decay, however, dates from the Commonwealth, when the woods were cut down, the parks turned into farms and the buildings sold to Sir Nathaniel Rich, who converted them into farm buildings, the hall becoming a barn. It is now preserved by the Crown as a place of historical interest. At the adjoining manor of Well Hall lived the Ropers, through whom the village became associated with Sir Thomas More.

The other borough of South-east London is Lewisham, which is also still very largely under cultivation, although it

is being rapidly built over. The borough is composed of several small villages along the Ravensbourne and a number of hamlets on the ridge which runs down from the Kentish hills through Chislehurst to Blackheath. In early times the manor of Lewisham was associated with King Alfred, who gave it to his daughter, through whom it came into the possession of the Abbey of Gaunt and remained with them until the dissolution of the monasteries.



OLD ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, LEE.

The old priory was situated at Rushey Green, but all traces of the buildings have gone. Even the parish church of St. Mary is a new building dating from 1774, although the tower is very much older, traces of 15th century work being visible on the inside. The exterior of the tower was apparently refaced when the present church was built and perhaps a new upper story added. Near the church was a holy well which has given its name to the district of Ladywell, and it was credited with miraculous powers. The well has long since been filled in and its place taken by the Ladywell Baths, but in the piece of

ground at the side of these are still the coping stones of the old well. Near the church too are to be seen some quaint almshouses erected by Abram Colfe, who was vicar in the latter part of the 17th century, and who also founded a grammar school. Until quite late in the last century most of the borough was country, the high ground towards Blackheath and Lee being occupied by the seats of the Dacres and Dartmouths, with the houses of substantial City men lining the main roads. These houses still exist and, especially in Lee, much of the old timber may be seen in the gardens, but since the war a considerable amount of new building has taken place and what was almost as retired as places many miles in the country is now coming to look like the rest of London. Just round the church of St. Margaret, however, with the ruined tower of the old church opposite, one might still be many miles from London.

CHAPTER XXII.

MODERN LONDON.

With the reign of Queen Victoria we reach a London which is perfectly familiar to us, for most of its buildings have remained, although many are now being pulled down to make room for the larger ones demanded by modern business. Modern London is the product of the Industrial Revolution which was carried through during the 19th century, and which by its machinery, its steam transport, and its improved communications not only made commerce world-wide, but demanded much larger business premises, a wider separation between business and social life, a greater concentration of population and larger towns than had been known before.

London had already grown considerably, especially during the 18th century, when the inner ring of villages had become the homes of its business men and the districts around Westminster had grown into a Society suburb. The coming of machinery and especially of the railway gave an immense impetus to this movement, drew new industries to the villages and produced a rapid growth, unchecked and uncontrolled, which created that huge mass of streets and buildings which is modern London, nameless until the County Council Act of 1888, which gave a name to part of it. During the 19th century three main lines of development can be seen. First and most noticeable is that external spread of the streets and houses which is accompanied by a change in the appearance of the streets themselves, a change producing a whole crop of traffic and other problems which had not been noticed before. Then there is a change in the government of the area and its parts, and finally a change in the social life and manners of the people.

At the beginning of the 19th century London wore pretty much the appearance it had shown since the rebuilding after the Fire. The City was still a place where business men lived as well as worked, although the greater merchants had deserted it for the pleasant country lanes of Hackney and Bethnal

Green, or the sylvan shades of Camberwell, driving in daily to their offices in town. The clerks too were also moving out, first to Bermondsey and Islington, then, as the means of transport improved and the fields were built over, to Camberwell, to Brixton, to Greenwich, and in our own day even beyond the county boundary into what, a few years ago, was the heart of the country. During this same period, the first half of the century, there grew up under the operation of the Factory System those great dismal areas of working-class houses, and those huge masses of slum which were so marked a feature of Victorian London, and which even yet are only too evident a blot on our great city. How rapid was the growth of London in the early years of the 19th century contemporary records show. "There is a wide part of St. John Street," says one of them, "some two hundred yards from Smithfield, where we learn, from an inscription on a mean public house, that Hick's Hall formerly stood there. This was the Sessions House for the justices of Middlesex, and was built at the cost of Sir Baptist Hicks in the reign of James I. Here then was the beginning of London some two centuries ago. The Hall was surrounded with green fields and scattered houses and was a remarkable object to those entering the metropolis from the north....Some ten years ago Tyburn Turnpike existed. The intolerable nuisance of a gate across one of the most crowded roads seemed to draw a line of demarcation between London and the country, and so the roads were measured from Tyburn turnpike. Now an inscription tells us where Tyburn Turnpike stood." The growth of London was a matter which was always a cause of alarm and extraordinary steps were taken to check it. In 1581 a proclamation was issued forbidding the building of new houses within three miles of the City walls, and a few years later an even more stringent law was made.

"Her Majesty foreseeing the great and manifold inconveniences and mischiefs which daily grow and are likely more and more to increase unto the state of the City of London.... by access and confluence of people to inhabit the same, not only by reason that such multitudes could hardly be governed by ordinary justice to serve God and obey her Majesty without an addition of more officers and enlarging of authorities and

jurisdictions for that purpose....and finally for that such great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be poor and such as must live by begging or worse means, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered, with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow if any plague or other universal sickness come amongst them, it would presently spread through the whole city." It was therefore enacted that no house should be built within three miles of London or Westminster, no existing house should be divided into tenements, all sheds or shops built within seven years should be pulled down, and all empty houses less than seven years old were to be destroyed.

But London increased in spite of all attempts to stop it, and the only effect of these building restrictions was to increase the congestion in the slum areas. To-day London has grown far beyond what was thought a dangerous size not so long ago, the new authorities foreshadowed by Elizabeth have been set up, and we seem as far away from any real London government covering the whole area as ever. One of the earliest and most effective of these new authorities set up during the last century was the new police force created by Sir Robert Peel in 1829. At the beginning of the century there were practically no police. The work of discovering criminals and securing their arrest was done by the Bow Street runners, while the ordinary duties of a police force were undertaken by the watch, a body whose formation dates from the 13th century, and whose constitution and duties had undergone little or no change since that date. For the most part the 'Charlies' were old men too decrepit for any kind of work. "A few old men armed with a staff, a rattle, and a lantern are the only guard throughout the night against depredation." The best description we have of these is the watch scene in *Much Ado About Nothing*, where Shakespeare has given us a picture of the London watchmen of his day that would have served for as long as the venerable institution existed.

The government of the City was in the hands of the Corporation, but the new London which was growing so rapidly around the old was still managed by the parochial authorities who had been set up to administer the Poor Law by Elizabeth, and the administration of justice was in the hands of the ordi-

nary Justices of the Peace as in country districts to-day. It was not until 1855 that any attempt was made to set up an authority for the whole of London. In that year the various Sewers Commissioners and local Roads Boards were amalgamated and the Metropolitan Board of Works created. This body, although possessing only limited powers and limited in its expenditure by the fact of being able to levy a threepenny rate only, was responsible for some very fine pieces of work. Perhaps the most striking of these were the three Embankments which were completed by it, although they were thought of in the 18th century and begun before the Board was created. Its offices were in Spring Gardens on the site of Berkeley House, and until the autumn of 1921 were occupied by the London County Council as the County Hall for London. Besides completing the embankments the Board of Works began a very comprehensive main drainage system, and secured several commons and open spaces which it laid out as parks, and which, but for its existence, would have been built over and so lost to the people of London. The work of governing London was, however, too much for the very limited powers given to this body, so in 1889 the Board was merged in the newly constituted County Council. This body had been created by the Local Government Act of 1888, by which the local vestries areas became the twenty-eight boroughs comprising the administrative County of London. For the first time since the Romans London as a whole was now named and defined. Although, as subsequent events have shown, the area was not sufficiently comprehensive—for London has grown far beyond what anyone expected and the powers given to the new body were inadequate—it has done much towards the creation of a real civic spirit within its area. Unfortunately the City was left largely outside the new arrangements, so that although the Corporation was an up-to-date body and the ancient City one of the best governed in the country, the new Greater London could not share in its traditions or benefit by its experience, and a certain element of chaos was introduced into its government. This chaos was further increased in 1899 when the London Government Act was passed setting up the Metropolitan Boroughs with powers which in some respects conflicted with those of the County Council. The

result of this policy is that to-day a very large number of people who are really London citizens find themselves deprived of the full benefits of their citizenship because they happen to live in a district which is outside the County boundary although joined to it by continuous dwellings, while on the other hand the work of the Council within the County is hampered by the overlapping jurisdiction of the boroughs. In 1870 another authority was created, the London School Board, with the task of creating an educational system worthy of the greatest city in the world. The story of Education in London is a long one and requires a chapter to itself. In mediæval London there had been ample provision made for education of all grades. Besides the various monastic schools there were day schools connected with the Guilds, and for higher education there was the universal apprenticeship which not only gave a very thorough vocational training, but an education in citizenship far surpassing anything we are giving to-day. This daily contact with the problems of civic and national government which the 'prentice lad got from constant attendance on his master in the workshop, at the Guild meeting, the Ward-mote, and in the general conduct of the City's business produced a civic patriotism which is now entirely lacking, and which no amount of school teaching to children too young to understand will produce.

Much of the fabric of mediæval learning was destroyed at the Reformation, but the intense desire for learning made possible the foundation of many new schools, notably the great foundation of St. Paul's School with its lay governors, by Colet; the Mercers' school through the generosity of Gresham, whose ideal of a business man was one who, with his business ability, combined a liberal education and real scholarship; the Merchant Taylors' school for the children of all nations, and the many free Grammar Schools which grew up all over the London area. To these the children of rich and poor were admitted on equal terms and received the same education until the age of fourteen, when those who had the ability went to the University, irrespective of social class, and for the rest provision was made for apprenticeship or professional training. The Londoner of the 17th century would be astounded could he see our educational system to-day with its narrow class

distinctions, and the suggestion that the artizan's child must have an inferior education narrowed to the barest minimum, with the human element quite absent because at fourteen the lad will begin some industrial work. To him the boy of whatever class was a human soul entitled to the best education that could be given, and the century is full of the records of sons of the cottage and the workshop who became famous scholars.

This with so much else that was noble in English life was killed by the spirit of the 18th century which enshrined commercialism and created the 'labouring classes,' a term unknown until then. The results were appalling, and although in the early years of the 19th century schools once more multiplied, they were rather day nurseries than places of education.

Here is a picture taken from the report of the select committee on Education set up in 1838, when the existence of the town mob and the general trade depression following the war made the government fear a revolution:—

"In a garret up three pair of stairs was a common day school with forty children in a compass of ten feet by nine. On a perch forming a triangle with a corner of the room was a cock and two hens, under a stump bed immediately beneath was a dog-kennel in the occupation of three black terriers, whose barking, added to the voices of the children and the cackling of the hens on the approach of a stranger, was almost deafening; there was only one small window at which sat the master obscuring what little light there was."

But, led by Joseph Lancaster, an old soldier, and by Dr. Bell, a new movement was arising, and schools for the mass training of the children of the industrial classes were growing up all over London and the country. For these schools specially trained teachers were necessary, so colleges were set up to make them. First at Lancaster's school in the Borough Road, and later at the Chelsea and Battersea colleges of the National Society, students were taken for training in the art of drilling the mechanical elements of learning into masses of children, and the present elementary school with its narrow outlook was born.

Life in these colleges was hard. The students at Battersea rose at 5.30 A.M. and put in an hour and a half at household and farm work, after which they had an hour's Divinity before a breakfast of bread and butter and watered milk. After

this came more farm work until ten o'clock, when their real studies began and continued, interspersed with farming, until ten P.M., when, says the report, "they went to bed and peace and quiet held sway until the morning."

Much good work of a narrow sort was done under this system, but even this was insufficient and failed to secure enough money to carry on, so the system of Government grants in aid was set up, and finally in 1870 the School Boards were created to deal with the problem. That for London had its offices on the Embankment and was an *ad hoc* body directly elected for the purpose by the people of London as a whole, but its powers were very limited. It had to confine its attentions to purely elementary instruction and was not allowed to retain the children beyond the age of fourteen or to provide for higher education or even technical training. Neither was it permitted to offer an alternative to the voluntary schools, but only to set up a school when the existing accommodation was not sufficient. In spite of these limitations Board Schools sprang up all over the London area and much fine work was done in them. The teachers, although limited in their outlook by their own training, and narrowed in their work by the Act, yet managed to give a good deal of real education and to do for modern London something of that work which had been done in the past by the public spirit of its citizens. In 1903, the work of the School Board was handed over to the Education Committee of the County Council, which thus became responsible for the whole educational system of the Metropolis, and for the first time since the Romans left it became possible to set up a complete educational highway in London.

The great extension of London was made possible only by the improvement in transport which took place mainly in the 19th century. At the beginning of the century goods were conveyed by canal or by waggon, and passengers by stage coach, and during the early years of the century the country was covered with a network of coaches which mostly started from London. The novels of Dickens have given us inimitable pictures of these coaches and of the inns from which they started. These were mainly concerned with the conveyance of the mails, but they also carried passengers at an average rate of sixpence a mile, and there were the stage coaches,

slower vehicles at lower fares. For conveyance within the town there were the cabs and omnibuses of the horsed variety which we knew in our own younger days. The cab came to London from Paris in 1820, half a century after its invention, and speedily supplanted the hackney coach and the chair which had been so familiar in Hanoverian London. The omnibus also came from Paris, being introduced by a Mr. Shillibeer in 1829. In that year a bus route was opened between the Bank and the 'Yorkshire Stingo' at Marylebone, but one bus a day was found more than sufficient! Even that took some three hours upon the journey. The railways which came in the 19th century are hardly a London concern, for they were intended rather as a means of getting away from London than of getting about in it. They did in time do much to serve that larger London which they had done so much to create, but at first and for many years they were kept well outside. They were not permitted by the City Fathers to enter the City borders, and in consequence the great termini are still outside and even now are badly linked up and difficult of access. As London grew and in spite of the Embankment, of Queen Victoria Street, and the Holborn Valley scheme, its traffic became more and more congested, some scheme for relieving the pressure became necessary. This was supplied by Mr. Charles Pearson, who suggested a circular tunnel running round London linking up the principal termini, and thus was born the great Underground with its Tubes, its country extensions and its allied motor-bus services which have done so much to increase the size of London in our own day. At first much opposition was shown to the scheme, and it was not until the Great Western Railway took the matter in hand in 1860 and guaranteed the funds that a start was made. In 1863 the section from Paddington to Farringdon Street was opened, and it was so successful that Parliament was inundated with bills for similar undertakings. A committee was set up to enquire into the whole question, and the result of their labours was the Circle with its extensions North, South, East and West. When first built the old Circle was one of the wonders of the world, and in spite of its sulphurous reminder of another place, it was immensely popular. It, however, did little to relieve the congestion in the streets, but rather made it worse, for it

brought into London districts which were so far away that they would not have developed without its aid. The trouble lay in the streets themselves. Within the City Thames Street was the same width that it had been in the days of Alfred the Great, and it is no wider to-day; Fleet Street is in width the country lane from which it sprang, and everywhere in modern London there are ancient village High Streets and country lanes whose hedges have been replaced by shops, trying to carry the ever-growing load of modern traffic.

At the beginning of the century London was considered the best paved city in the world. Probably it was, but even then only the larger main roads were paved and drained. The less important streets were floored with cobble stones and innocent of drains, while they were quite unlighted. In the main thoroughfares there were certainly a few smoky oil lamps which always went out when anything like a wind blew. In the *Times* of May 3, 1803, is a description of a new oil-lamp which had just been installed, and the writer says that he was both surprised and pleased to find that part of the street, New Bond Street, so well lighted that the faces of persons walking and even carriages passing in the road could be seen quite distinctly.

But a new illuminant was coming. In 1803 Winzer, a German, had successfully applied coal gas to the lighting of the Lyceum Theatre, and in 1807 he lit a part of Whitecross Street. The new illuminant caused considerable consternation at first, and was credited with causing all the ills of the time. The cartoonists show how very ill it made people who had to pass down the street. However, the experiment was successful, the Gaslight and Coke Co. was founded and a part of Pall Mall in front of their offices was lighted. From this time the use of gas steadily increased.

About the same time the flint and steel was giving way to the sulphur match, used with strong sulphuric acid, and the phosphorus match. A manufactory of these was set up in Frith Street, Soho, and the *Morning Post* gravely tells us that it had become the daily resort of persons of the first fashion and consequence, who were expressing themselves highly gratified with the utility and ingenuity of these philosophical curiosities. But the 'lucifer' has given way in its turn to the safety match, and even that is going before the attack of the

petrol lighter, while the old smoky gaslight has disappeared and been replaced by the incandescent burner and in many cases by its youthful rival the electric light.

London, always liable to outbreaks of fire, has been several times almost destroyed. Although after the Great Fire of 1666 the use of brick made such wholesale destruction unlikely again, there was still considerable risk, which increased as the town grew and as gas for lighting and coal for heating became common. To meet the danger and minimise the loss the Fire Companies were formed towards the end of the 18th century, and finding that the parish engines were generally out of repair and not to be relied upon and that it cost less to keep an efficient establishment to put out fires than it did to pay out the insurances in full, the various offices set up brigades, which of course only tried to put out fires on property insured with the office. After several attempts at a joint Brigade, the companies did in 1833 join in forming the London Fire Engine Establishment, to which they contributed in agreed proportions. This establishment divided London into five districts, in each of which one or more engines were kept. The water companies were bound to supply water freely, and in addition to the land establishment there were two floats on the river. As there were only ninety men in the Brigade and each engine required some thirty hands at its pump-handles, the bystanders were engaged for this duty, while the firemen saw to the actual work of fighting the flames. There had been two steam engines, but they were not liked so were sold to the Prussians.

The Brigade, together with the establishment of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, was transferred to the Board of Works in 1866, the Companies paying the sum of £35 per million of the gross amounts insured by them in London each year. To this was added a Treasury grant of £10,000 and the rest had to be found by the ratepayers. The cost of the Fire Brigade, now under the L.C.C., is £772,975, but the Treasury grant remains the same as it was in 1866, and the rate of the Companies' contributions is also the same as then, although they are the chief gainers by the efficiency of the Brigade.

In this century there began also a change in the architecture of London which has continued down to our own time and is rapidly making a new London. At the beginning of the century

the use of stucco became common and much bad brickwork was hidden under a coat of plaster. To this we owe the monotony of Pimlico, with its heavy doorways and monotonous frontages, and Pimlico is not the only example. Gradually, however, this gave way to new buildings in stone, and the City in particular began to take on a new appearance. This process has continued and with the increased height obtainable by the use of steel framework we are gradually getting a new city, less picturesque than the old perhaps, but with a beauty all its own, and possibly in the course of time we shall once more get back something of the beauty of the medieval city. The danger is lest in destroying what is sordid and ugly we pull down much that is beautiful or of historic interest, merely because it does not quite conform to modern ideas of what is useful. With all this change in the town itself there has gone a change in the social life of its people which is most marked after the first half of the 19th century.

The early part of the century is marked by a long period of high prices and heavy taxes following the great European War, indeed it was not until well into the second quarter of the century that things became more normal. For the whole of that time, and for some while after, social life is much what it had been in the 18th century. The life of Society can be seen from the pages of Thackeray, while Dickens gives us a picture of the more ordinary people. The workers are in the grip of the factory system at its worst, and hardly have any social life until education has made some headway, that is until 1870. For these the horizon is bounded by the workshop with its long hours, often amounting to sixteen a day; the cramped home in its narrow street, and for relaxation the gin palace or the slightly less horrible public house. Every one who has read the pages of Dickens knows what life in a working-class area was like. There were attempts at better things, of course. The gradual spread of education shows it, so does the Chartist agitation, the movement for improvement in factory conditions, and the many philanthropic movements of the time, but on the whole the condition of the bulk of London's population is worse than it had been for centuries. The vast majority are living outside the City and are under the rule of parochial organisations created to deal with the

problems of farm labourers and inspired by the school which looked upon the people as the 'lower orders,' a school whose ideas are expressed in the works of Hannah More and a perverted interpretation of the Church Catechism.



Hubert Williams.

*By permission of the Editor,
"Southwark Diocesan Gazette."*

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, SOUTH TRANSEPT.

For sport they had the Newgate executions, mob rioting, and prize fights. Our modern sports, football, cricket, tennis and the rest, were either unknown or indulged in by the gentry

only, and the only outdoor sports for most people were the rough and tumble of a local fair or Greenwich Park and Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday.

Meanwhile the importance of London as a port was becoming increasingly noticeable and provision was made for dock accommodation. Until the very end of the 18th century all shipping had to lie off in the river and days were spent in transferring cargoes a few hundred yards from ship to wharf. During this time the goods were left exposed to weather and thieves in open lighters or on the quay-side, and fortunes were made by those who organised pilfering. In the early years of the century a beginning was made with the construction of docks, although the schemes met with much opposition, especially from the lightermen, the wharfingers, and those who got their living by pilfering. The first era of dock construction ended about 1830 when all ships depended on sails and the largest were about 1,200 tons. The growth of steam power and the coming of the steel ship made larger docks necessary and those farther down the river were constructed. At the same time the system of bonded stores made London a free port and greatly increased its trade, while the coming of free trade made it still more important. True, the abolition of duties removed from the river two very picturesque characters, the smuggler and the preventive officer, but it made London not only the chief port of Britain but of the world.

Some very amusing stories are told of the trials of the old Custom's House officials. The present building was erected in 1813 to replace one destroyed by fire, and in the first half of the century the expense of collecting the duties amounted to six per cent. and about one-half of the Civil Service was engaged in this work. In 1839 there were no fewer than 1,150 dutiable articles on the list, and in addition many whose position was doubtful because they were new imports.

Into the development of London of recent years we do not propose to enter. The old Underground of our fathers has become the new Underground of our own time. The few horse buses and mule-drawn trams of our own younger days have become the network of electric trams and motor buses reaching far out into the country, while the few railways of our grandfathers have covered not only London but the country.

Our streets are well lighted, well paved, and well guarded; our homes are brighter than they ever were, and we have opportunities for amusement and for healthy sport which those before us never dreamed of. Our City has attractions which draw visitors from all the world; it is rapidly taking on a new beauty while retaining a wealth of remains from its wonderful past. Once more it is becoming what it was in the great days of the Medieval City, one united whole, and, if we can see the vision which our ancestors saw, it can be to the Empire and the World of the near future what they made it in the past—the leader in the great struggle for liberty, the first city in the world in all that is great and noble. “The happiness of London,” said Dr. Johnson, “is not to be conceived but by those who live in it.” And again, “If you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of the city you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together that the immensity of London consists.”

There are many features which have had no special mention in the preceding pages. There are the wonderful parks, the museums, the churches, the schools; there are the records of the City, and there is the fascination of its great crowds. Each and all these must be seen to be fully appreciated, each and all will repay close study. Each street and lane has its story, there is scarcely a writer but has drawn inspiration from it. Each and all these might be written about and even then but a fraction of the story be told. But one must stop somewhere, and so we close here with the hope that those who read will, if they can, visit the City and County and discover for themselves the attraction London has for those who get to know her.



WHITE HART, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

INDEX.

- Aldgate, Holy Trinity Priory, 87, 228
 Alphege, St., martyred at Greenwich, 306
 Alsatia, described by Scott, 181; described by Ben Jonson, 181
 American Colonies financed by City, 103
 Amusements, described by Milton, 107; of tradesmen in 18th century, 130
 Anti-foreign movement in L., 29
 Apollo Club, 99
 Apprentices, under Guilds; punishments of, 156
 Astley's Circus, 272
 Audrey, John, 21; Mary, founds S. Saviour's, 21
 Augusta, London called, 5
 Augustan age in L., 129
 Austin Friars, Dutch Church, 88
 Authors, Public support of, 140

 Banks, kept by Goldsmiths, 167
 Bank of England, foundation, 167; Goldsmiths attempts to ruin; in Jacobite rebellion; during Napoleonic War, 168
 Barclay & Perkins' brewery; owned by Thrale; sold by Dr. Johnson; bought by David Barclay, 202
 Barnard's Inn, Hall of Mercers' School, 144
 Bartholomew Fair, 210; Beggar's Opera at, 211; described by Ben Jonson, 211
 Battersea, Cæsar's crossing; the Church, 280
 Battersea Fields, duels on, 281
 Battle Bridge, Boadicea defeated at, 247
 Baynard's Castle, 31
 Bear baiting, 201; Pepys on, 201
 Bear Garden, Alleyn, manager of, 202
 Beaumont and Fletcher, 98
 Becket, Gilbert, portreeve, 23; St. Thomas, 23
Beggar's Opera, 211, 225
 Begravia, 223
 Benedictine training, 66
 Bermondsey, The Chronicle of; Holy Cross legend, 286; traces of site, 287; modern, 288; monks bury John Audrey, 21; original settlement, 284
 Bermondsey Abbey, foundation, 284; history of; distinguished visitors, 285; dissolution, remains, 286
 Bermondsey Church, relics in, 286
 Bermondsey Spa, 289
 Besant, Sir W., *East London*; *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, 227; *Seamy Side of Life*; *Bell of St. Paul's*, 181; *The World went very well then*, 305
 Bethnal Green, "Beggar's Daughter" of; Huguenot settlement; noted residents; Sir W. Penn at, 234
 Beulah Spa, 294
 Billingsgate, First port, 119
 Black Death, 39
 Blackfriars, Playhouse Yard, 87, 95
 Blackheath, Danes on; Scenes on, 299; Fair, 300
 Bloomsbury, 131
 Boleyn, Anne, at Greenwich, 307; at Whitehall, 76
 Bolingbroke, Henry St. John, 280
 Bolingbroke House, 281
 Booksellers, damaged by Fire, 178; Fleet Street, 177
 Boswell, meeting with Dr. Johnson, 140
 Bow Street runners, 320
 Brandenburg House, Queen Caroline at, 265
 Breweries, Southwark, 202
 Bricklayers' Arms, 289
 Brixton; the Old Mill, 278
 Brockley, the monastery, 301
 Brutus, London founded by, 2
 "Bubble" Companies, 166
 Buckingham Palace, Dr. Johnson at; a Mulberry Garden; Tea introduced; bought by Queen Charlotte, 223
 Burbage, Richard, takes the Theatre to Southwark, 233
 Burney, Fanny, 139

- Cæsar, London in time of, 2
 Camberwell, celebrities, 292; Domesday, 291; John Ruskin at, 292; Literary associations of, 292; origin of name, 290; Sir Christopher Wren at, 292
 Camberwell Beauty, 291
 Camberwell Fair, 291
 Camberwell Grove, 131, 291; birth-place of Joseph Chamberlain, 291
 Camden Hill, Lord Macaulay at; Q. Anne at; Royal Astronomical Society founded at, 221
 Canonbury Tower, 245
 Canute and the tide, 73
 Canute's trench, 192, 275
 Carlyle, Thomas, Chelsea homes of, 258
 Caroline, Queen, Hook's lampoon on, 265
 Carpenter, John, town clerk; founds City of London School, 56
 Cavendish, "Life of Wolsey," 76, 125
 Caxton, Printing Press, 71
 Chairmen, manners of; Swift on, 134
 Chairs, Sedan, introduced to London, 134
 Chancery, Inns of, 143
 Chancery Lane and Wolsey's house, 150
 Charles I., Execution, 80
 Charlton Manor House, 313
 Charter, 23
 Charterhouse, founded by Sir W. Manny, 211; granted to Sir T. Audley, 89; Prior hanged, 211; Q. Elizabeth at, 89, 211; rebuilt by Earl of Northumberland, 211; Sutton's foundation, 89, 211; Thackeray, 212
 Chaucer's Characters — prentice, knight, squire, 52; yeoman, prioress, monk, 53; friar, alderman, carpenter's wife, shipman, 54; lawyer, Oxford scholar, pardoner, physician, 56; parish priest, 57
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, Early life, 47, 48, 49; Nicolas, Grocer, 28
 Chaucer's London, Churches in, 45, 49; Shipping, 55
 Cheapside Conduit, Chimney Sweeps at, 240
 Chelsea, Erasmus at, 257; in 17th century, 258; in 18th century, 258; site of, 254; spellings, 254, 255
 Buns, 261
 Church, Ashburnham Bell; The old Church, 255
 Embankment, 259
 Hospital, 262
 Chelsea Physic Garden, 262
 Porcelain, 261
 Rectory, Kingsley born at, 259
 "Cheshire Cheese, Ye," Dr. Johnson; the Pudding, 185
 Cheyne Walk, Don Sattero's; famous residents, 259
 Child's Bank, 167
 Chronicle, Saxon, 16
 Church, The, in Medieval L., 41—43
 Citizens' houses, 39
 Citizens in Plantagenet times, 33
 City, defences; levies, 105; dissensions; loans to Parliament; militia, 104; Royalist activity in; Royalist attack on, 105
 City and the French War, 104
 City man, new type of, 131
 City merchants live outside, 130
 City Road, Rhyme, 245
 Civic revolution, 47
 Civil War, City's action, 104
 Clapham, Anti-Slavery Society, 280
 Clapham, Cavendish House, 280; description in 1830, 279; Sir T. Gauden at, 280; Tom Hood's School, 279; Macaulay at, 279; Old Town; stocks, 279
 Clapham Sect, 280
 Clifford's Inn, 143
 Clink Prison, remains; notoriety, 202
 Coaches in 18th century, 134
 Cock Tavern, Tennyson at; *Will Waterproof*, 185
 Coffee houses, 116, 117
 Colechurch, Peter of, builds London Bridge of stone, 22
 Coleridge, S. T., at Highgate, 249; meeting Keats, 250
 Collins, Wilkie, *Woman in White*, 250
 Commerce, Tudor L., 91
 Commons, House of, 74; in Chapter House, 25, 75; in St. Stephen's, 75
 Companies, Trading, 157
 Conduits, 240
 Cornhill, as trading centre, 154
 Craftsmen, Houses of, 40
 Crayford, Battle of, 16
 Cremorne Gardens, 261
 Crosby Hall, erected on More's Garden, 257
 Crosby Place in Bishopsgate; at Chelsea, 45
 Crutched Friars, 87
 Crystal Palace, 297
 Cupar's Gardens, 272
 Curll, caricatured by Pope, 179

- Curtain, The, Shakespeare employed at, 233
 Customs House, 127; Stories of, 128, 330
Daily Courant, 185
Daily News, First issue; Dickens edits; despatches from Paris, 187
Daily Telegraph, 187
 Danes attack London, 20; hold London Bridge, 21
 Day Schools in 1838, 323
 Defoe, Daniel, at Hackney, 236; Colonel Jack, 250
 Deptford, first steam carriage, 303; Grand Surrey Canal, 305; Henry IV. at; K. John at, 301; Marine Stores, origin of, 305; Old, Roman post at, 300
 Deptford Bridge, 299
 Royal Dockyard, 301; Sir F. Drake at, 302; Famous Ships at, 303
 St. Nicholas Church; Benbow, 304; Famous graves, 304; Grinling Gibbons' carving, 304
 "Devil," The, Apollo Club at; "Gone to the Devil"; Ben Jonson at; Poets Laureate at; and St. Dunstan, 184
 Dibdin, *Wapping Old Stairs*; *Poor Jack*; *Tom Bowling*, 230
 Dickens, Chas., *Barnaby Rudge*; *Bleak House*; *Chimes*; *Our Mutual Friend*; *Sketches by Boz*; *Tale of Two Cities*, 181, 272; *Nicholas Nickleby*; *Pickwick*, 250
Dispatch, duel with *The Times*, 186
 Docks, beginnings of, 128
 Doggett's Coat and Badge, 123
 Drama, origin of, 93
 Dress, Shakespeare on, 37
 Dulwich College, 295, 296
 Manor House, 295
 Picture Gallery, 296
 Spa, 294
 Dunton, John, wanderings of; *Life and Errors*, 178
 Dutton, describes Tonson, 180
 East India Company, founded; new charter, 162; orders "tay"; its rivals; capital of; 163
 East India House, 163; clerks, Charles Lamb's description, 164
 East London, character of, 227; Roman Roads, 227; Villages in, 227
 Eastcheap, Riot, Stow, 32
 Eastminster, 87, 228
 Education in London, 322
 Edward Confessor's Palace, 73
 Edward Confessor and the Page, 73
 Eighteenth century, life in; taxation; rates; food prices, 132
 Elizabeth, erects Banquet House at Whitehall, 78
 Eltham, The Palace, 315
 Ely Place, 89
 Erkenwald, Bishop of London, 18; Miracles worked by, 19
 Evelyn, Diary (on Fire); Plan for rebuilding City, 111
 Evelyn's Diary, Chas. II. at Whitehall, 81
 Fairfax, march through London, 105
 Fetter Lane, Drayton writes *Polyolbion* at; Dryden at No. 16, 183
 "Fighting Temeraire," 290
 Finsbury and Moorfields, 212
 Fire of London, 109; Pepys on (Diary), 111
 Fire, Act for rebuilding after; Surveyors appointed, 113
 Fires, Changes caused by; Act for preventing (1668), 114; Brigade, 327
 Fishmongers fight with Poulterers, 34
 FitzAlwin, First Mayor, 26
 Fitzstephen, Account of Norman L., 25; Chronicles; Sports on Thames, 119
 Fitzwalter, Robert, commands against K. John, 26
 Fleet marriages, suppressed, 190; Horace Walpole on, 191
 Fleet Prison, Hooper in; government of, 187; "rules," 188
 Fleet registers, bought by Government; entries from, 191
 Fleet River, course of, 171
 Fleet Street, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* printed in, 177; Carmelite Friary, 174; Dr. Johnson in, 182; importance of, 171; in fiction, 181; Inns, 174; Old houses, 174; Origin, 171; Printers in, 176; Salisbury House, 174; St. Dunstan's Church, 179; Serjeant's Inn, 144; Strype's description, 177; Taverns, 184
 Flemings expelled, 30
 Folkmoot, met at Paul's Cross, 20
 Foreign merchants in L., 154
 "Fortune" theatre, owned by Alleyn, 233
 Fox, C. J., Westminster election, 84

- Frost Fair, 120; Evelyn's description, 121
 Fulham in 18th century, 264; church; manor house, 263
 Fulham Palace, library; gardens; size of, 263
 Furnival's Inn, Sir T. More reader at; *Pickwick* written at, 144
- Garratt, the "Mayor" of, 282
 Gay, *Trivia*, 133
 Geffeyre Museum, 237
 George I., Accession of; from *Henry Esmond*, 216
 Georgian London, Chap. X., 129
 Gibbons, Grinling, at Deptford, 304
 Gipsy Hill, 295
 Gissing, *The Under World*, 245
 Globe Theatre, 200; description in *K. Hen. V.*, 96; Fire, 97; Barclay and Perkins' brewery on site, 201
 Gogmagog, killed by Corineus, 2
 Golden Hind at Deptford, 303
 Goldsmith, Oliver, in Wine Office Ct.; meeting with Johnson, 182
 Gower, on the Thames, 118
 Gray's Inn, Lord Burleigh, 151; Literary associations of, 152
 Gray's Inn Gardens, 152; planned by Lord Bacon; Catalpa in, 152
 Gray's Inn Hall, Armada Table; *Comedy of Errors* played in; Portraits in, 152
 Gray's Inn Walks, Pepys at, 152
 Greenwich, 306; The Fish Dinner, 311, Thackeray's description of, 312; Dr. Johnson at, 310; Literary Associations, 311; General Wolfe's grave, 310; his house, 313
 Greenwich Fair, 311
 Hospital, 309; Naval Pictures and Painted Hall, 309
 Observatory, 313
 Palace, 306—308
 Park, 313
 St. Alphege Church, 309, 310
 Gresham, Sir T.; Royal Agent; organises loans, 92; founds Royal Exchange; designs a University for London, 93
 Grey Friars, demolished; becomes Christ's Hospital; church becomes Christ Church, Newgate, 88
 Growth of L.; villages round, 192
 Guildhall, built in 15th century, 45; Crypt of, 46; Giants in, 2
 Guilds, Chartered by Edw. III., 33; Dress regulations, 37; Feasts, 35, 155; Govern City, 33, 155; List of chief, 34; mystery plays by, 35; origin of, 154; Punishments, 36
 Guild wardens, duties of, 156; searches by, 35—37, 156
 Guy, Thomas, stories of, 206
 Guy's Hospital, 206
- Hackney in 18th century, 234; Strype's description; in 19th century; prominent residents, 235; Thomas Sutton, 236
 Hackney-horse, derivation of, 237
 Hall, *Chronicle*, 197
 Hammersmith, 264; The Mall, 265
 Parish Church, 264
 Hampstead, Erskine House, 251; Keats at, 251; Kitcat Club, 251; Leigh Hunt at, 250; medicinal springs, 253; famous residents, 251; Upper Flask, 251
 Hampstead Heath, 250; to-day, 250; Vale of Health, 250
 Hansa merchants, 154, 157; expelled by Elizabeth, 158; Hall, 157; Holbein's frescoes for, 158
 Hansards, privileges of, 28; restrictions, 158; trade monopoly, 28
 Henry VIII., More's opinion of; at Chelsea, 257
 Highgate, Cromwell House, 249; highwaymen at; Lauderdale House; wolves at, 248
 Hog Lane, Stow's description of, 232
 Holbein at Whitehall, 78
 Holland House, Addison at; Fox at, 219
 Honourable Artillery Co., 212
 Houses after Fire and XVIII cent., 131
 Hudson's Bay Company, 164
 Hundred Years' War, 46
- Ice, first import of, 128
 Inns of Court, Chas. Lamb on, 153; origin of, 143; Stow's description, 144
 Irish plantation, 103
 Islington, alehouses, 243; The Angel, 243, 244; archery at, 238; cattle-market, 243; dairies, 132; dairymaids, 242; Chambers' Encyclopedia, 247; Fitzstephen's description, 238; Henry VIII. at, 238; Mr. Micawber at, 245; Q. Elizabeth at, 238; Sir W. Raleigh at, 243; famous residents, 245; in Stuart times, 239; Izaak Walton at, 239

- Jacob's Island, *Oliver Twist*, 287
 James I., demands money from City, 104; opposed in City, 103
 Jericho Parlour, 70
 Jerusalem Chamber, 71
 Johnson, Dr., 129; *The Adventurer*, 136; on Americans, 185; at Bolt Court, 183; Dictionary and his method of work, 182; at Gough Square, 182; literary patronage, 139; founded Literary Club, 149; his *Lives of the Poets*, 183; on medicated baths, 259; "Old Cheshire Cheese," 185; in Staple Inn, 183
 Joint Stock Companies, origin of, 161
 Jonson, Ben, 96; "Apollo Club," 99; his birth and life, 98; his *The Alchymist*, 101; his *Cynthia's Revels*, 98; at "The Devil," 99; *The Devil is an Ass*, 100; *Every man in his humour*, 97, 101; Masques at Whitehall, 78; Mermaid Club, 99
 Justice in L.; Justiciar of L., 141

 Kennington Common, 271
 Oval, 271
 Palace, 271
 Road, 278
 Kensington, Holland House, 215; Old, 215; William III. at, 216
 Gardens, Fox-hunting in; Matthew Arnold on, 222
 Gore House, Anti-slavery Society at, 222; Albert Hall erected, 223
 High St., 215; Cobbett's house; footpads in; rural appearance of, 221
 Palace, description and history of, 216, 217; George II., Princess Caroline and Queen Victoria at, 217; State apartments at, 218
 Square, Addison in; Old world appearance, 220; Talleyrand in, 221
 Kent Road, 195, 298
 King's Beam, 28
 King's Bench Prison, Dickens' description of; debtors in; "rules" of; Prince Hal sent to; Wilkes in, 203

 Ladywell, 316
 Lamb, Charles, at Islington, 245; his essay on *Old Benchers*, 149
 Lambeth, 266; market gardens, 133;
 The Marsh, 266; Pedlar's Window, 271; Tradescant's Tomb, 271
 Lambeth Palace, Great Hall, 268; Guard room, 269; History of, 267; Library, 268; Lollards' Tower, 269; Morton's Tower, 267; Water Tower, 268
 St. Mary's Church, 270
 Lancaster House, 82
 Lancaster, Joseph, 277
 Law schools, 143; study, 142
 Leadenhall Street, Roman remains, 10
 Lee, St. Margaret's Church, 317
 Leigh Hunt, *Old Court Suburb*, 215
 Lettsom, Dr., 291
 Lewisham, 315; King Alfred and; Priory; St. Mary's Church, 316
Liber de Antiquis Legibus, 26
 Lincoln's Inn, foundation, 150; Library, 151; Sir Thos. More at, 151
 Lincoln's Inn Fields, 131, 151
 Lintot, publisher of *Trivia*, 180
 Little Britain, Benjamin Franklin in, 178
 Local Government, 320
 Lombards, 157
 London, alarm at and proclamation on growth in 1581, 319; architecture, 328; characteristics of districts, 254; coaches, 325; demand for Londoners to command ships, 104; growth in 19th century, 319; Legendary origin of, 118; medieval, 28—43; modern and its people, 328; its attractions of to-day, 330
 London Bridge, built of stone, 22; destroyed by S. Olaf, 21; in Roman times, 192—197; waterworks on, 241
 Company, John Pym, secretary, 162
 County Council, 321
 Fire Brigade, 327
London Magazine, Lamb's *Elia*, 187
 London Museum, 82
 Problems, fire, 327; lighting, 326; streets, 326; traffic, 325
 School Board, 324
 Stone, moved to S. Swithin's; Wren's account; in *K. Henry IV.*, 5
 Wall, construction of Roman, 6
 Lord Mayor, injured in riot, 34
 Lud, fortifies London, 2

 Magna Carta, London's influence in, 25
 Maitland on "hackney cab," 236
 Mansion House, Building of, 139

 Z

- Manufacturing city, 129
 Markets, Open air, in London, 231
 Marlowe, Christopher, burial entry of, 305
 Marriot, publishes *Hudibras*; *Complete Angler*, 179
 Marsh, publishes *Stow's Chronicles*, 179
 Marshalsea prison, 203
 Marvell, Andrew, Cottage at Highgate, 248
 Mayfair, 214 *et seq.*
 Mayor, first mention, 26
 Medieval London, 28—43; Games in, 38; Streets and Smells, 39
 Mellitus, Bishop of London, 18
 Merchant Adventurers, charter of, 91, 158; charter a model for colonial charters, 91; foundation of, 91, 158; the Greshams, 91, 159; removal to Antwerp and Bruges, 159
 Merchant Taylors, Edward III. enrolled in, 155
 Metropolitan Board of Works, 321
 Milton, John, early days, and at St. Paul's School, 106; London homes, 106; at Whitehall, 81; saved by Sir W. Davenant, 109; some works by: *Ad Patrem*, 106; *Areopagitica*, 106; *Captain or Colonel*, 107; *Divorce*, 106; *Eikonoklastes*, 106; *Epistle to Deodatus*, 106; *I well content*, 106; *Liberty of unlicensed Printing*, 107; *Paradise Lost*, 109; *Reason of Church Government*, 106
 Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson at; now Hoare's Bank, 184
 Mob, resorts of L., 138
 Modern London, 318 *et seq.*; development of, 318
 Monasteries, Dissolution of, 86
 Monastic buildings, fate of, 86; houses, 41
 Monmouth, Geoffrey of, 118
 Moorfields, riot in, 108; Pepys on, 212
 More, Sir Thomas, at Chelsea, 256; at Lincoln's Inn, 151
 Mott, publishes *Gulliver's Travels*, 180
 Murray's, publishers, foundation of, 180
 Myddelton, founds New River; difficulties of, 241
 New River, opening of, 240; Stow's description, 241
 Newgate, Condemned cell, 225
 Newington Butts, 275
 Newspaper Writers, Goldsmith's opinion of, 185
 Nobles, live in City; migrate to Strand and Kensington; new Tudor; new Stuart; Ben Jonson on, 214
 Norman London, Church in, 25; Citizens, 26; population, 25; remains of, 23
 North London, literary associations of, 239
 Notting Hill, first City water supply, 226
 Nowell, Dean, invents bottled beer, 281
 Old Bailey, Central Criminal Court at, 141
 Old St. Paul's, City rendezvous, 99; description of, 42, 55, 56
 "Old Vic.," 277
 Omnibus, introduction of, 325
 Origin of Name, 4
 Pageants, for Richard II., 50, 51
 Palaces of nobles in London, 31; appearance of, 32
 Parliament, Edward I., 74
 Peckham, Celebrities, 293; Fair, and its curiosities, 293, 294; Oliver Goldsmith at, 294
 Peckham Rye, 293
 Pedlar's Acre, 271; County Hall on, 271
 Pepperers' (or Grocers') Company, 29
 Pepys, Samuel, buys books, 177; describes damage to booksellers, 178; *Diary*, 81, 110; on Moorfields, 212; on Southwark Fair, 207
 Petticoat Lane, old clothes market, 231; in time of James I., 232
 Pikemen at Cressy, 44
 Pimlico, 131; Jenny Whin's Gardens, 224
 Plague, The Great, 109; Defoe's *Journal of*, and Pepys on (in *Diary*), 110
 Plundered by Franks in 297 A.D., 4
 Police, 320; in 18th century; London, 135
 Poll tax of 1379, 50
 Pope, *Dunciad*, 179
 Poplar, description of, 229
 Port of London, before 18th century, 127; regulations in 1559, 127, 330
 Price's Candle Works, 281
 Prince Henry's Room, Fleet St., 150, 180
Punch, origin of; Thackeray writes for, 186
 Putney, salmon fishery, 282; famous

- houses and literary associations of, 283
 Putney Church, Pepys at, 283
 Pym, John, 103
 Pynson, in Fleet St., 176
- Queen Anne's Gate, 131
 Queen Victoria, accession of, 217 ;
 difficulties of, 218
- Rag Fair, bargains at, 231
 Rahere's Vision, 207
 Raleigh, Sir W., owner of "Red Bull,"
 Islington, 243
 Ranelagh Gardens, Horace Walpole's
 description, 260
 Rebuilding after Fire, 113
 Reformation, Parish Churches, 89
 Restitutus, Bishop of London, 18
 Restoration, daily life, 115 ; dress of ;
 food prices, 116 ; theatre, 115
 Revels, description of in Temple, 147
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 129
 Richard Lionheart, Ransom paid by
 L., 26
 Richardson, Samuel, 139 ; *Clarissa*
 Harlowe ; *Sir Charles Grandison*,
 251 ; *Pamela*, 183
 Ring, The, Surrey Chapel at, 276 ;
 Rowland Hill at, 277
 Roads in 18th century, 129
 Roman Boat, from County Hall site,
 11
 Roman London, Boundaries, 6 ; Build-
 ings, 13 ; fate of, 16 ; Forum, 13 ;
 Inhabitants, 7 ; pavements, 10 ; pot-
 tery, 11 ; recent discoveries, 14 ;
 remains, 7 ; Roads, 256 ; Statuary,
 11 ; Streets, 13 ; territorium, 7 ;
 wall, 6
 Rosemary Lane, 231
 Rotherhithe, Docks at ; South Sea
 Company, 290 ; Vineyards, 289
 Royal Exchange, Addison on, 160 ;
 built by Sir T. Gresham, 159 ; con-
 temporary account of, 160 ; designed
 by a Fleming, 159 ; destroyed in
 Fire, 160 ; named by Elizabeth,
 160 ; rebuilt, 114 ; Stow's account
 of, 159
 Royal Society, in Crane Court, 183
 Russia Company, 161
- Saddlers, battle with Bitmakers, 34
 Sadler's Wells Theatre, medicinal
 spring, 213
 St. Alphege, 309
- St. Andrew Undershaft, Stow's grave,
 91
 St. Bartholomew's Church, built by
 Alfun ; aided by miracles, 208 ;
 granted to Sir R. Rich ; Nave des-
 troyed, 209
 Hospital, seized by Henry VIII.,
 87 ; granted to City, 87, 209
 Priory, charter, 208 ; dissolution,
 87 ; foundation, 207 ; remains
 of, 87
 St. Catherine Cree, 228
 St. Clare, Minorities, 87
 St. Dunstan's in the West, Tyndale
 rector, 179
 St. Ethelburga the Virgin, 24
 St. Etheldreda, 45
 St. George's Fields, Dog and Duck
 Tavern, 275
 St. Helen, Bishopsgate, 88
 St. James's Palace, Court of ; Hanover-
 ians, '82 ; as Leper Hospital, 81 ;
 Marie de Medici, 82 ; Stuarts at,
 82 ; Tudor Palace, 81
 St. John, Clerkenwell, 88 ; remains of,
 211
 St. John, Sir Walter, 281
 St. Mary Overie, Stow's account of,
 193
 St. Mary Spital, 87
 St. Pancras Old Church, 247 ; Roman
 relics at, 248
 St. Paul's, Old, description, 42, 55,
 56 ; city rendezvous, 99
 St. Stephen's Chapel, 74
 St. Thomas Hospital, 205 ; bought by
 citizens, 205 ; sold to railway, 205
 Salisbury Square, Samuel Richardson
 in ; *Daily Chronicle* ; Dryden in,
 183
 Saltero's, Don, collection, extracts
 from catalogue, 260
 Savoy Chapel, 75
 Savoy Palace, 75
 Saxon London, 19 ; attacked by Olaf ;
 Government of, 20
 Saxon Sites round London, 17
 Saxons in London, 18
 Saye's Court, 300 ; Benbow, 301 ;
 John Evelyn at, 301 ; Peter the
 Great at, 301
 Scotland Yard, Police Headquarters ;
 Provost Marshal at ; Scottish
 Palace, 76
 Scott, *Fortunes of Nigel*, 181
 Scott, bookseller, Pepys on, 178
 Serjeants at Law ; Inns ; at St. Paul's,
 144
 Shadwell, 230
 Shakespeare, in London, 94, 95 ; and

- City Corporation, 96; forms Earl of Leicester's Company; and Burbage; owns house in Playhouse Yd., 95; Plays: *Much Ado About Nothing*, 95; *King Henry V.*, 96; *King Henry VIII.*, 77; *Merry Wives*, 95; *Venus and Adonis*, 96
- Shipmoney, Rich. Chambers denies King's right to levy, 104
- Shipping in 1820, 128
- Shoe Lane, Lovelace in, 183
- Shoreditch, description of in Tudor times; First theatres at, 232; St. Leonard's Church, 233; Duke of, 232
- Shovel, Sir Cloudesley, 290
- Situation of L., 3
- Sluys, Londoners at, 46
- Smethwick publishes *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, 179
- Smithfield, 207; market in 18th century, 133; martyrs, 210; religious houses round, 211; Wat Tyler killed at, 211
- Social distinctions in 18th century, 130
- South Sea Company, boom; foundation of; and National Debt, 165; panic, 166
- South Sea House, Chas. Lamb's description, 166
- Southampton Buildings, Lamb and Hazlitt in, 150
- South-East London, 298 *et seq.*
- Southwark, in A.-S. Chronicle, 192; Cnut, 192; Fair, 206; the George, 198; inhabitants of, 194; inns, 197, Dickens' description of, 199; roman road, 194; theatres, 200
- Southwark Cathedral, foundation; Lady Chapel, 204; Monuments to the Crusader, Gower, Edmund and William Shakespeare, 205; Nave; rebuilt in Early English style, 204
- Speaker's Chair, Site of old, 75
- Spitalfields; Spital Square; Spital Sermons, 234
- Stage, Tudor, description of, 98
- Standard, The*, 187
- Staple Inn, 143; Dr. Johnson in; Hall of, 144
- Steelyard, 28, 29; Hall of Hansa, 157; Holbein's pictures in, 29; King's Beam at, 157
- Stepney, Dean Colet at; More's description of; St. Dunstan's Church, 228
- Stepney Green, Trinity Almshouses, 228
- Stock Exchange, description in 18th century, 169; foundation, 168
- Stoke Newington, 253
- Stow, collects MSS.; house searched; licensed to beg, 90; on Roman Cemeteries, 6; *Survey*, 90
- Streatham, Dr. Johnson at, 278; Manorial records, 279
- Streets, dangers of, 134; entertainers, 137; excavations in, 134; Gay's *Trivia* on, 134, 136; lighting of, 135; newspaper description of, 139; noise in, 136; roysterers in, 136; *Spectator* on, 136; trades, 137; in 18th century, 133
- "Surrey Gardens," 277
- Swan-upping, 126
- Swearing on the Horns, Highgate, 249
- Swift, *Tom Clinch*, 225
- Tabard, The; Chaucer's description, 198; destroyed by fire; demolished, 199
- Tacitus, first mention of L., 4
- Taylor, water poet; on coaches, 122
- Tea, prices of, 133
- Telegraph Hill, 306
- Temple, "The Old Benchers," 149; Candlemas revels, 147; Cowper, 149; Goldsmith in and his grave, 149; Dr. Johnson in, 149; Knight Templars, 145; Charles Lamb in, 149, literary associations of, 149; origin of, 143; riots, Pepys' description of, 148
- Middle Temple Hall, built; first tragedy at; *Twelfth Night* at, 146
- Temple Bar, Dr. Johnson, 175; medieval; origin, 174; Pageants, pilory, Titus Oates, traitors' heads, 175; at Theobald's Park, 175; Wren's design, 174
- Temple Church, Organ of, 146; Round Church and Tombs in, 145
- Thackeray, *Henry Esmond*, 139; *The Newcomes*, 250, 272; *Pendennis*, 181; *Vanity Fair*, 250
- Thames, "D'Avenant's description of," 127
- Thames, decay of; Henry VIII., Elizabeth and James I. on, 125; Palaces on banks, 118; Salmon in, 119; Sports on and decay of, 38, 119, 120, 126; to-day, 118; Watermen, 122, 123
- Thames Pageants, 118

- Thames Street, described in *Trivia*, 137
 Thames Tunnel, 289
 Thavies Inn, Mr. Jellyby in, 143
 Theatres, early; Curtain; Globe; Red Bull; Rose, 94; Shoreditch, 233; Tudor description of and costume of, 96, 97
 Thorney; Watling Street crosses, 58
 Tonnage and Poundage dispute, 104
 Tonson, Jacob, in Chancery Lane; publishes for Dryden, 179; publishes cheap Shakespeare, 180
 Tooley Street, origin of name; Pepys' description, 288; St. Olave's Church; three tailors of, 289
 Tower, built by Wm. I., 23, 30
 Trade, advantages of L., 154; in 14th century, 28; State regulation of, 154
 Transport, 18th century, 129
 Trinity House, founded at Deptford, 303
 Tudor London, 86—102
 Tudor Play, *All is True*, 97
 Turkey Company, foundation of; early profits, 162
 Turnpikes, 130
 Tyburn Tree, executions at, 225; "Regicides" buried, 226

 Underground Railways, 325
 Upper Street, Islington, 245

 Vauxhall Gardens, Dr. Johnson at; in Evelyn's Diary; in Pepys' Diary; in *Spectator*, 273; Literary references, 274
 Vintners, Whittington quarrels with, 36
 Virginia, London boys and girls sent out, 103

 Walton, Izaak, *Compleat Angler*, 271; homes of, 179
 Wandsworth, Huguenots at; importance of industries, 282
 Wapping, Execution Dock; Modern, 229
 Ward, John, M.P., eccentric resident of Hackney, 236

 Water pageants, last of, 126; Lord Mayors', 124
 Water Supply, medieval, 240; stories of illegal, 241
 Weavers, Chartered by Henry II., 155
 Well Hall, 315
 Wells, river of, 170
 Westminster, Abbot's House, 70; Common Pleas at, 141; the mob, 83; notable residents, 83
 Westminster Abbey, Abbot and monks in Tower, 69; Chapter House; Confessor's Shrine, 62; Conventual Life, 66; Destruction at Reformation, 65; Foundation, 61; Henry III. building, 62; Henry V.'s Chantry, 63; Henry VII. Chapel, 65; Legend of, 59; Norman Undercroft, 61; Norman work, 23; Sanctuary, 69; Sebert's foundation, 59; State functions at, 67; Treasury robbed, 68; Ware's pavement, 63
 Westminster Hall, Impeachments, 142; Trials at, 141
 Westminster Palace, 73; first built by Danes, 73; rebuilt, 74
 Westminster School, famous names, 72; foundation, 70
 White Hart, described in *Pickwick*; Jack Cade at; Sam Weller at, 199
 Whitechapel, clothing trade, 230; Dickens' Characters in, 232; High Street, 227; in Medieval times, 230
 Whitehall, Cost of, 80; Charles I. at, 80; Charles II. at, 81; masques, 125; to-day, 81
 Whitehall Palace, Wolsey at, 76; New Palace designed by Inigo Jones, 79
 Whittington, Dinner to Henry V., 51
 Whittington's Stone, 247
 Wilberforce, William, at Battersea Rise House, 280
 Wolsey, Cardinal, 125
 Woodville, Elizabeth, at Bermondsey, 285; her will, 285
 Woolwich, Arsenal, 314; Dockyard, 313; Literary Associations, 315
 Wren, Sir C., dominates London architecture, 129
 Wynkyn de Worde, 176

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There are a very large number of books dealing with Southwark, many of which are in the Borough Library in Walworth Road. Here is also a large collection of maps, plans, MSS. and cuttings dealing with Southwark, Walworth and Newington.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

Baxter, W. E. Stoke Newington in English Literature. 1914.

Mitton, G. E. Hackney and Stoke Newington. 1908.

There is a collection of books and MSS. on the district in the Borough Library.

STREATHAM.

Arnold, F. History of Streatham. 1886.

Baldwin, H. Streatham Old and New. 1910.

Bloom, J. H. Bygone Streatham. 1926.

The Tate Library has other books and some MSS. dealing with Streatham.

WANDSWORTH.

Hobson. The Book of the Wandle. 1924.

The West Hill Public Library has a good collection of books and MSS. dealing with Wandsworth and the districts of Putney, Streatham, Balham and Tooting, which are included in this borough.

WESTMINSTER.

Acres. London and Westminster in History and Literature.
1923.

Besant, Sir W. Westminster.

Westlake, H. F. Westminster, a Historical Sketch. 1919.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Loftie, W. J. Westminster Abbey.

Stanley, A. P. Memorials of Westminster.

The number of books dealing with Westminster, the Abbey and the Royal Palaces is very large. The City Library in Buckingham Palace Road has a very complete collection with some MSS.

WOOLWICH.

Clapham, A. W. History of the Augustinian Priory of Lesnes.
1911.

Gregory, R. R. C. The Story of Royal Eltham. 1909.

Gringling, C. H. Survey and Record of Woolwich and West Kent. 1909.

At the Borough Library there is a collection of newspaper cuttings which is kept up to date, and in addition a large collection of MSS., prints, maps, views dealing with Woolwich, Plumstead, Eltham and West Kent. It contains the annual reports of the proceedings of the Woolwich and District Antiquarian Society from 1895, a few volumes of local authors' MSS., and a collection of local deeds. See also under Deptford.

There is a good collection of prints dealing with all parts of London at the County Hall, Westminster Bridge, and at the London Museum, Lancaster House, St. James. The London Museum and the Guildhall Museum have collections of objects from the Stone Ages onwards representing London History.

